Collier's

NOVEMBER 29, 1947

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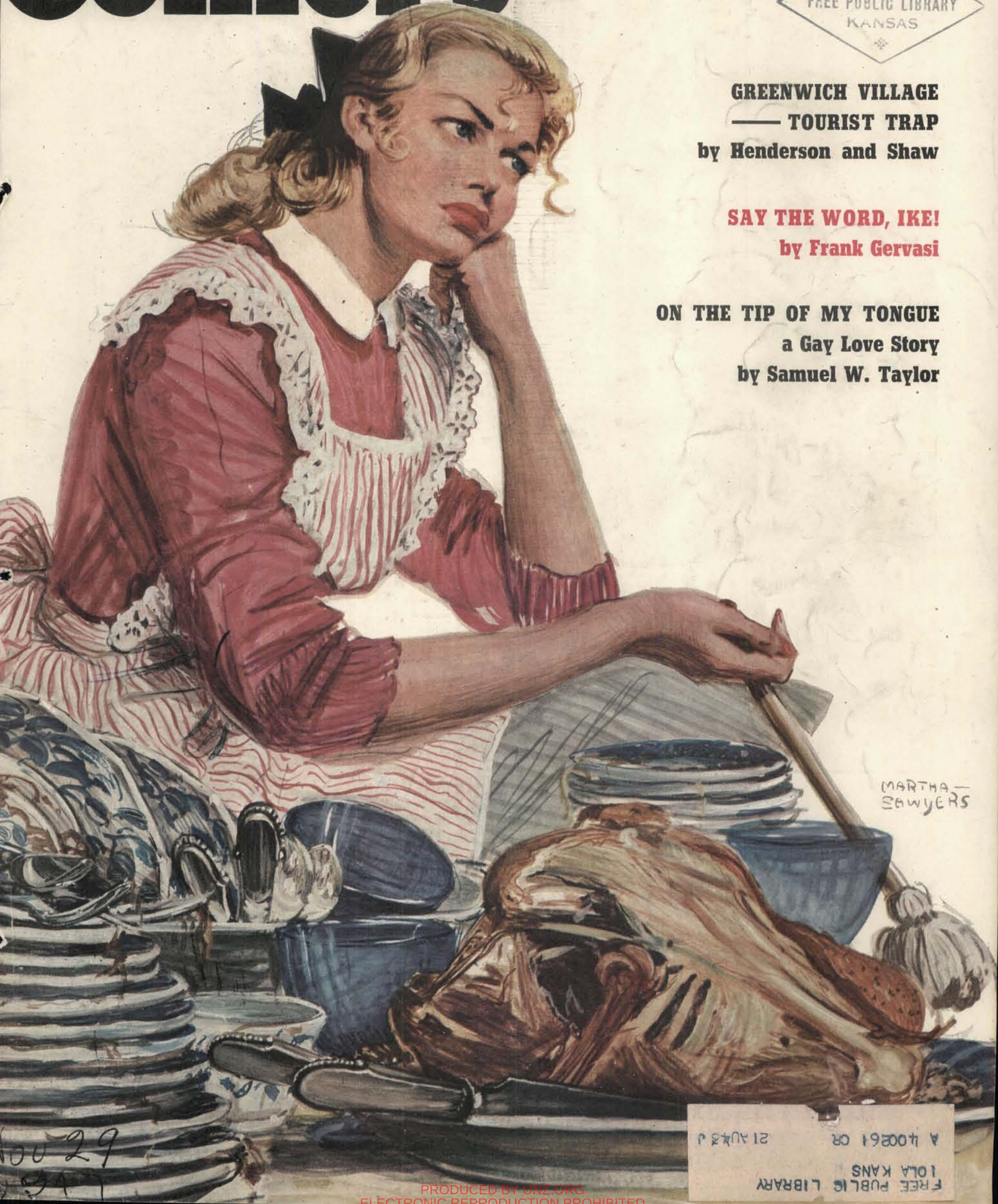
GREENWICH VILLAGE — TOURIST TRAP
by Henderson and Shaw

SAY THE WORD, IKE!
by Frank Gervasi

ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE
a Gay Love Story
by Samuel W. Taylor



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SLICED, MOMMY? OR DICED?
CORN
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Just like looking through a show window! This clear transparent glass lets you see *exactly* what you're getting for your money!

5 Facts this honest jar tells

1. quality, and kind of vegetable
2. its cut — (diced? sliced? or whole?)
3. its rich fresh color
4. how much juice
5. how many servings

And unused portions go into the refrigerator right in the same safe glass jar—saves dishwashing.

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COLLIER'S
November 29, 1947

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HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
LARABIE CUNNINGHAM *Fiction*

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I challenge Mrs. Marcia Kent Douglass (How to Double Your Income, Oct. 18th) to produce her menus and grocery lists with proof that she can feed a family of four and entertain on $40 per month. I'm too polite to call her a liar, but even with a back-yard garden, I don't believe it.

How come the U.S. Treasury Department hasn't assigned her to reducing the national debt? She's wasting her talents budgeting for one family.

MRS. W. H. MCKEMIE, Dallas, Tex.

. . . $1.03½ for food per day, to feed four people! I could use some slips from the remarkable garden that keeps their food bills low; especially the milk and butter bush; also the ground-beef, salt-pork and lamb-stew trees, and please don't forget some seeds for the sugar, egg and shortening vines.

It's a beautiful theory; but I'm inclined to believe if the Douglases followed the food budget they'd end up in the hospital to be treated for malnutrition.

CLEMENTINE JEFFRIES, Inyokern, Cal.

. . . President Truman should put Mrs. Marcia Kent Douglass in charge of his food conservation program.

I, for one, would have to go out and scratch with the chickens to meet her food budget.

MRS. HAZEL MACKINLAY, Buffalo, Ill.

. . . Upon examining the "Budget Without Worry," my wife and I find that there is no mention of income tax, personal tax, property tax or any other tax.

We would like to know just how these people get around the matter of taxes. The income tax on $2,400 for a family of four is $33.80 per year.

JOHN W. DOWNEN, Evansville, Ind.

. . . Frankly, she will have to show me how she serves homemade ice cream at 35 cents. This is what it costs here:

1½ qts. milk @ .21	.31½
2 T. gelatin	.10
1 c. corn sirup	.09
¾ c. sugar	.04
2 c. cream (if taken off 6 qts. milk)	.36

Who is she trying to kid?

ELIZABETH SCHMITT, Louisville, Ky.

. . . Any way you slice it, it's still "bologna," and I detest bologna.

GEORGE BENSEL-WILDRICH,
Columbia, N. J.

(Continued on page 52)

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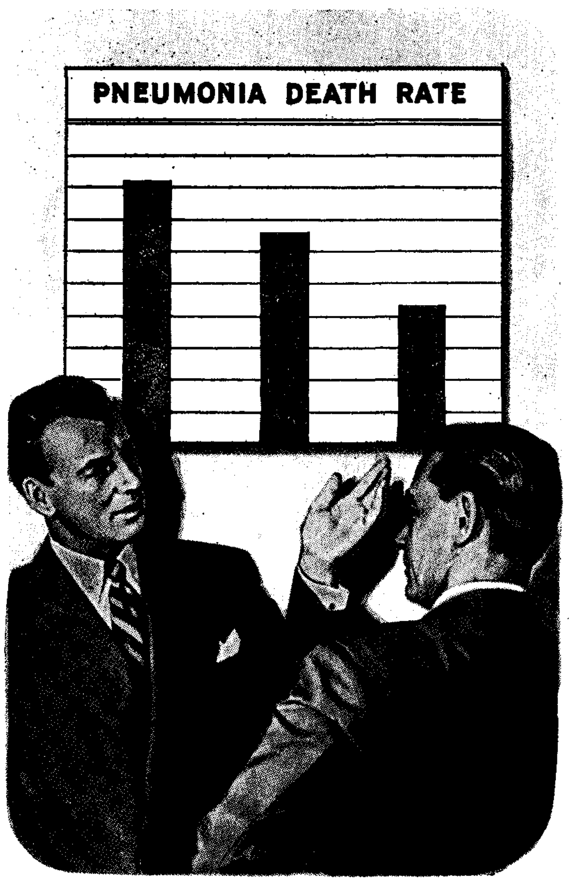
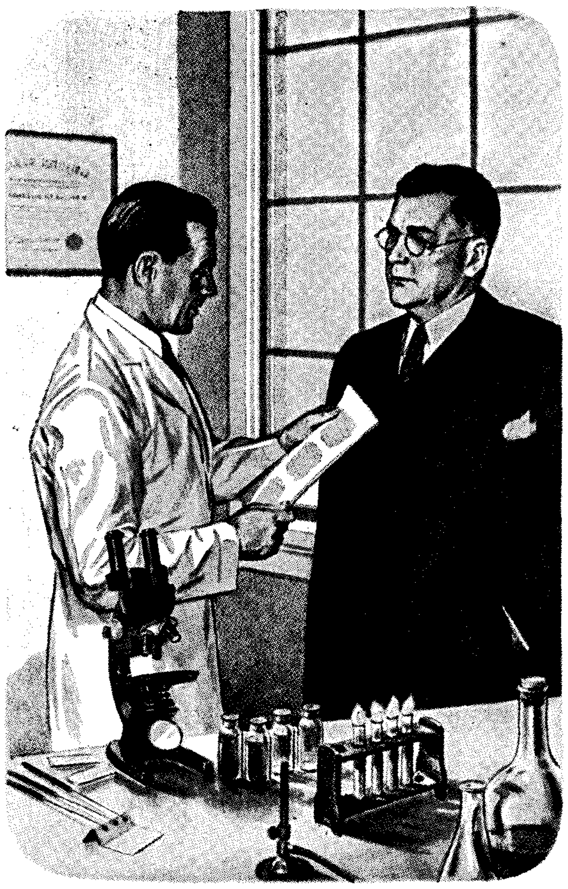
PNEUMONIA IS BEING CONQUERED

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING





SULFA
NICILLIN
TREPTO
YCIN

1. **Before 1930,** pneumonia stood among the first three causes of death. Once the disease struck, careful nursing and the use of oxygen were about the only ways of fighting it. The death rate was about 83 per 100,000.

2. **From 1930 to 1938,** *serum treatment* for the most common forms of pneumonia was started and developed. This involved, first, laboratory analysis to determine the particular type of the disease and, second, administering a serum known to combat the disease if it were one of certain types. Pneumonia's death rate dropped, and in 1938 was about 67 per 100,000.

3. **From 1938 on,** modern medical science has scored one of its most dramatic successes. First the sulfa drugs, then penicillin and streptomycin have proved effective in combatting many types of pneumonia. While the death rate from pneumonia had been reduced to less than 40 per 100,000 in 1946, this disease is still a frequent cause of death.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

1. **Try to avoid catching a cold.** If you keep your general level of health high, especially during the "pneumonia months" of January, February, and March, you won't be as susceptible to colds or pneumonia.

Be careful to dress warmly when you go out, and try to avoid people who cough or sneeze carelessly.

It is estimated that 9 out of 10 pneumonia cases start with a cold.

2. **If you get a cold—take care of it!** You will protect yourself from possible pneumonia, and you'll protect others from your infection.

Stay home and rest if you can. If you must go out, keep warm and dry. Eat lightly, and drink plenty of fruit juices and other liquids.

When your children have colds, keep them home from school to protect their health and that of their classmates.

3. **If your cold hangs on,** or if your temperature goes up, or if any other unusual symptoms appear, go to bed and *call your doctor at once!*

It may be only a severe cold, but if it should be pneumonia, or influenza, or some other illness that starts like a cold, your best chance for rapid recovery comes from prompt diagnosis and immediate medical and nursing care.

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

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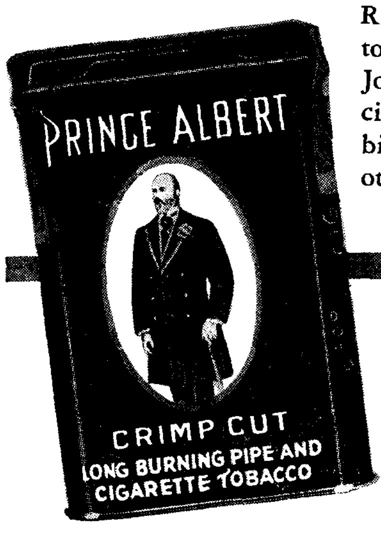
P.A. means Prince Albert



Rich tasting . . . mild and easy on the tongue—that's Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke! P. A.'s choice tobacco is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. More pipes smoke P. A. than any other tobacco!

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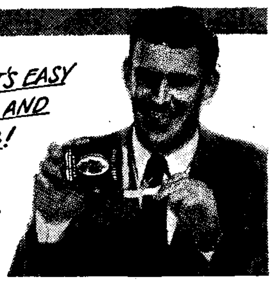
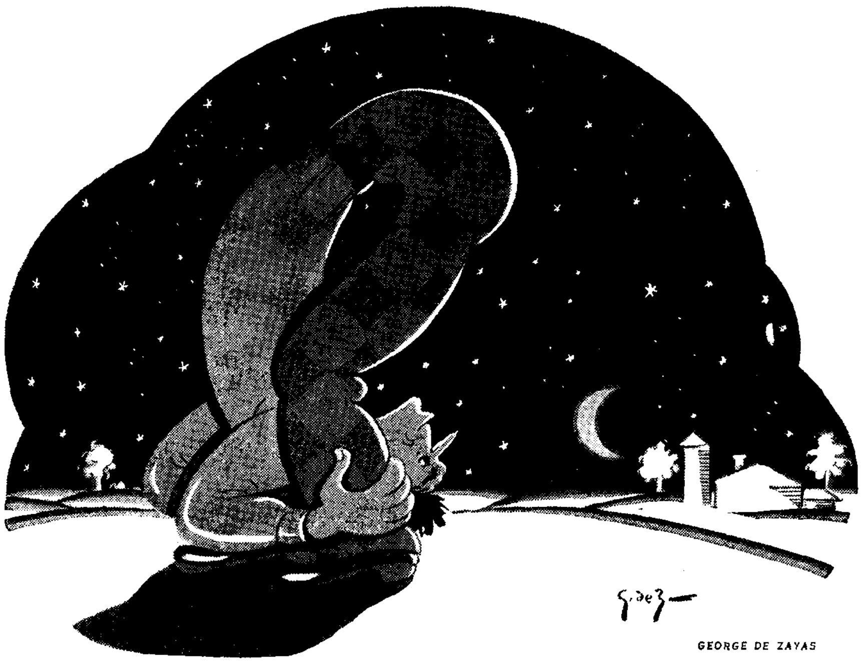
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE





GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

No one yet knows exactly why the size of an object appears to vary with the angle of the eyes. For instance, the moon on the horizon shrinks to half its apparent size when viewed by a person with his head between his legs looking at it upside down.

For a number of weeks after Pearl Harbor, while awaiting the building of a special bulletproof automobile for President Franklin D. Roosevelt, his bodyguards had him ride in an armored car which they had borrowed from the Treasury Department and which had once been owned by Al Capone.

At the International Colonial Exposition held in Paris in 1931, a hairdressing contest, the largest on record, was won by Marcel, the inventor of the marcel wave. As he was 79 years old at the time and had competed with 317 other famous hairdressers, the old master received congratulatory messages from 21 countries.

Although there are only 12 television stations now operating in this country, 57 others have been granted construction permits. Of the 113 other applications that have been received by the Federal Communications Commission, 19 are pending, and nearly all of the remaining 94 were recalled before they could be considered.

Spain has recently revived a dangerous form of bullfighting in which the matador is unarmed and does not fight, but attempts to make the bull believe that he is a statue as he poses, dressed in white clothes, on a small white pedestal in the center of the ring. Of every ten bulls, about seven are fooled at first glance and walk away, while the others are not deceived until they push him off the pedestal and see his body motionless on the ground. Occasionally, a bull is not duped at all and the matador has to run for his life.

Throughout the world today, there are fewer than a hundred active civilian helicopter pilots.

One of the oldest and most unusual laws in this country has been on the books of Massachusetts since 1636. It was passed after the Bay Colony had banished Roger Williams for his religious views and he and a few of his followers had founded the first settlement in Rhode Island. Still unrepealed, the statute imposes the death penalty on any Rhode Islander caught in Massachusetts.—*By Albert L. Solodar, New York City.*

A rare feature of the British liners, the Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mary, is a synagogue, an auditorium with stationary seats and altar devoted solely to Jewish worship. As is customary on other ships, however, Protestant and Catholic services are held, with portable altars, in the library, a lounge or a drawing room.—*By St. Clair Pugh, Smithfield, N. C.*

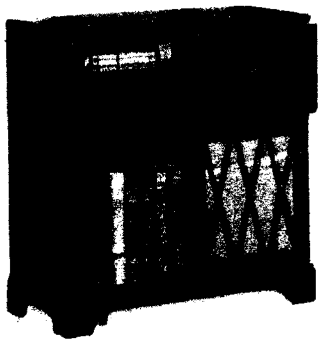
At a ceremony held in Breckenridge, Colorado, on August 9, 1936, Governor E. C. Johnson proclaimed American sovereignty over a section of land in his state that, through an error, had not been included in the Louisiana Purchase. Thus, after 133 years, this territory of 1,300 square miles became an official part of the United States.—*By F. W. Sharon, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Still prevalent in many countries is the odd superstition that, if no lives are lost in the building of a bridge, it will have an unlucky existence.

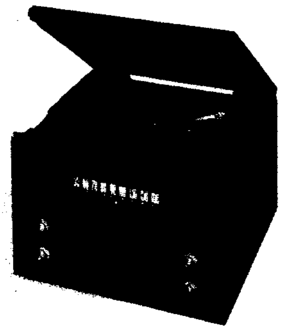
A large number of Hindus in India so fear pollution by animal flesh that they even take a purifying bath after receiving letters from individuals living among meat-eating people.

During the inflationary days of 1928, a Fifth Avenue jeweler advertised, in a general magazine, a pearl necklace priced at $685,000.

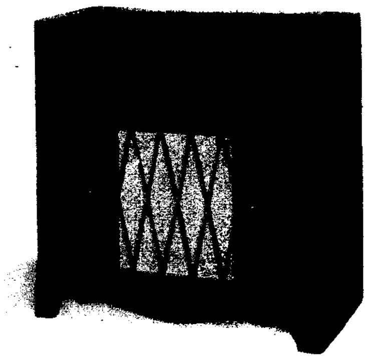
Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission



General Electric's finest table radio phonograph. *Natural color tone* from both radio and records. Famous G-E Electronic Reproducer. Sure action record changer. Ask to see Model 304.



Amazingly beautiful record reproduction plus standard and FM radio in *natural color tone.* Lovely period cabinet. Record changer. G-E Electronic Reproducer. See Model 354.



Sensational G-E Electronic Reproducer automatic radio-phonograph with FM, standard radio and short wave. Push-button tuning. Storage for 120 records. See Model 417A.

"There's new Beauty in every familiar note"

says: HELEN FORREST,

exclusive MGM record star, featured on all radio networks.

Still another star discovers the G-E Electronic Reproducer

Music *lives* as you've never heard it before, recreated in *natural color tone* by these superb General Electric radio-phonographs. This is the miracle of the exclusive G-E Electronic Reproducer audio system.

As if touched by magic, records you've learned by heart on other instruments reveal new and unsuspected beauty when you hear them on a General Electric radio-phonograph. Favorite radio programs, too, achieve a warmth of realism beyond your fondest expectations.

What finer gift than the enduring enjoyment of an artist-acclaimed General Electric radio-phonograph? Choose now from the many attractive models at your G-E radio dealer's.

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natural color tone radios

Glorious FM plus standard and short wave radio and recorded music recreated by the sensational new G-E Electronic Reproducer. ***Natural color tone.*** Push-button tuning. 12 inch Dynapower speaker. Sure-action automatic record changer. Storage for approximately 150 records. French Provincial inspired cabinet in beautifully grained genuine mahogany. 12 tubes plus rectifier tube and tuning indicator. See Model 502.

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"Before and after" proof of why you should SIMONIZ your car!

BEFORE: This car had been improperly cared for and allowed to become dull looking before its time.

AFTER: Look how the amazing Simoniz Kleener and Simoniz makes the car look like new again.

Restore the luster with Simoniz Kleener ...then keep it beautiful with Simoniz

Have you stopped to think . . . "why millions of motorists use Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener year after year?" They'll tell you it's the easier . . . the professional way to keep your car beautiful all the time. Yes . . . with the least amount of effort and care. That's because Simoniz now gives more protection as well as more beauty. It's insurance your car needs to save the finish and keep colors from fading.

If your car is new or slightly dull, use *Liquid* Simoniz Kleener first to give the finish greater brilliance. But if your car has lost its luster, you can easily make it sparkle like new with *paste* Simoniz Kleener. Then apply Simoniz for lasting beauty and protection.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

Liquid
SIMONIZ
KLEENER
KLEENER
SIMONIZ

Motorists Wise SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG.

KEEPS NEW CARS NEW LOOKING

THE WEEK'S WORK

Hank and Viv Jackson sport the festive bib and tuck at natty Nassau

KNOWN as Mr. Wearables to his office colleagues, Mr. Henry L. Jackson (Black Tie, p. 82) does not know how many light-years he has spent in soup-and-fish. However, he does remember his honeymoon when, to impress his lovely bride, he brought the first white dinner jacket to America. This was all of 15 years ago, and it came from his London tailors just as he was leaving for Palm Beach. Jackson barely had time to pack it.

The newlyweds housed up at a plushy seashore joint, and one night when invited to dinner by some veddy blue bloods, Jackson decided to launch the new jacket. "I followed my beautiful bride down the corridor and into the dining room. Everyone goggled at me. I knew at once here was a fashion that appealed to American men, although I hadn't anticipated so keen an interest. My wife and I got up to dance. Diners at every table riveted their eyes on me. Then I smelled, as they say, a rodent. Casually running my hand down my back I found the reason for the excitement.

"I got to the boys' room in a hurry. An enormous label was carefully sewn to the lower part of the jacket. In large scarlet letters it read: SPECIAL RUSH!"

THE warrior days of Samuel W. Taylor inspired On the Tip of My Tongue, p. 14. Mr. Taylor isn't sure whether there were more jerks in the Army than in civilian life, or that he had more chance to observe what he calls the "incidence of eccentricity." He can't recall any privacy to be had in Uncle Sam's fightin' forces.

In example, he cites the case of two narcissistic lads who spent hours admiring themselves in barracks mirrors. When they got to England, the two were reduced to puny pocket mirrors, there being no American luxuries in barracks for the well-groomed GI. A smart sergeant swiped a mirror advertising beer and sold it to them for a fabulous price. But the two bickered so loudly over whose turn it was to use it, one night it disappeared. "Very possibly the horror of war to these two men," says Mr. Taylor, "was the subsequent drive through France and Germany in five battles with only a shaving mirror."

The absent-minded hero of Mr. Taylor's engaging little yarn is a composite of several jeep drivers, one of whom forgot he was to jeep Taylor to a general with whom Taylor was catching a plane ride to Italy. Taylor kept the general's party waiting an hour.

Another lived in a private cloud, emerging occasionally to add bits of whimsey to a fabulous body of quotes. Asked one day by Taylor if he were busy, he replied, "I will be at two o'clock."

"It's two-thirty now!"

"In that case, I'm busy!"

JOHN K. LEINO (U.S.S.R.—Workers' Inferno, p. 18) is an American of Finnish origin who went to the Soviet Union in 1932 with a two-year working contract and stayed for 14½ years—two years as a foreman in Soviet industry, the rest as an employee of the American embassy. Retired in 1947 because of a disability, he has been living in Rutland, Vermont.

He says he was unable to keep a copy of his contract with the Soviets—only read it. One colleague who succeeded in keeping his copy disappeared while in Moscow. No one was able to receive any satisfaction from the Moscow police as to his fate.

STUART BENSON is quitting his stint as Collier's cover consultant to get back and concentrate on his sculping.

This week's cover: Come Clean, Sister! The party is over for Collier's Glamor Gal, and there is only turkey hash ahead for husband Joe. "But outside her little kitchenette," says Artist Martha Sawyers, "there's a wall growing up around everything American. On the other side of it are millions who haven't had a full stomach since before the war. Let's not get tired of playing Uncle Sugar . . . as long as we have more than most to be thankful for, let's peek over the wall to see what's cooking. It's not turkey. . . ."

TED SHANE

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K-F Golden Rule* SERVICE
○ K-F Distributors and parts warehouses
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KAISER
GENUINE FACTORY
PARTS &
SERVICE
FRAZER

*** "We treat our customers the way we like to be treated when we are customers."**

Every one of the more than 4,000 Kaiser-Frazer dealers has approved the K-F Golden Rule Service policy—and does his very best to practice it!

If you own a Kaiser or a Frazer—then, *wherever you go,* you will always be near a modern K-F service garage owned and supervised by a dealer who really believes in treating his customers the way *he* likes to be treated when *he* is a customer.

K-F dealers make up the *fourth largest* motor car sales and service organization in the world. They have convenient locations, factory-approved facilities, an available supply of factory parts, and service men trained to do your work quickly and well. No matter what car you own, try K-F service! You will like the way you are treated!

Look For This Service Sign!

The Kaiser-Frazer service sign reproduced above is five feet in diameter—you can't miss it, if you are looking for service in your town or any town.

K-F dealers are listed in the yellow pages of the telephone directory in every city of 50,000 population or over, in the United States—under "Automobiles" and with a reproduction of this sign at the top of the column. They want your service business!

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION • WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN

Just nestle down once in any of the stunning new furniture cushioned with **Airfoam** and you'll say: "That's for me!" Never have you found such dreamworld restfulness as this buoyant latex cushioning affords — it literally cradles you on air. And you won't wear out this luxurious comfort because **Airfoam** is molded in one piece — it isn't stuffed or tied together, so it doesn't break down, sag or squash. **Airfoam** long outlasts other cushionings; years of use on busiest de luxe trains have proved it. You'll find this wonder product of Goodyear research used in today's smartest furniture offerings — at surprisingly attractive prices. Goodyear, Chemical Products Division, Airfoam Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

Airfoam

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Airfoam—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

To Mother
Dad

AIRFOAM MEANS LUXURIOUS CUSHIONING IN FURNITURE, MATTRESSES AND ALL SEATING

GREENWICH VILLAGE:
TOURIST TRAP

Modern dancer Mary Anthony demonstrates movements on a rooftop. She swept studios for Hanya Holm to pay for her own lessons when she first came from Kentucky

BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

Manhattan's Bohemia has become a well-heeled side show featuring some genuine artists and a bunch of fakers, two-drink geniuses and articulate crackpots

I

NEW YORK'S Greenwich Village, celebrated in song, story and Sunday supplement as the gay Bohemia of artists, radicals and writers, has quietly become a well-heeled show business. As an amusement center, it ranks second only to Broadway in the number of its night clubs and tourists.

Through its narrow streets roll fat sight-seeing busses loaded with the awe-stricken. They crane to see where Edgar Allan Poe lived, where John Masefield tended bar, where Henry James sat, where Edna St. Vincent Millay burned the candle at both ends. They gape at the studios, the odd-looking men, pretty girls in jeans, and Mrs. Roosevelt walking Fala in Washington Square.

The Village, hopelessly entangled with American literary history, the once inexpensive home of the literati, has taken on all the aspects of a metropolitan side show, featuring freaks and fakes. Some of the café managers are amazingly frank. One bearded and broken-nosed highwayman describes his café as a "clip joint for uptown suckers."

This Broadwayizing of the Village dates

Joachim Probst lives like a king as the "Prince of Poverty," charging tourists for his spiel and a peek in his studio

Joe Gould, one of the Village's best-known characters, is still working on his once famous Oral History of Our Time

"Rasputin" was once a clip joint's bus boy. One night a waiter asked his age so he could add it to a party's bill

back to its celebration in the doggerel and prose of Floyd Dell just before World War I. The Village Vanguard, where until eleven years ago Maxwell Bodenheim and other Village poets recited their poems at 25 cents apiece and you brought your own liquor, is now a smart night club where Bodenheim is no longer the fashion. Where ten years ago there were only a few handmade jewelry shops, today there are nearly a hundred, all catering to the tourist trade. More of the restaurants feature "real Village atmosphere" than food, though it still has some excellent eating places like the Lafayette, Barney Gallant's, the Grand Ticino, and Minette of Washington Square. Of the old Bohemian restaurants Romany Marie's is the only one left.

Despite this intense exploitation of atmosphere, many artists continue to live there. The Village still attracts a yearly crop of young writers, dancers, painters and actors from every city and state in the Union. Ambitious, eager to try out their talents, these youngsters pour into the Village every spring and fall. But instead of an artistic and intellectual haven, they find themselves in the vortex of a rat race for the tourist buck, surrounded by several thousand articulate crackpots, fakers, no-talent bums, two-drink geniuses, as well as some really talented, hard-working artists and writers.

On the tourist is heaped the blame for everything from high rent to the Plight of Art in America. Virtually every Villager is stopped occasionally by an eager visitor who wants to know where the "free-love parties" are.

"Y'know, that Bohemian life and the rest of it."

This is regarded by the Villagers, who are pretty tired of trying to live down somebody else's dream fantasy, as a direct invitation to "insult, embarrass or steer into a clip joint," to use the vernacular of the Village.

The clip joint is usually decorated by some very bad paintings, haunted by a few fake artists, visited occasionally by a swishy exhibitionist, and remembered best for its exorbitant prices.

Dave Seligman, whose commercial name is "Rasputin" at his antique bric-a-brac shop, says he used to be a bus boy in one of them. One night a waiter came over to him and asked his age.

"My age? What do you mean?" asked Seligman.

"How old are you?"

"What do you want to know for?"

"Oh," said the waiter, "I just wanted to add it to that party's bill."

Living next door to the clip joints, in some cases upstairs, are the artists. The older and well-established ones came to the Village in the twenties and thirties. By and large, they have stayed because, as Stuart Davis puts it, "It is the only place in the world outside of Paris where you are able to create the illusion of freedom."

These Are the "Quarter's" Real Artists

Probably the best known and most widely recognized painters in the Village today are Waldo Pierce, famous for his energetic Americana scenes; Milton Avery, one of America's leading artists, who can be found walking his dog, Picasso, in the Square nightly; Abe Rattner, the quiet, gentle man whose cubist work has won many prizes; Stuart Davis, who says his multicolored squares and triangles are an attempt to symbolize the well-ordered chaos of our world; Edward Hopper, whose clean-cut, precise paintings hang in many museums; Joe Gatto, the prize fighter turned primitive, and Philip Evergood, winner of the 1946 Pepsi-Cola award.

Among the sculptors the best known are probably Turku Trajan and José de Creeft. There are hundreds of other established painters. These, and numerous schools such as Hans Hoffmann's Expressionist establishment and the Clay Club on Eighth Street and classes at the New School for Social Research, make the Village the leading artists' center in America.

In the evening many well-known artists come to the Village to be social, to argue, to learn, and to inflict personal theories and criticisms on all who will listen.

Winter quarters of the artists and assorted Village characters is the Waldorf Cafeteria on Sixth Avenue. The cafeteria is commonly called "The Snake Pit" because of the shouting, screaming arguments that ensue there. Because they are cheap, cafeterias have always been Village hangouts. The earliest was Huberts, famous during the twenties, which was replaced during the thirties first by Stewarts and then by the now defunct New Life Cafeteria just off Sheridan Square.

The depression was on in the days of the New Life and it was common practice for anyone who was broke to move into the place. It was open all night, you could shave in the men's room and, more important, you could eat until some friend came along who was liquid enough to bail you out. Various groups and societies held almost continuous sessions there.

Mixed in with the Village's recognized talents are the fakers, the talented but unrecognized, and the young who are just beginning. The struggle for recognition is carried on under such powerful and conflicting social and economic demands that "characters" inevitably develop. For while it is extremely difficult to become recognized as an artist, it is very easy to become a Village character.

These "personalities" fill the bars and restaurants. They swarm in the Square noisily demonstrating their eccentricities by voice and garb. Most of them have little or no talent; others practice "self-expression" harmlessly enough by painting their rooms fire-truck red. A third type is talented but has been diverted from his work by a desire for attention.

The best known of all are two semipros: Joe Gould, who still has not published his Oral History of Our Time, and Bodenheim, poet and novelist. After 25 years they are now more or less permanent fixtures at the Minetta Bar.

Portrait of a Unique Historian

Gould is a tiny wisp of a man with bright, gay eyes and a heavy beard that seems to outweigh his head. At Harvard he was a classmate of Conrad Aiken, the poet and anthologist, and Howard Lindsay, actor and co-author of Life With Father, and also a Villager.

Gould got the idea for his Oral History in 1917 and he has been working on it ever since. It consists of hundreds of schoolboy notebooks filled with conversations with unknown people, radio commercials, street signs, arguments between husbands and wives, dirty stories, things said behind friends' backs, and anything else Joe finds interesting. It is Joe's contention that he has, by recording all this, produced a better key for understanding this civilization, when it all becomes ancient history, than anything done yet. During the thirties Joe's history was taken rather seriously by a good many people besides Joe.

He lives by accepting free meals from numerous Village friends like e. e. cummings (it's always written lower case), the poet, and occasional strangers. A number of Village restaurants occasionally feed this gentle soul and he never makes himself a burden to anyone.

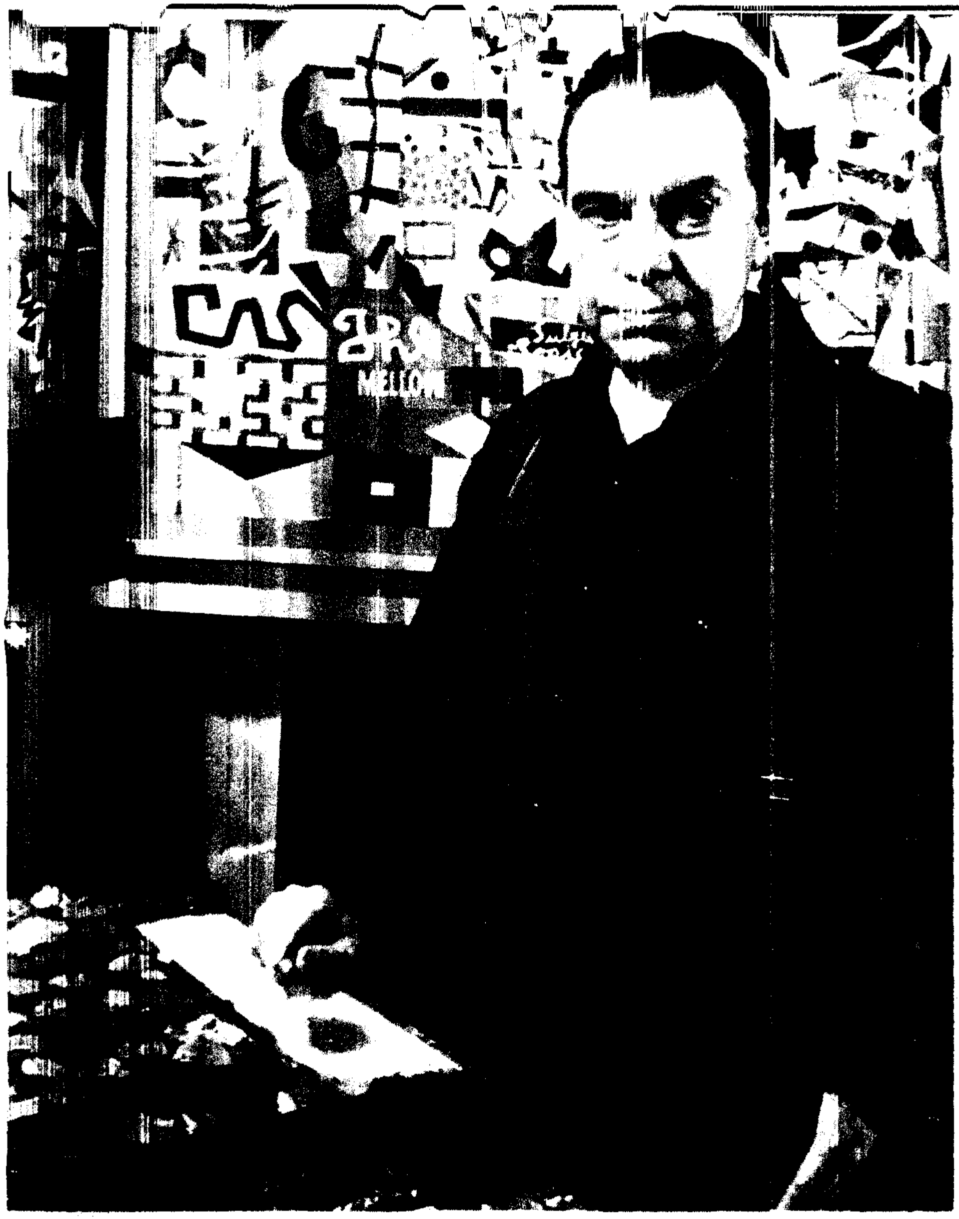
Last summer a rough gang of Sullivan Street kids, hated and feared by most Village characters because of their habit of giving them the old razz-ma-tazz, caught Gould as he passed a gushing fire hydrant. Before anyone could stop them, they tossed the old man into the flood. Soaking wet, Joe picked himself up, recovered his sodden notebooks, and walked off with all the dignity in the world. All he will say about the incident is, "Kids aren't any different nowadays than they were years ago."

Bodenheim, the Village's other link with bygone days, is often needled by Joe into arguments for the sake of the crowd in the Minetta Bar. Mostly, however, they go separate roads. Joe makes for the public library, his workshop, while Bodenheim, a lean and troubled figure, wanders about Washington Square, shouting at startled passers-by, and at old enemies, who ignore him. Sometimes he works at a novel and another "slender vol." of poetry.

Originally from Hermanville, Mississippi, Bodenheim developed in Chicago where he and Ben Hecht stormed the ramparts of respectability in the twenties with manifestoes. By the time he came to the Village he was, among people who follow poetry, already well known. However, it was as a Bohemian that his chief fame rested.

Sometimes now he tries to revive the spirit of the twenties. We were watching him one night, declaiming his poetry aloud in the Square while a young actress took off her shoes and tried to enact it. But more frequently you find him standing at the Minetta Bar, cackling aloud to shock the tourists.

Like Gould and other characters, Bodenheim accepts the favors of old and new friends. But it takes a handsome Joachim Probst, who sports a fierce red beard and calls himself *(Continued on page 84)*



Stuart Davis, a Villager for 25 years, says that his paintings of multicolored squares and triangles are representative of the "well-ordered chaos of our world"

"I'm very disillusioned with the Village," says Model Nina Mancuso. "It is filled with phonies!" She came to the Village to paint and stayed to model for artists

Earl Kerkam, who once made a fortune in commercial art, works on the portrait of a pretty Village model. He is noted for his draftsmanship and as a Village wit

The real native Villagers are the 12,000 Italians, like the big family of Anthony Montemurros. They ignore the artists. Their life centers around Greenwich House

ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

Sandy Carr had an eye for beauty but a mind that was good for only one thing at a time

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

YOU know how it is when you run into somebody you knew in the war. You knew him so very well. You got to talking to him on the train from the induction station. You had adjoining beds at the reception center. You landed in the same company. You went overseas with him. You read his letters from home and came to know his people and the girls in his life and his hopes and ambitions, as you sweated out that day after everlasting day that makes a war. And then at the separation center you shook hands with him and said you'd have to get together again, soon. But you never do.

And then one night you just happen to drop into a little San Francisco café. It is a crummy little joint, the Beehive Café, Booths for Ladies. It is late, almost midnight, and the last thing on your mind is Sandy Carr, until you're looking him in the face. It does something to you.

"Sandy!" I yelled. "You old son of a gun!" Though I didn't use exactly those words. I was back in the Army vernacular. It was all right. Sandy was the only customer in the joint.

Instead of grabbing my outstretched hand, Sandy Carr picked up a chair. "Oh, hello, Red," he said, as if he'd seen me ten minutes ago. He pulled the back of the chair up in front of him and peered at me through the slats, "Red, what does this mean to you?"

"Now look, Mac," the fellow behind the counter said. "Not again, please."

Sandy, holding the chair in front of his face, was dancing a jig and singing, "Here we go gathering nuts in May, nuts in May, nuts in May—"

"For two hours," the counterman said to me. "Do you know this guy?"

"I sure do, Mac."

"Then get him out of here, will you? For two hours he's been doing charades, with everybody who comes in here. It's bad for business."

"Here we go gathering nuts in May," Sandy sang as he danced, "—so early in the morning." He peered anxiously around the back of the chair. "Think, Red. Think. What does it mean to you?"

Poor Sandy. He hadn't changed. "What have you forgotten now?"

"It's an address. A very important address. Think, Red. What does it mean to you?"

"Why should it mean anything?" the counterman asked. "That's what I can't see."

"It's an association of ideas," I explained. "A great help in remembering things."

"But all I can remember," Sandy said, "is the association."

"Association?" the counterman said. "Well, go associate somewhere else. This place looks like an institution."

"Institution?" Sandy's eye flickered briefly. "Institution? Maybe—no, that's not it."

"What is this address?" I asked. "Is it a country, is it a state, is it a town, or what?"

"It's a street number, right here in San Francisco," Sandy said. "Red, I've got to remember it! I've *got* to. She's been waiting for me since eight o'clock."

"Oh, it's a girl."

"The most wonderful girl in the world, Red. I'll do it again. And *think!* What does this mean to you? And, picking up the chair, he began doing the little jig and singing, "Here we go gathering nuts in May, nuts in May, nuts in May—"

It must not be supposed that I was deflated, annoyed, or even surprised at the manner in which I was greeted by Sandy Carr. I knew Sandy too well. When he got his mind off his present problem, Sandy would be very happy to see me. And that was Sandy Carr's trouble; he could think of just one thing at a time. It had got him into considerable hot water in the Army. In fact, he had been typed as an eight ball. Actually, Sandy Carr was a very smart fellow. He had a marvelous power of concentration. In fact, it was too good. When he got his mind on one thing, everything else was forgotten.

This trait caused Sandy Carr to become somewhat of a local legend in the Army. And G.I.s being what they were, in time it became difficult to separate the true from the false in the great body of Sandy Carr stories. The one, for example, about Sandy completely forgetting that he was in the Army while he spent a glorious month in Paris—that one just isn't true. And the one about the time he absent-mindedly walked into Hitler's headquarters is somewhat of an exaggeration. I knew the true facts back of that story.

Except for being absent-minded, Sandy might have advanced in the Army. Even the classification system couldn't have held down a man who could speak four languages with equal fluency, who was a Ph.D., and who had earned $9,000 a year in civilian life. But Sandy remained a buck private. Just about the time he was due for a Pfc. stripe he would stand inspection in house slippers, or forget to make his bed, or, preoccupied, fail to salute one officer too many.

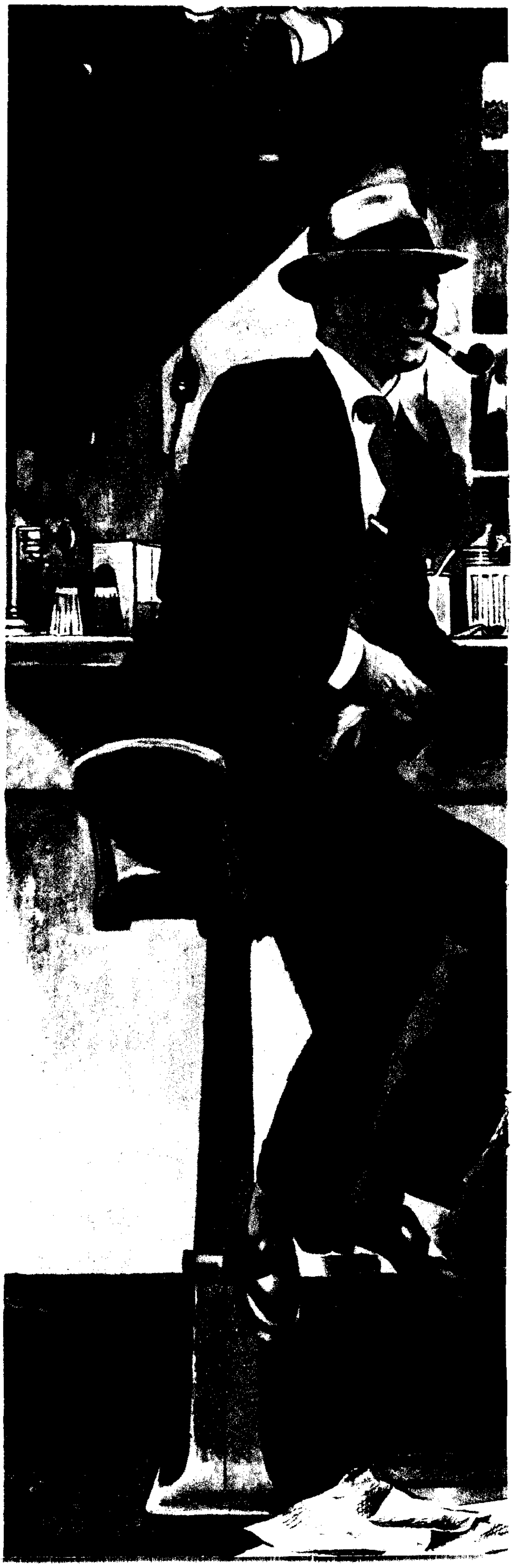
ONE of the choice bits of Sandy Carr lore that we liked concerned the day Sandy was sitting in the interrogation tent with his feet on a field table when a bird colonel walked in. It was a custom in the Army, as many may remember, for soldiers to spring to attention at the arrival of strange and powerful brass. But Sandy was relaxed after interrogating prisoners all day, and brooding about something else—possibly over the fact that he was doing an officer's work as a buck private.

The bird colonel blinked at Sandy, peered closely at his insignia, then glared. Sandy yawned.

"Soldier!" the colonel snapped. "I am Colonel Blackwell!"

"Glad to know you," Sandy said, extending his hand. "I'm Private Carr."

And the bird colonel, utterly flabbergasted, shook



"What does this mean to you, Officer?" Sandy asked, continuing his dance. "Here we go gathering nuts in May—" "This nut got a screw loose?" the cop cried hands with Sandy and went out muttering. It was a quarter of an hour later that the full implication of what had happened seeped into Sandy's consciousness, and he leaped to his feet with a cry of terror. But nothing ever happened. We used to say there was a guardian angel for men like Sandy Carr.

Take the time Sandy walked into a German Panzer outfit by mistake. That's the incident that became exaggerated into the story of Sandy wandering into Hitler's headquarters. Actually, he merely crossed into enemy territory unknowingly, as plenty of others did. It was during the Battle of the Bulge, when the enemy had cut our communications lines, and Sandy was pressed into courier service to rush a message to a tank commander. And, his mind on the importance of delivering the message, Sandy forgot everything else. Things were moving very fast at that time, and when Sandy got to the area where our tanks should have been, the place was occupied by an enemy Panzer unit. Sandy was halted by a German sentry. There were only two possible reasons why he wasn't shot. One was the boldness of his approach in a lone jeep. The other was that during this period Germans had infiltrated the area in American vehicles and wearing the U.S. uniform.

When halted, Sandy simply demanded to see the commander. True, the sentry was speaking German, but so was Sandy. Sandy spoke German all day long, interrogating prisoners. He was accustomed to the German uniform. He had arrived at a tank outfit. And Sandy had his mind entirely on the message.

Escorted to a junior officer, Sandy was very short with the fellow. He had orders to deliver his message personally to the commander, and he gave the junior officer short shrift. Sandy's manner couldn't have been more impressive. Too, the Germans were expecting reports from their spies who had infiltrated the American lines. And so Sandy quickly found himself closeted with the German commander.

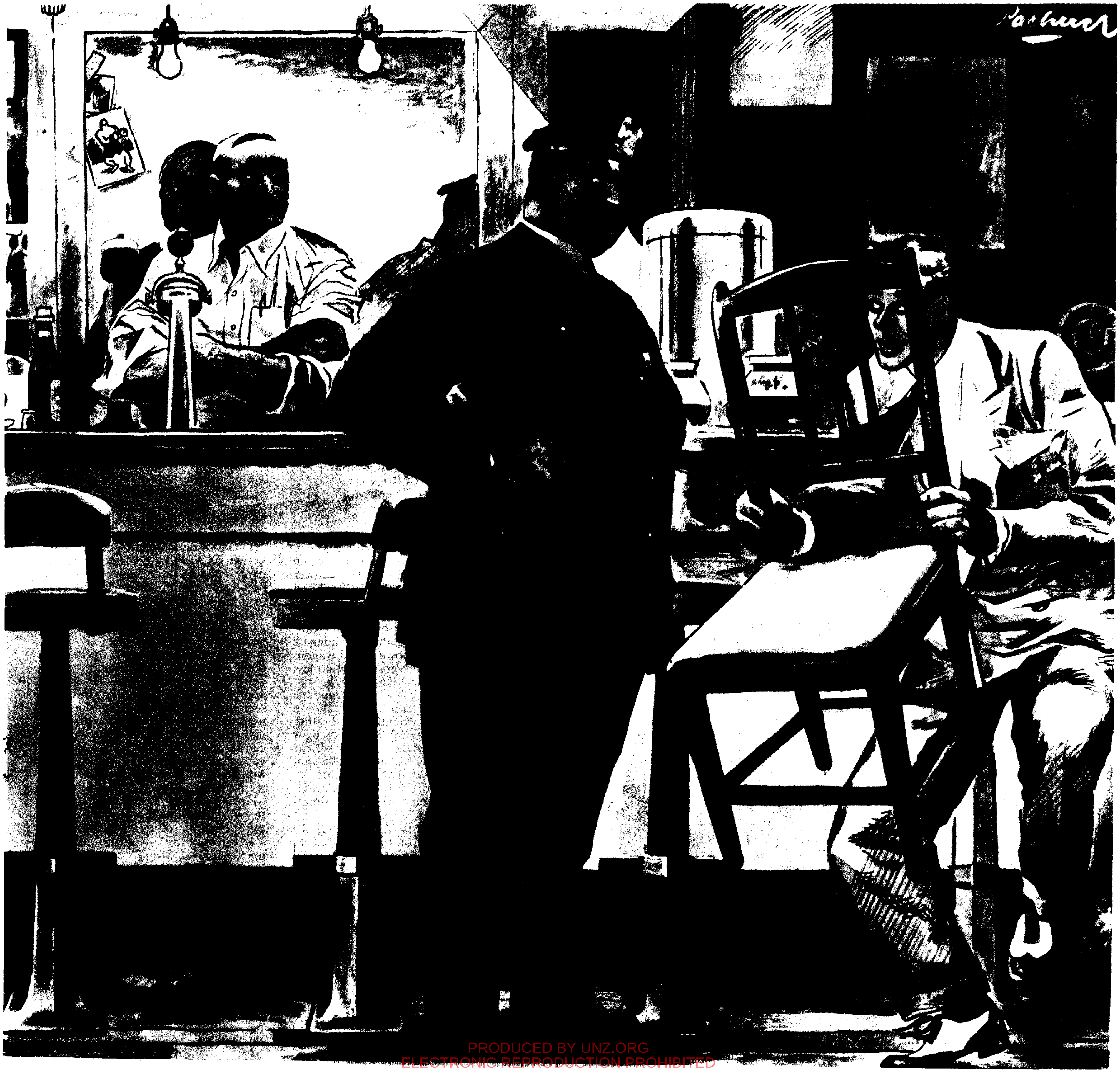
"Message from General Murdock, sir," Sandy said, delivering his envelope.

The German commander beamed upon reading the message. He congratulated Sandy upon his initiative and daring in securing it. He asked, "But how did you obtain this official communiqué?"

"It was handed to me by General Murdock, sir."

Taking this as a joke, the German commander laughed heartily. And then he made a slighting remark about the Americans in general, and Sandy woke up. It suddenly dawned on him where he was and what he had done.

And it was then that Sandy proved what kind of a mind he had, when he put it to something. The German commander had accepted him as a spy; the message from General Murdock had established Sandy in that role completely. So Sandy, talking fast, simply talked the *(Continued on page 78)*



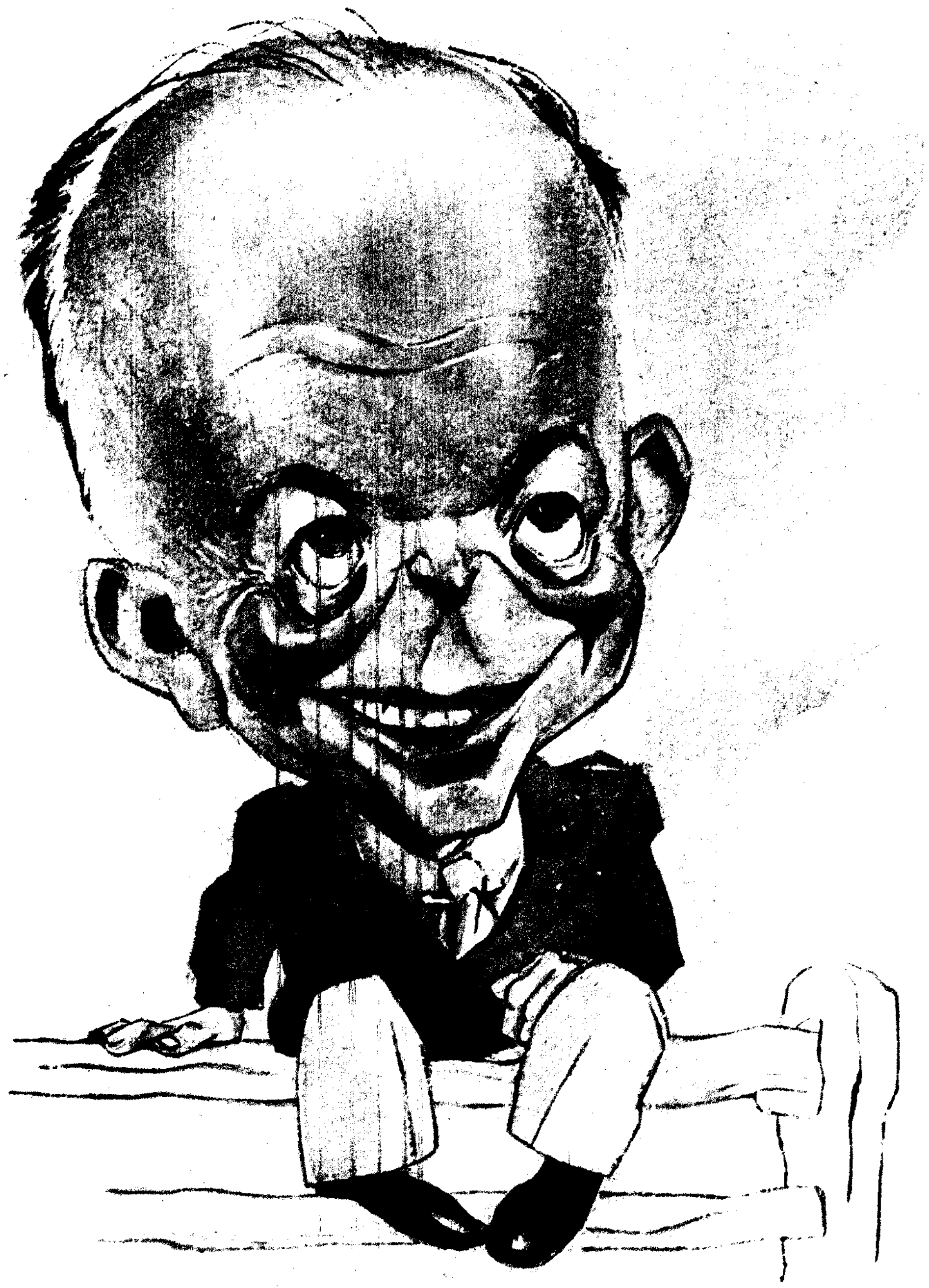
SAY THE WORD, IKE!

PHILADELPHIA is a normally placid city but it promises to be the liveliest town in America next June when the Republicans meet there to nominate their candidates for President and Vice-President. There are enough announced and secretly hopeful aspirants for the jobs to ensure a convention as exciting as a three-ring circus.

A few party strategists foresee a short convention and the quick nomination of one of the favorites for the top job, New York's Governor Thomas Dewey or Ohio's Senator Robert Taft, with a hot, brief scramble for second place involving a small company of major and minor politicians.

Others predict a deadlock and the emergence of a dark horse, the way it happened back in 1940 when Wendell Willkie was swept into the nomination.

The man most frequently mentioned in the Republican party's political paddocks as the most likely to run away with the convention is Dwight David Eisenhower. His name has been touted so persistently that he may wind up a favorite by poll time. He is still a long shot in the winter books of the quadrennial national political sweepstakes, but his odds are improving daily.



Another potential last-minute starter is Senator Arthur Vandenberg, of Michigan, probably the party's most respected statesman. Vandenberg, however, is not in the best of health and is getting on in years. He has frequently told intimate friends that he is beyond the age (sixty-three) when a man "may reasonably expect to survive the Presidency." He would like to end his long public career as Secretary of State, but few top-ranking members of the G.O.P. hierarchy doubt that he would refuse the nomination if he were drafted.

Talk of an Eisenhower candidacy is widespread enough to have driven the Democrats into a frenzy of political fence-mending everywhere, particularly in the left-wingish West where they are weakest, and to cause some healthy consternation among the top Republican contenders for the nomination. The cartoonist of a Middle Western newspaper recently pictured Dewey and Taft crouching like scared schoolboys under an enormous cannon labeled "Eisenhower," waiting with hands clapped over their ears for the big boom.

Tremors Start in Kansas

So far only one Republican politician of any consequence has come right out and said, "I'm for Eisenhower." He is Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, the genial general's home state. Kansas seems to be the epicenter of tremors of Eisenhower sentiment that are becoming more and more perceptible throughout the nation.

At least two other prominent Kansans have indicated their willingness to board an Eisenhower band wagon. One is Alf Landon, grayer but no less vigorous than in 1936 when he ran for President against the invincible F.D.R. Landon dabbles profitably in oil and real estate, but he would rather wave a placard at a political powwow than bring in a wildcat well. It is clear from remarks he has made both publicly and privately that he is itching to lead a parade of 19 Kansas delegates into Philly's convention hall shouting "Eisenhower."

Another is Roy A. Roberts, the portly president of the Kansas City Star, influential in Republican state and national politics. He too has indicated his willingness to support an Eisenhower candidacy. But neither he nor Landon has committed himself to the general, and they will not do so until Eisenhower, now Chief of Staff and soon to become president of Columbia University, frankly admits he is a candidate or, at least, demonstrates that, like Barkis, he "is willin'."

But will Eisenhower run? If he doesn't there are going to be a lot of surprised experts among Washington's political writers who believe almost unanimously that General Ike will be a candidate as soon after he hangs up his uniform in January as is decently possible.

It is true that Eisenhower has said, "No" to questions concerning his availability often enough to qualify him as a contender with Gromyko for the world championship. But no one, as is traditional in politics, takes his disavowals seriously. The general could have taken himself out of the Presidential picture as irrevocably as did General Sherman when in 1884 he told Republican urgers that he would not accept if nominated and would not serve if elected.

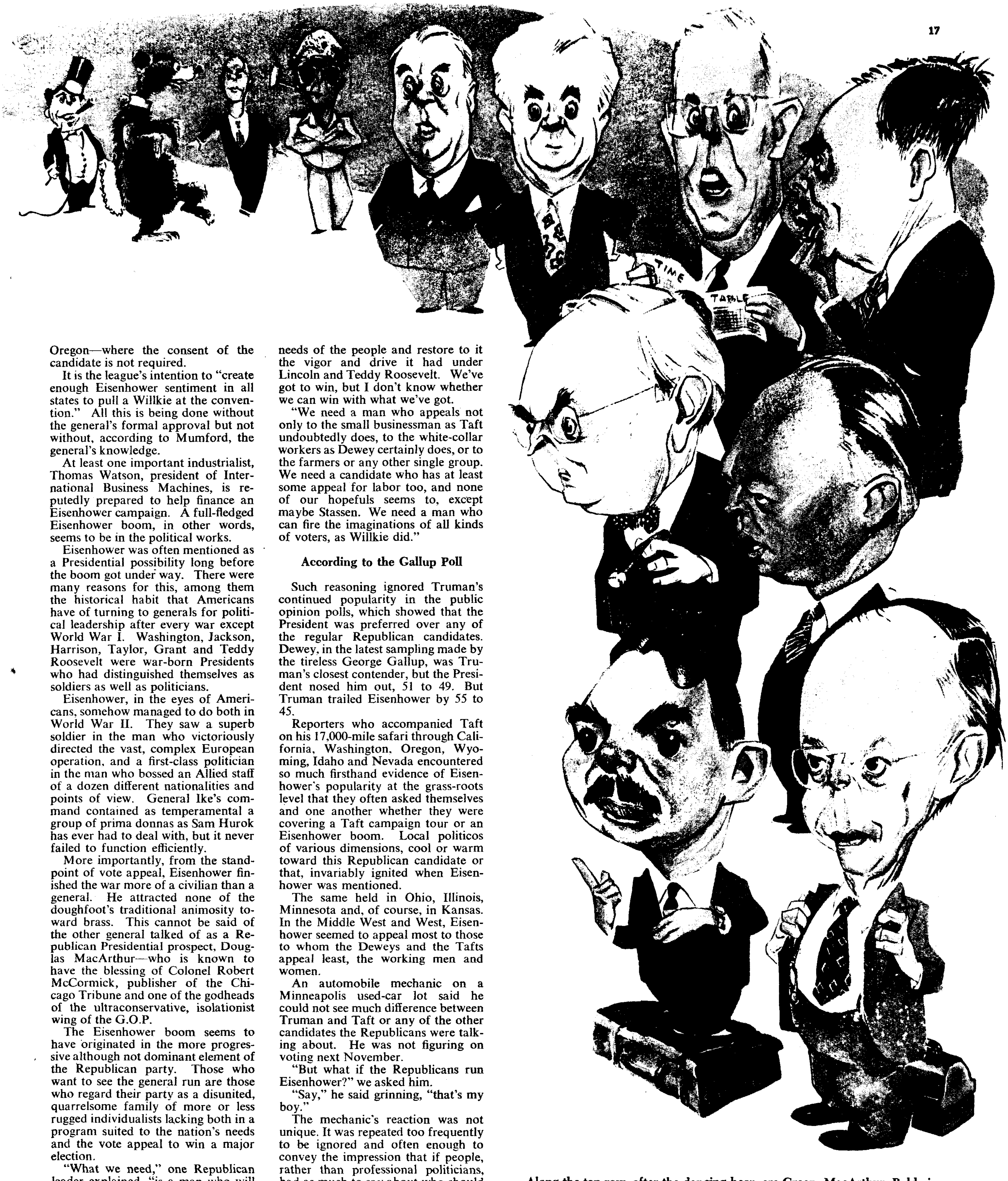
Significantly none of General Ike's disclaimers have been even remotely as categoric. On the contrary he has admitted that he might change his mind about entering politics after he leaves the Army. Not only Republicans but Democrats too, much as they might wish otherwise, are convinced that the general will run.

"Why, he is running like a jack rabbit already," one of the higher-ups of the Democratic National Committee said the other day. "He is the Number One threat to the Democrats right now."

One Democrat of sub-Cabinet rank, known as a heavy contributor to his party's political war chest, sees Eisenhower as "the only man who can beat us in 1948." But if President Truman himself is perturbed over the possibility of facing Ike at the polls he gives no outward indication.

White House sources, while they don't minimize the general's popularity at the grass-roots level and appreciate what might happen if Eisenhower is nominated, consider his nomination as only a remote possibility. Besides, professional party politicians say, the Democrats have a general in their pasture too, George Marshall. It is not inconceivable that, if Eisenhower is the G.O.P.'s nominee, Marshall would be named as Truman's running mate or might displace the President as the party's candidate.

Meanwhile, a Washington businessman, Maurice Mumford, has organized a Draft-Eisenhower-for-President League with chapters, he claims, in 18 key states and more to come. The league intends to enter the general's name in the primaries in half a dozen states—New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Wisconsin, Nebraska and



Along the top row, after the dancing bear, are Green, MacArthur, Baldwin, Bricker, Warren and Martin. The other four, in case you don't know, are Vandenberg, Stassen, Dewey and Taft. Ike is grinning from the other page

Oregon—where the consent of the candidate is not required.

It is the league's intention to "create enough Eisenhower sentiment in all states to pull a Willkie at the convention." All this is being done without the general's formal approval but not without, according to Mumford, the general's knowledge.

At least one important industrialist, Thomas Watson, president of International Business Machines, is reputedly prepared to help finance an Eisenhower campaign. A full-fledged Eisenhower boom, in other words, seems to be in the political works.

Eisenhower was often mentioned as a Presidential possibility long before the boom got under way. There were many reasons for this, among them the historical habit that Americans have of turning to generals for political leadership after every war except World War I. Washington, Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, Grant and Teddy Roosevelt were war-born Presidents who had distinguished themselves as soldiers as well as politicians.

Eisenhower, in the eyes of Americans, somehow managed to do both in World War II. They saw a superb soldier in the man who victoriously directed the vast, complex European operation, and a first-class politician in the man who bossed an Allied staff of a dozen different nationalities and points of view. General Ike's command contained as temperamental a group of prima donnas as Sam Hurok has ever had to deal with, but it never failed to function efficiently.

More importantly, from the standpoint of vote appeal, Eisenhower finished the war more of a civilian than a general. He attracted none of the doughfoot's traditional animosity toward brass. This cannot be said of the other general talked of as a Republican Presidential prospect, Douglas MacArthur—who is known to have the blessing of Colonel Robert McCormick, publisher of the Chicago Tribune and one of the godheads of the ultraconservative, isolationist wing of the G.O.P.

The Eisenhower boom seems to have originated in the more progressive although not dominant element of the Republican party. Those who want to see the general run are those who regard their party as a disunited, quarrelsome family of more or less rugged individualists lacking both in a program suited to the nation's needs and the vote appeal to win a major election.

"What we need," one Republican leader explained, "is a man who will unite the party, help it to tailor its policies to fit the changing times and needs of the people and restore to it the vigor and drive it had under Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt. We've got to win, but I don't know whether we can win with what we've got.

"We need a man who appeals not only to the small businessman as Taft undoubtedly does, to the white-collar workers as Dewey certainly does, or to the farmers or any other single group. We need a candidate who has at least some appeal for labor too, and none of our hopefuls seems to, except maybe Stassen. We need a man who can fire the imaginations of all kinds of voters, as Willkie did."

According to the Gallup Poll

Such reasoning ignored Truman's continued popularity in the public opinion polls, which showed that the President was preferred over any of the regular Republican candidates. Dewey, in the latest sampling made by the tireless George Gallup, was Truman's closest contender, but the President nosed him out, 51 to 49. But Truman trailed Eisenhower by 55 to 45.

Reporters who accompanied Taft on his 17,000-mile safari through California, Washington, Oregon, Wyoming, Idaho and Nevada encountered so much firsthand evidence of Eisenhower's popularity at the grass-roots level that they often asked themselves and one another whether they were covering a Taft campaign tour or an Eisenhower boom. Local politicos of various dimensions, cool or warm toward this Republican candidate or that, invariably ignited when Eisenhower was mentioned.

The same held in Ohio, Illinois, Minnesota and, of course, in Kansas. In the Middle West and West, Eisenhower seemed to appeal most to those to whom the Deweys and the Tafts appeal least, the working men and women.

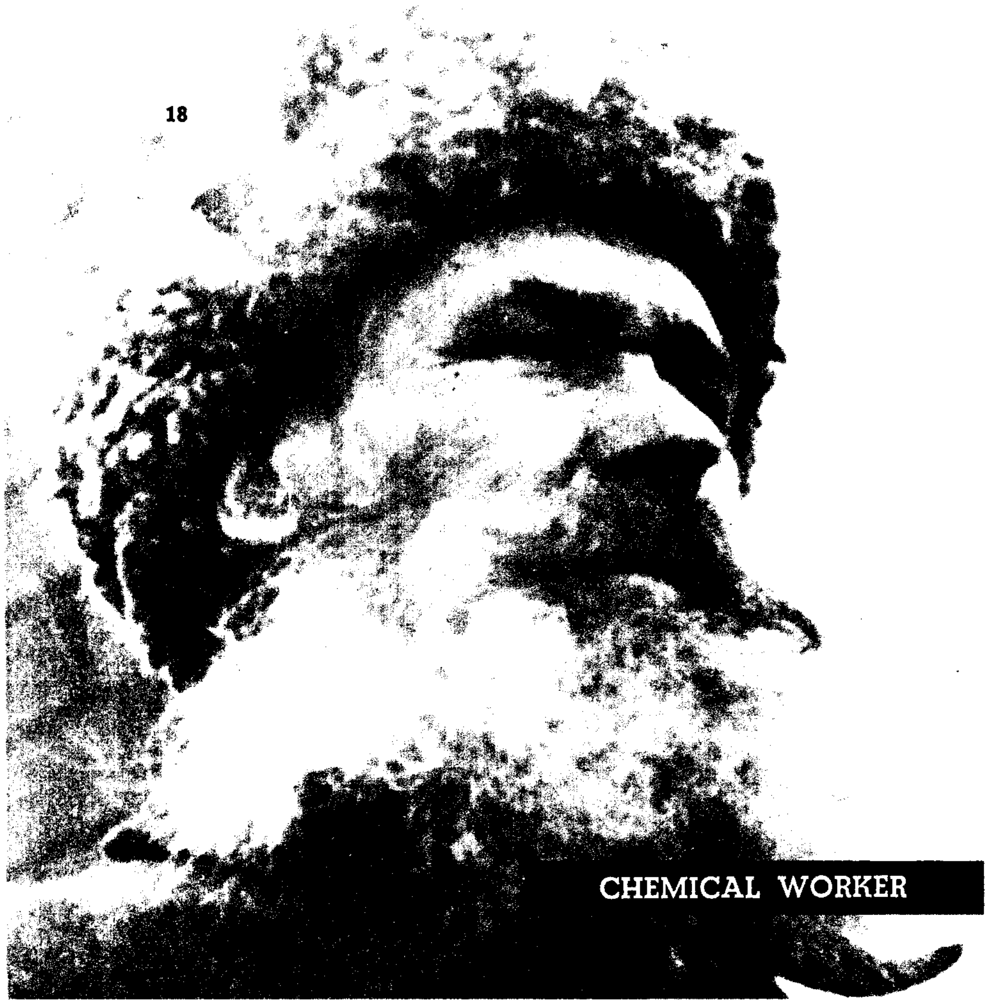
An automobile mechanic on a Minneapolis used-car lot said he could not see much difference between Truman and Taft or any of the other candidates the Republicans were talking about. He was not figuring on voting next November.

"But what if the Republicans run Eisenhower?" we asked him.

"Say," he said grinning, "that's my boy."

The mechanic's reaction was not unique. It was repeated too frequently to be ignored and often enough to convey the impression that if people, rather than professional politicians, had as much to say about who should be nominated as they do about who is

(Continued on page 91)



CHEMICAL WORKER

U.S.S.R.: WORKERS' INFERNO

BY JOHN K. LEINO

IN THE mind of the average American a state of confusion exists regarding the industrial output of the Soviet Union and its effect on world economy. However, one who can see through the red fog can also see innumerable reasons why the dictatorship industrial economy alone could never present a threat to the democratic nations. Let us therefore turn the spotlight on a few unpublicized events and let them reveal just why this is so.

In 1935 a delegation of Soviet engineers, several of them from the Gorki Auto Works, visited America for the purpose of studying our industrial development, particularly along automotive lines in Detroit. On their return to Russia, a meeting was called at the factory so that the engineers might report their observations to the workers. In an introductory speech, the director of the factory proclaimed that the engineers would now proceed to reveal the superiority of the Soviet system, which had so magnificently caught up with and surpassed capitalist America. Then the first delegate rose to speak.

"No, Comrades, we have not caught up with America, and we never will, for the simple reason that our workers lack the material conditions for such progress. Comrades, if you had seen what I saw, you would realize that by the time our industry has reached today's American production level, that country will be fifty years ahead of us.

Why: First of all, the American worker has a full breakfast within fifteen minutes of waking up, and what a *zavtrak* he eats! Orange juice and milk and porridge and bacon and eggs and toast and coffee. Then it takes him only a few minutes to drive *his own car* to the job and be ready when the whistle blows. He works four hours without interruption, the conveyer keeping him always supplied with materials. At noon he eats a nourishing meal, then works four hours more. His wife stays at home, preparing meals, and the store delivers the *produkti* right to his house. After work he is free to spend his evenings on pleasure trips or visiting friends. He has his private *kvartira,* often five or six rooms.

"But how is it with us? Our worker in Gorki must wait an hour in the morning before he can get a glass of hot tea with his bread. He spends an hour, maybe two hours, on his way to work. Often the tramcar breaks down, or does not show up at all, then he is late for work, and gets a reprimand. On the job he must wait for materials, or his machine breaks down, or he must see some official about his documents. How many workers in our factory work four hours without interruption?

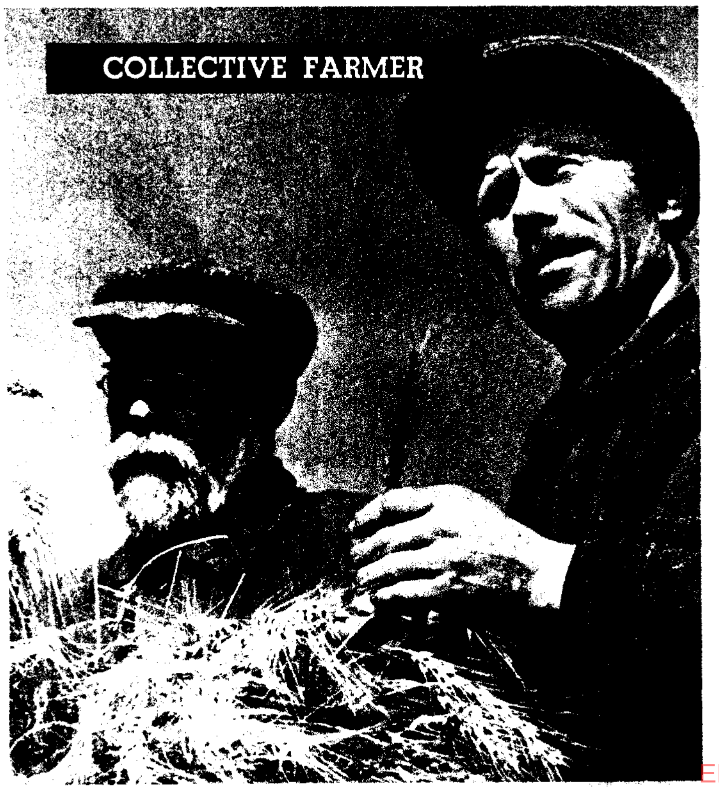
"Then, after work, he must run to the bread store and wait in a long line for his bread. Then he must wait for supper because his wife is also working. Comrades, there are such great differences between the material conditions, that our country will never catch up with capitalist America."

Thus spoke the engineer who had been to America and seen. That night he was arrested and he disappeared, but the facts he related are worth recording as a background for the many reasons why America has nothing to fear from Soviet Russia along the industrial front. Here are some of these reasons:

Management is incompetent and ignorant and is afraid of being shown up in its ignorance. Many a foreigner has been confronted by this contradiction in the dictatorship policy. The management hires a foreign specialist, then is afraid to utilize his skill. I met such a situation when I worked at the Poultry Combinat in Zagorsk. The technical director saw me using a steel square in laying out stair stringers and rafter cuts, became suspicious and forbade the use of the spirit level and the steel square.

It was only after 5,000 rubles' worth of heating pipes had burst, several thousand rubles' worth of baby chicks had frozen to death, and the pipe-fitter boss had threatened to report to the higher authorities, that my plumb line and level line, rather than the party line, were permitted to be followed in the laying of hundred-foot lengths of pipe.

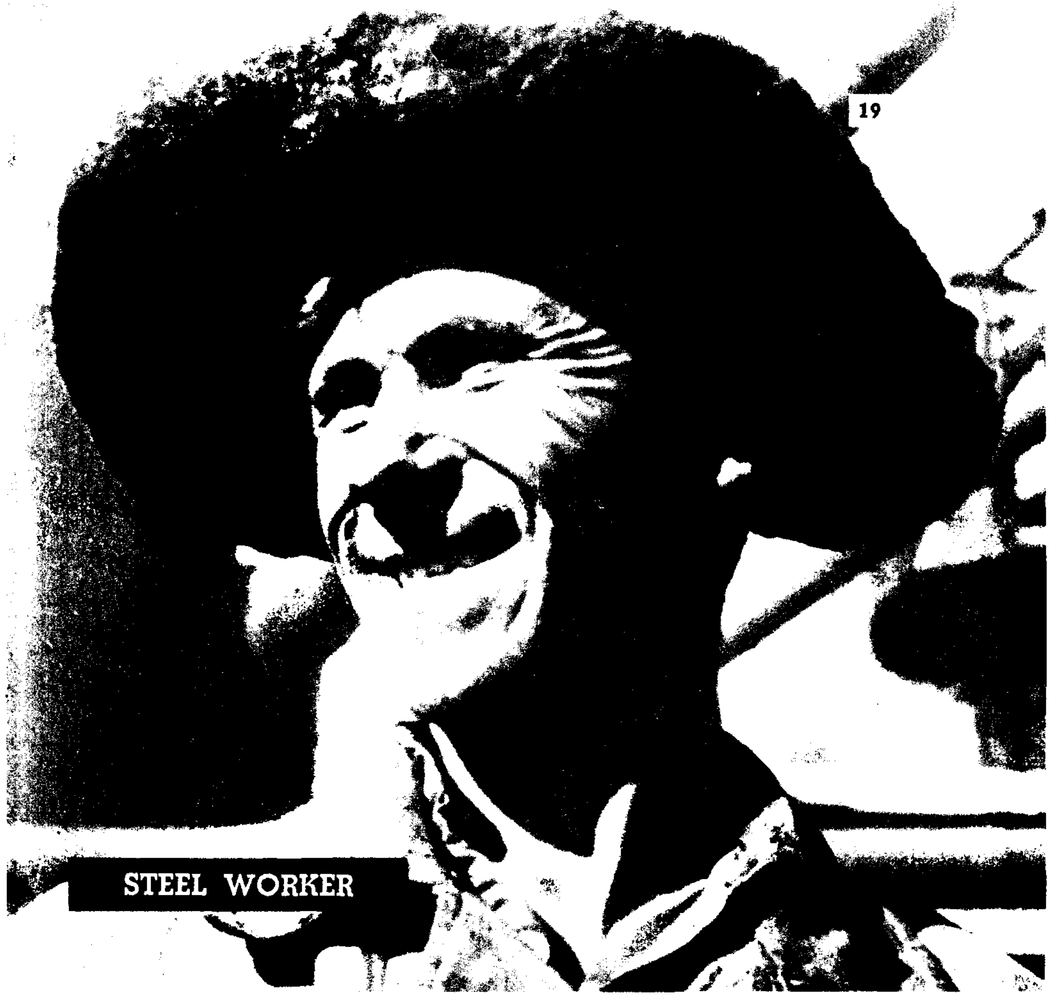
The distrust of workers, particularly foreign



COLLECTIVE FARMER

COAL MINERS

Mr. Leino is an American carpenter who has been in or close to the organized working people's movement since boyhood. After spending fourteen years working in the Soviet Union, he contrasts the conditions there with those here in America


STEEL WORKER

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SOVFOTO

workers, cuts deeply into the efficiency of Soviet industry. Two German specialists, a Diesel engineer and an automotive mechanic, came to the highest court for workers' complaints at Zagorsk looking for work. They had been employed at a tractor maintenance station and had been laid off for the winter.

The American poultry specialist Y, who was a friend of mine, tried to obtain their services for the Poultry Combinat, which had a Diesel lighting plant, a sawmill, three trucks and three tractors, all practically useless because no one knew how to repair them. But Y's proposal met several counterproposals, so that the mechanics were left without jobs, and the Poultry Combinat without much-needed mechanics. The silliest reason given for turning down the men was that they were foreigners, and therefore not to be trusted, because they might turn out to be "wreckers."

Every time a technical director—who corresponds roughly to a plant superintendent in the U.S.—comes in contact with a foreign specialist, he is tormented by two thoughts: How can I prevent this man's skill from exposing my ignorance? and How can I confiscate his technique? The foreigner's technical skill is acceptable to the director only if he can steal it, then turn around and present it as his own.

Any constructive suggestion openly made immediately meets with a counterproposal; any charge against mismanagement, however well founded, evokes a countercharge against the worker, backed by the party-and-the-government. Thus, constructive criticism stifled, the workers have lost all interest in what they are doing.

Here's an example: There was a group at the Combinat called a Workers' Invention Unit (BRIZ) which was supposed, under the plan, to produce at least one invention a month. The head of it, Grigoriev, hadn't met this quota and he asked me to help him out with some of my ideas.

I told Grigoriev that I had a stepladder with a safety locking device that was superior even to those being used in America, and I'd give it to the BRIZ for two hundred and fifty rubles.

Grigoriev took this up with the director, who immediately shouted that it would be crazy to pay money for a thing they could easily get out of me free. So, with a rambling string of excuses, Grigoriev explained that the invention could not be bought.

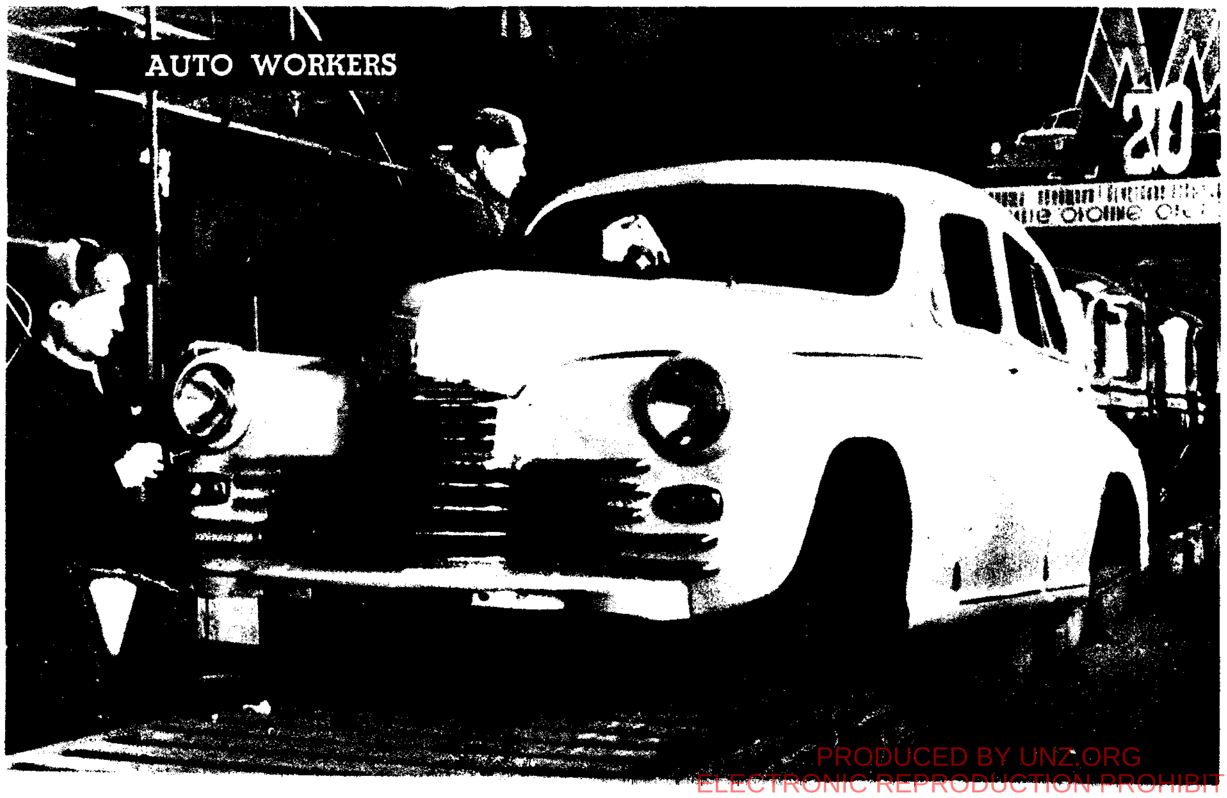
The following week I was ordered to make a dozen stepladders, ranging from four to eight feet high. I figured that, although the Russians had never seen a stepladder, it was common enough in America so that I could make them the real article, omitting only my safety device. But that was not what was wanted, and the director had the nerve to insist that I provide the ladders with my safety feature.

I told him what I had read in Pravda: "'In the Soviet Union the workers are amply compensated for their inventions,'" and added that the safety feature would remain mine until it was legally redeemed at the price I asked for it.

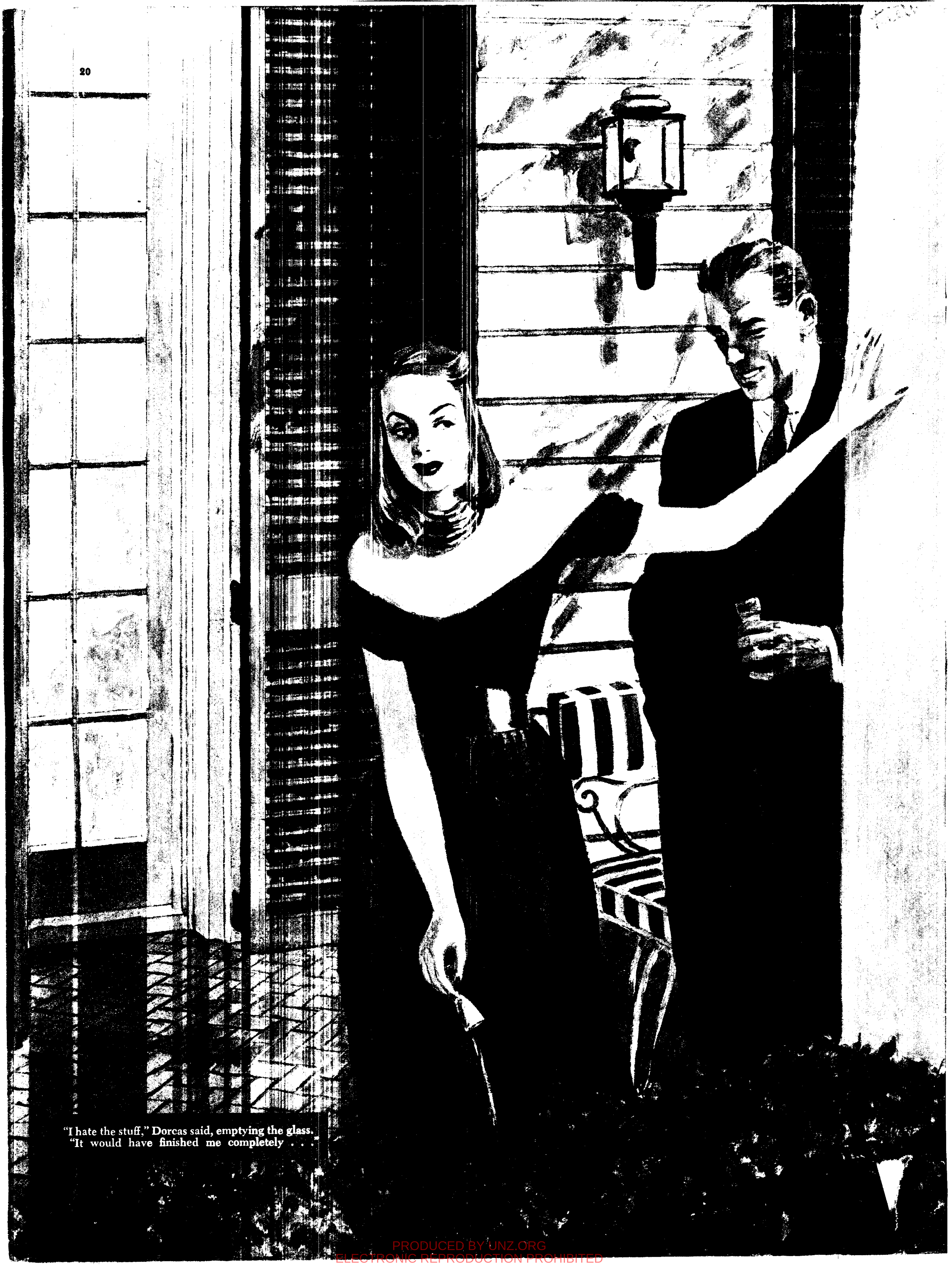
A chief reason for the inefficiency of Soviet operations lies in the conditions under which the people work. While it has been said that man is constantly being spurred on by two innate urges, the urge to create and the urge to possess, the Soviet government has sought systematically to destroy the instinct of possession by dispossessing the whole nation. And the destruction of that desire has automatically destroyed the desire to create. The evil effects of this show heavily in the Soviet industry's lack of progress.

All day long, from the moment he opens his tired eyes to the time his worry-filled head falls on his board bunk at night, official obstacles are thrown in the worker's way. Among the worst obstacles is the government-owned, undependable system of transportation. In the morning, starting off to his job in the tramcar, the worker must allow from thirty minutes to an hour more than the scheduled time, because nine trips out of ten are irregular, the car either breaking down on the road or being otherwise delayed. But the

(Continued on page 67)


AUTO WORKERS

CARPENTER



"I hate the stuff," Dorcas said, emptying the glass. "It would have finished me completely . . .

TRY TO FORGET

BY ALLENE CORLISS

CONTINUING A COMPELLING STORY OF ESCAPE FROM THE PAST

The Story:

Debonair Novelist Dave Holbrook is in love with Dorcas Branch. Dorcas, who is as independent as she is charming, has been emotionally depressed since the death of her fiancé overseas some months before. Dave's gaiety and devotion, however, restore her interest in life, and she is deeply grateful to him—so grateful that, when he asks her to go away with him over a week end, she consents.

Desperately in love with the girl, Dave begs her to marry him; but Dorcas refuses, saying she doesn't love him enough—she knows they would both be miserable. Dave attempts to drown his bitter disappointment in drink. Driving drunkenly up to his brother's farm in Vermont, he misses a curve and is killed.

Ridge Holbrook, Dave's older brother, visits Dorcas in New York; he tells her he feels that she is responsible for Dave's death. Then, angry and resentful, he leaves. A few weeks later, back in Vermont, Ridge receives a long-distance call from Dorcas. She apologizes for bothering him, but says it is imperative that he come to her in Boston right away. Ridge, brushing off a tentative date with wealthy Lida Whipple, who has been trying to maneuver him into proposing for years, flies to Boston to see Dorcas.

Dorcas tells him she is to have Dave's child; but inasmuch as she has no parents to whom to turn for help, she needs to borrow some money. Although he feels no pity for the girl, Ridge wants his brother's child to have a name; coldly he argues Dorcas into marrying him, and after a hasty ceremony, they start back to Vermont.

II

AT THIRTY-ONE, Dr. Alec Littlejohn looked quite a bit like the late Leslie Howard. Which was another way of saying that he was a slight young man of average height, with a high, rather noble forehead, well-brushed fair hair and a humorous, sensitively intelligent face. He had always wanted to practice medicine in New England. Recently discharged from the Army, he had accepted with alacrity a chance to come to Vermont as assistant to Dr. Charles Norton, Chief of Staff of the Readsville Memorial Hospital.

At the moment Dr. Littlejohn was a profoundly puzzled young man. He had been called to this house to attend Mrs. Herbert Chapman Whipple, who was supposed to be having an acute attack of neuritis; she had neuritis, all right, but what about that angry-looking bruise on her right shoulder? Furthermore you had only to look at the woman to know that she was suffering from some sort of serious and long-standing nervous disorder. That pale, dry skin; the thin lusterless hair; the bright, burning intensity of her eyes in their dark sockets; the absolute lack of any personal vanity or interest in herself as a woman. She was no more than forty-seven or -eight but she looked a good ten years older. What were they thinking of down at the office sending him up here without first putting him wise to the fact that this patient was, at least mentally, a very sick woman?

He leaned forward, touched her bruised shoulder gently. "That's a pretty nasty bruise, Mrs. Whipple. Mind telling me what happened?"

She smiled at him. A childlike mocking, secret sort of smile. "Not at all. I slipped getting out of the bathtub and hit my shoulder." Her voice had a slightly flat, unaccented, singsong quality to it.

"I see."

She was lying, of course. But she was Mrs. Herbert Chapman Whipple, wife of the president of the First National Bank, a most respected and substantial member of the community—those marks couldn't be fingerprints.

He drew her nightgown back over her shoulder again, spoke in a professionally cheerful tone of voice. "Well," he said, "we'll give you some B_1 shots, Mrs. Whipple, and you'd better start using dry heat. And I wouldn't go out for a few days; try to keep fairly quiet."

She continued to smile at him. That funny, bemused, fey little smile. "You're new here in town, aren't you, Doctor? You've only been here a little while?"

"Less than ten days," he admitted pleasantly.

"Yes. Well, Charlie Norton would do well to tell you a little more about his patients before he sends you out to prescribe for them. It might interest you to know that I have not left this house in six years and that I very seldom leave this room."

"As a matter of fact, it does interest me very much. What is wrong with you, Mrs. Whipple?"

"Wrong with me?"

"Yes. Why don't you go out? Why are you confined so much to this room? Are you suffering from an ailment? Are you in pain?"

"In pain? Oh, no. That is, my headaches, of course—"

She spoke as if everyone must know about her headaches.

"These headaches," he said, "are they very bad?"

"Sometimes they are," she said. "Sometimes they are almost unbearable. They come on quite suddenly and last for days."

"Is that why you never leave the house? Why you stay so much here in your room? Are the headaches worse when you try to live a—well, a normal life?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "much worse. But it isn't only the headaches. It's—"

"Yes?" he said encouragingly.

But suddenly she seemed to have lost interest in the whole conversation. "I am very tired," she said. "It tires me to talk to people, especially strangers. You've been very nice, though."

"I'd like to talk to you some more, sometime, about this—"

"Yes, of course. But if you don't mind I think I'll rest now. My daughter Lida will show you out—"

She was dismissing him and there was nothing to do but go. He went out of the room and down the stairs and just before he reached the bottom a girl came out of the room on the right of the oak-paneled entrance hall and stood looking up at him. She was holding a half-empty highball glass in one hand and a freshly lighted cigarette in the other. After considering him thoughtfully for a moment, she put the cigarette back between her lips, inhaled lightly, and then quite deliberately she smiled at him. In repose, her face, with its high cheekbones and slightly slanted sea-green eyes, was, he decided, too narrow to be exactly beautiful; but when she smiled like that, her entire expression changed and she became, suddenly, completely lovely.

"Hello," she said softly, and waited for him to come down the remaining five or six stairs.

"Hello," he said.

"Drink?" She waved her highball glass at him companionably.

He shook his head. "No, thank you."

"Oh, come on," she said. "It's after five. You can't be going to call on any more patients. I've been drinking alone and that's bad for me."

SHE reached out and slid her arm through his and drew him with her into a room on the right of the hall.

It was a long room with a good many French windows, and oyster-white sofas on either side of an elaborate marble fireplace. It was, he saw at once, a room on which a great deal of money had been spent, not indiscriminately, not without taste certainly, but also without any particular imagination, affection, or personal enthusiasm.

Nevertheless it made a reasonably suitable background, he decided, for this girl in her narrow black gabardine trousers and that spectacular chalk-white blouse with its long, full sleeves.

She was standing at a portable bar, mixing two Scotch-and-soda highballs.

Returning with the drinks, she sat down on one of the sofas, the one at the right of the fireplace, and he sat down beside her.

"You're Lida, I suppose?" he said, grinning at her over his glass.

"That's right," she said, "and you're Alec Littlejohn. Welcome to Readsville, Dr. Littlejohn."

She lifted her glass making a little ceremony of it, and he thought once more that when she smiled like that, she was completely fascinating and also that she reminded him of someone he had known sometime, somewhere.

"Thank you," he said. "I've been here less than ten days but I'm sure I am going to be very happy here."

"Happy? Is anyone ever completely happy anywhere, I wonder?"

"Not completely, no. That is, for any length of time. But relatively, yes. In fact, I think most people are relatively happy most of the time."

"Really?" she said. "Even the ones who are—in love with the wrong people?"

"I'm afraid you have me there," he admitted honestly. "But their unhappiness is invariably temporary. I mean they suffer wretchedly for a while and then recover and go on to someone else, someone who isn't the wrong person."

"How nicely you settle everything," she said, her voice and eyes only faintly mocking.

SO THAT'S it, he thought. He wondered who the man was and what had gone wrong. She didn't look like a girl a man would toss aside casually. For all that disturbing, rather uneasy charm of hers, there was something hard about her, something cold and unbending and ruthless. He remembered those ugly marks on her mother's shoulder—those dark, angry bruises that looked as if they might have been made by someone's fingers biting cruelly into that soft, flaccid flesh, and for a moment he wondered; then he dismissed the thought as preposterous. These were civilized people, educated, well-bred, emotionally disciplined. . . .

"I suppose you're right," she said carelessly, as if it no longer interested her one way or the other. She seemed to have that same habit her mother had of abruptly losing interest in a subject.

Since his encounter with Lida a few moments ago in the hall, he had forgotten the woman upstairs, but now he decided to ask a few questions about her.

"If you'll forgive me for changing the conversation rather abruptly," he said, "I'd like to ask about these headaches of your mother's. How long, exactly, has she suffered from them?"

"About nineteen or twenty years, I should say. She has had them more or less constantly."

"I see," he said. Then, "By the way, did you know she fell getting out of the bathtub and bruised her shoulder quite badly?"

"Why, no," she said, "I didn't."

He said then that pleasant as it was, sitting here with her, he really had to be on his way. "I have to have an early dinner and be at the office by seven-thirty."

She walked with him out into the hall. "You don't have office hours every evening, do you, Dr. Littlejohn?"

(Continued on page 30)

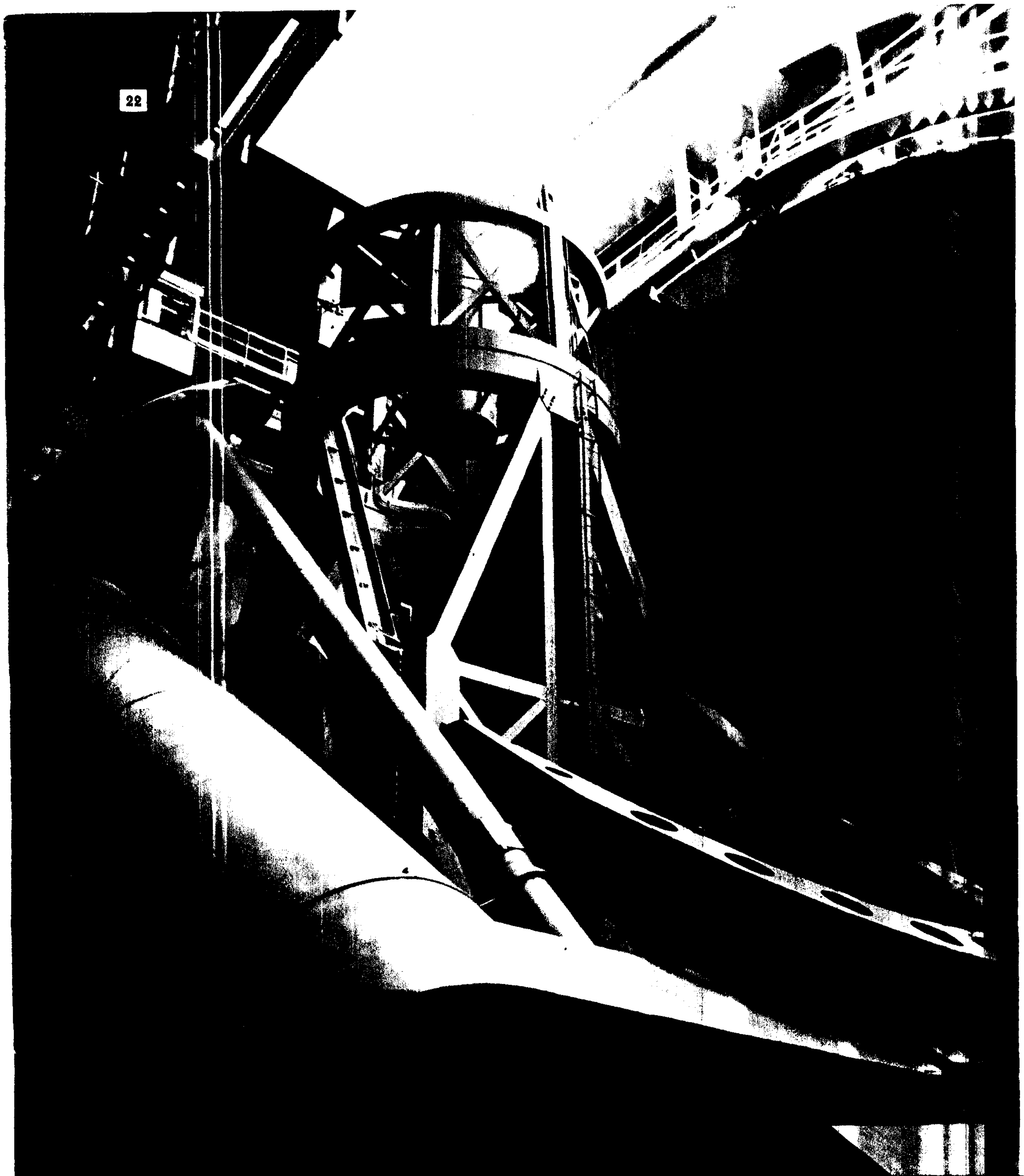
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

THE BIG EYE

BY JIM MARSHALL

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

After years of heartbreak and trouble, Palomar's giant mirror is nearly ready to search the unknown reaches of our universe



The telescope tube and its ponderous carriage (at left). The mirror will be set at the bottom ring of the tube

On October 3, 1947, a dozen scientists at the California Institute of Technology sat back and breathed a collective sigh of relief. It was quite a sigh, having been held in check about thirteen years—ever since a day in 1935 when the Corning Glass Works started to pour twenty tons of molten glass into a circular mold at Corning, New York.

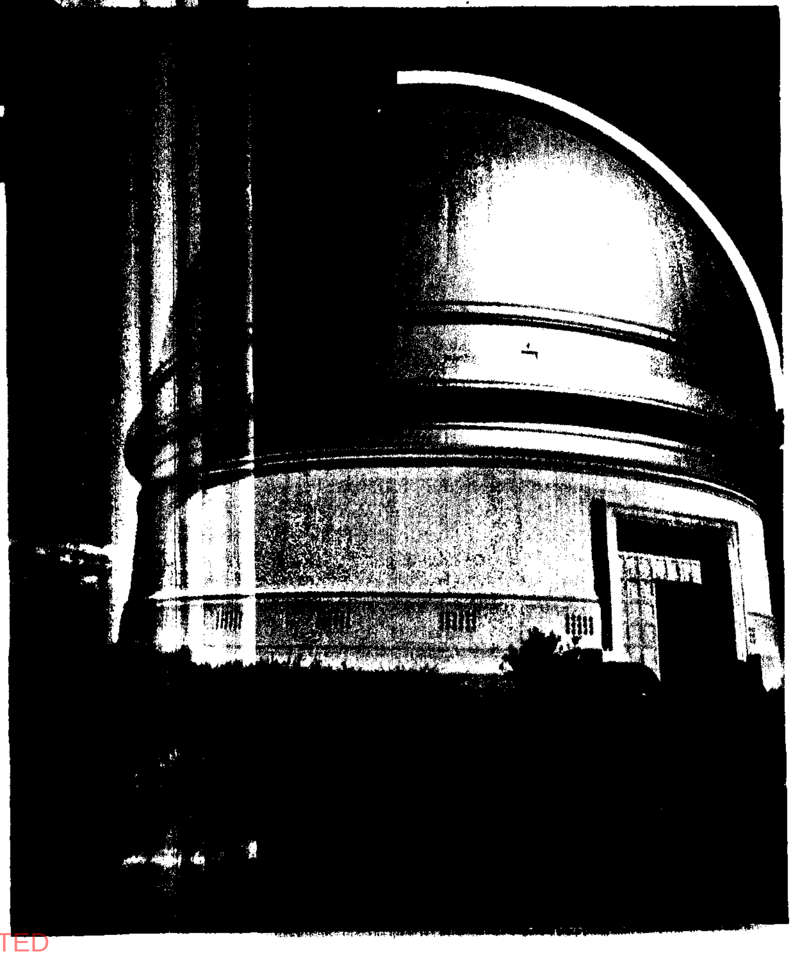
Heartbreaking failures, death, apparently insurmountable obstacles, new optical problems—and a war—intervened before the fall day when Dr. Max Mason, Dr. John A. Anderson, Dr. Ira S. Bowen and other experts of the Observatory Council stood around the giant 200-inch mirror in a spotless Pasadena laboratory and watched tests that proved the gentle parabola of the surface was accurate to within two millionths of an inch.

All that remained now was to load the mirror onto a trailer and tow it, slowly and carefully, from Pasadena up to the waiting observatory atop Palomar Mountain, 130 miles to the south. Only that—plus a long period of coating the glass with aluminum, polishing it again, mounting it at the lower end of its telescope cage, and testing and adjusting.

"If all goes well," said Dr. Mason, "we may be seeing things in the mirror at night next May or June."

Then men will start looking ten times farther out into our universe than ever before. If we imagine the universe as an American city, our best telescope today can tell us what is going on a block away. Now we are going to find out what is happening a mile away; perhaps all over the city.

For humanity this will be the beginning of its greatest adventure in space and time. For a little group of soft-voiced, steady-eyed scientists atop Palomar Mountain in southern California, it will be also the moment of triumph at the end of thirteen years of hard work. It will be the moment when the great two-hundred-inch-wide mirror, set up on a Coast Range peak 5,565 feet above the sea, first



The dome building. The hemispherical dome, with its split shutters, is revolved on a circular track flashes the story of new stars, planets, solar systems and galaxies so far away that the distances have no meaning for the average man.

As the mirror moves, the astronomers will see first what happened on the moon a second and a half ago, on the sun eight minutes ago and on Pluto—loafing along at one hundred eighty miles a minute four thousand million miles away—about six hours ago. But what the mirror sees first will be local news.

Pluto is far out toward the edge of our solar system, but the system itself in size and importance ranks with a sand grain in the Sahara.

Far beyond, the great eye will look to Arcturus, to Betelgeuse, to the Milky Way. The watchers will see what happened out there in the great chill silences when the Liberty Bell first tolled; when the Pilgrims landed—back through time to watch a star explode when Jesus was born, perhaps seeing at last some cosmic catastrophe that wrecked a monster star, or even a universe, when mammoths roamed our earth and half-human beings had not yet learned to record history.

Palomar's giant eye is a reflecting telescope; it gathers light rays that have traveled maybe a billion miles and reflects them into a camera a few feet away. Essentially it is just an oversized shaving mirror.

Palomar's mirror is the child of the late Dr. George Ellery Hale. He started work on it back in 1927. It was to have started looking out into space in 1940, but the war stopped work.

Hale was born in Chicago in 1868, the year helium was discovered in the sun. The boy's father was an elevator manufacturer; his products raised people a few stories above the earth. His son's product was, in future years, to raise them billions upon billions of miles, far up into the unknown. When the lad was thirteen his father gave him money to buy materials with which to build a small telescope. He acquired other and better instruments as he grew up and attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. While there he got a job looking after some of the instruments at the Harvard Observatory, and when the astronomers weren't using them the boy was. The biggest lens was fifteen inches across.

During succeeding years Hale made a specialty of sun studies, inventing various instruments and techniques for finding out facts about solar energy. After graduating in 1890, he went back to Chicago where his father put up the money for an observatory and laboratory on the family property in suburban Kenwood. Its center was a twelve-inch refractor—*not* a mirror. A year or two later he was considered an authority on the sun, and his fame had become international.

Lenses and mirrors grew steadily in size. Hale finally succeeded in getting Charles T. Yerkes, a Chicago traction millionaire, to put up the money for a forty-inch lens, which started working at the Williams Bay Observatory in Wisconsin, in 1897, with Hale as director.

When the Carnegie Institution was established in 1902, with a lot of giveaway money for scientific purposes, Hale proposed to build a new and much bigger telescope and set it atop Mount Wilson, outside Los Angeles. To demonstrate the possibilities, he tackled the mountain almost single-handed, finally got a star camera up there in 1904, and installed a telescope. All the parts and materials were toted up narrow trails on burros and mules. Finally the instrument went to work.

Its findings were so interesting that Hale laid plans to put the world's biggest reflecting telescope on the mountain. A sixty-inch mirror went into service in 1908. Then John D. Hooker put up the money for a one-hundred-inch telescope that bears his name. Andrew Carnegie, after a visit to Mount Wilson, put up the cash for the rest of the observatory.

The one-hundred-incher started reflecting the universe in 1917. Eleven years later Hale proposed a mirror two hundred inches across, a plan he had been mulling over for five years. The money for this (about $6,000,000) finally was contributed by the Rockefeller General Education Board. The project was planned and carried out through Caltech—the California Institute of Technology.

Caltech had been organized in 1920, and when it found itself with $6,000,000 to spend on the world's greatest telescope, it didn't even have a department of astronomy. It had started out as a little school in Pasadena, titled the Throop Polytechnic Institute.

The Institute That Grew Up

It was close to the Mount Wilson Laboratory, Hale was interested in it—and so it suddenly bloomed into a great scientific institution with a new name, new departments, world authorities as department heads and the world's best scientists as visiting lecturers.

Hale, who had been ill for a long time, now slowly gave over the reins to Dr. John A. Anderson, who had served with the 100-incher on Mount Wilson for fifteen years. But Hale was active until his death in 1938.

The progress from Hale's little two-inch lens to his 200-inch mirror was a battle all the way—a fight for money, a fight for material with which to make the larger and larger glasses, a battle to devise new instruments, new controls, new techniques demanded by the giant before it could operate with efficiency. There were a dozen times when the battle seemed lost.

It wasn't hard to imagine a 200-inch mirror. But it was harder to design it and, as it proved, almost impossible for a long time to cast it. In the first place, it was calculated that the new glass would have to be two feet six inches thick and would weigh around forty tons. Since the glass would have to be slung in the air at one end of the telescope, and since it had to be held in positions exact to the thousandth of an inch—well forty tons was just too much.

Another thing: A telescope mirror, especially a big one, will work only at a certain even temperature. If the big mirror heated up ten degrees in the daytime it would be useless because the night would not be long enough to cool it off. If it were cooled too rapidly it might crack—if it were made of ordinary glass.

After some months of argument, the Observatory Council decided to try fused quartz. This was suggested by Dr. Elihu Thompson, an electrical wizard, who convinced Hale he could produce the great mirror of this material, although it hadn't been used for anything except some comparatively small lenses.

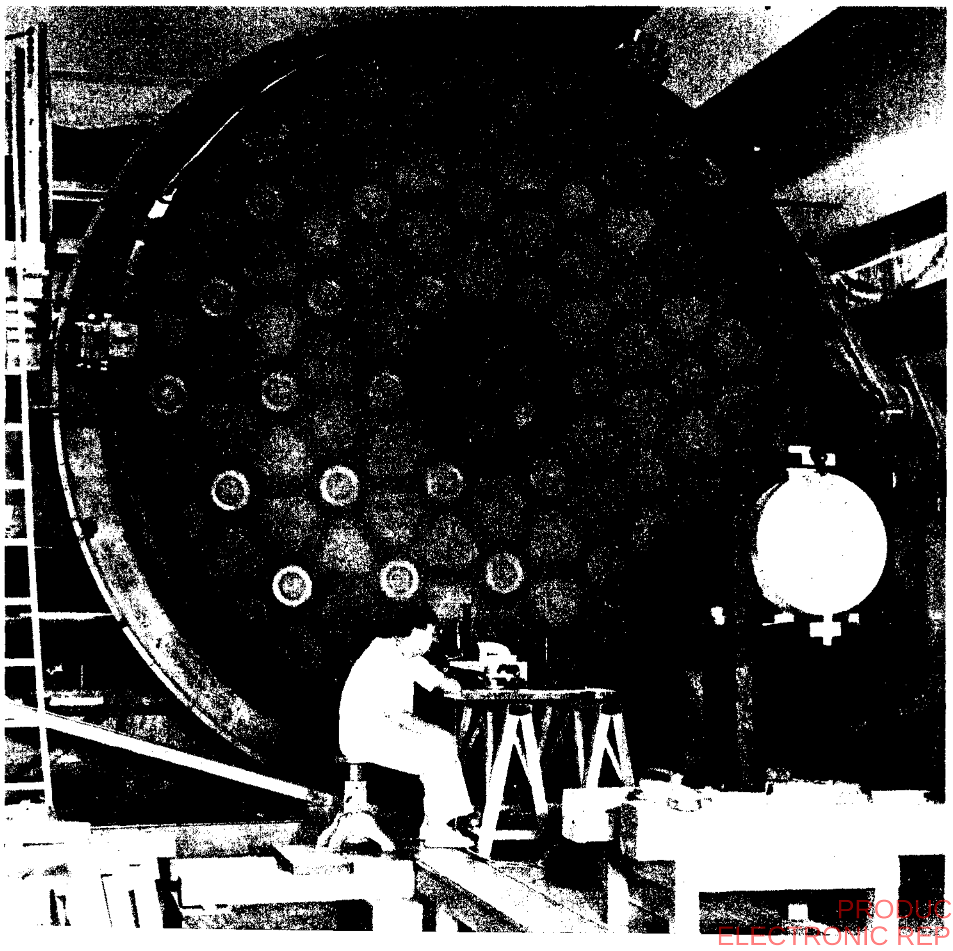
FQ differs from ordinary glass in that it is practically pure and melted down at a temperature of 3,000 degrees. But it had one disadvantage: The glass was full of air bubbles and there was no way to get them out. Thompson, after some experimenting, said he could make a bubbleless mirror by using quartz crystals. General Electric then offered its facilities at Lynn, Massachusetts, together with Dr. Thompson's services, to experiment with the new mirror.

Weeks stretched into months, months into years. Costs ran up to $1,000 a day—and still there was no seventeen-foot disk. There were small mirrors, there was a five-foot mirror. Trial after trial had come to nothing; mirrors had cracked; they had failed in various ways; six hundred thousand dollars—10 per cent of the money available—had been spent. In the fall of 1931, Hale and his fellow scientists called a halt. They were little further ahead than when they started.

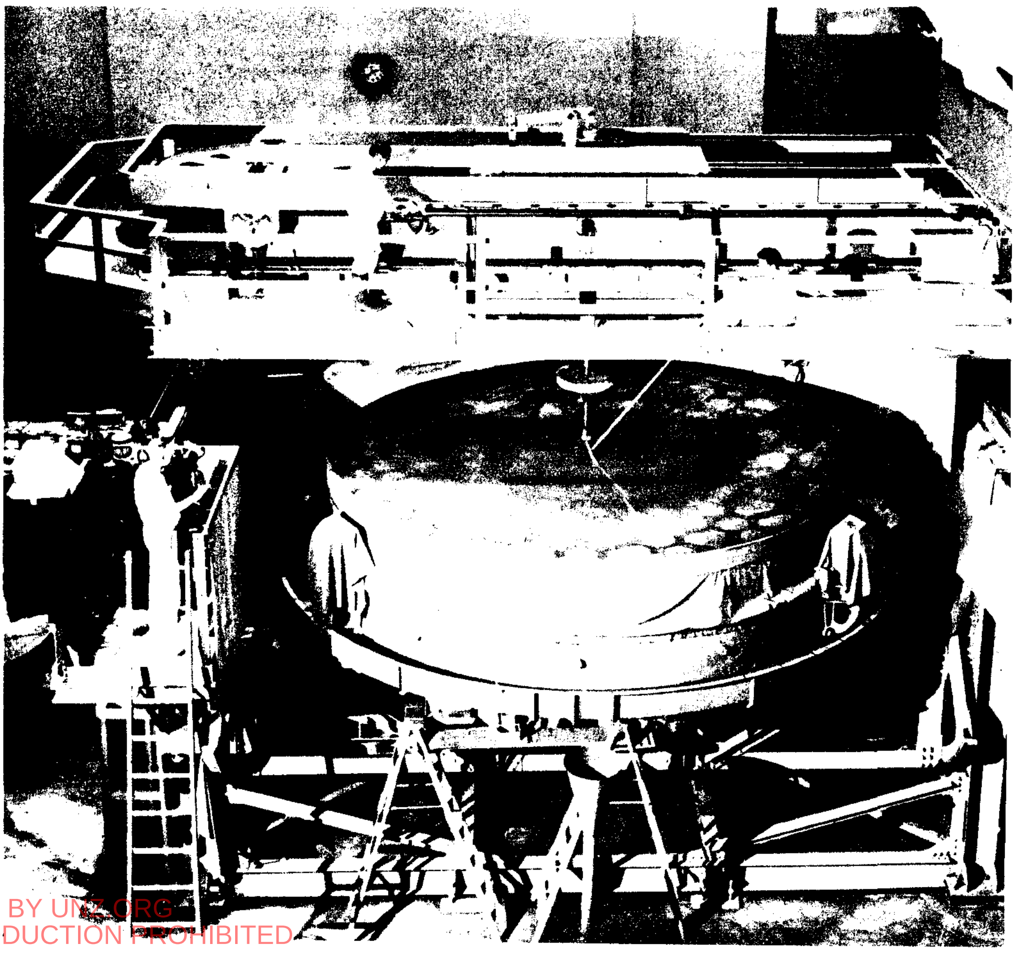
Early in 1932, the astronomers decided to try another kind of glass: Pyrex. This glass, from which the final mirror was cast, didn't expand or contract much as temperatures changed; the only question was whether a forty-ton slab of it could be made. To cut down weight, it was finally decided to cast the mirror with a ribbed back, eliminating tons of glass but not sacrificing rigidity. The Corning Glass plant at Corning, New York, undertook the job.

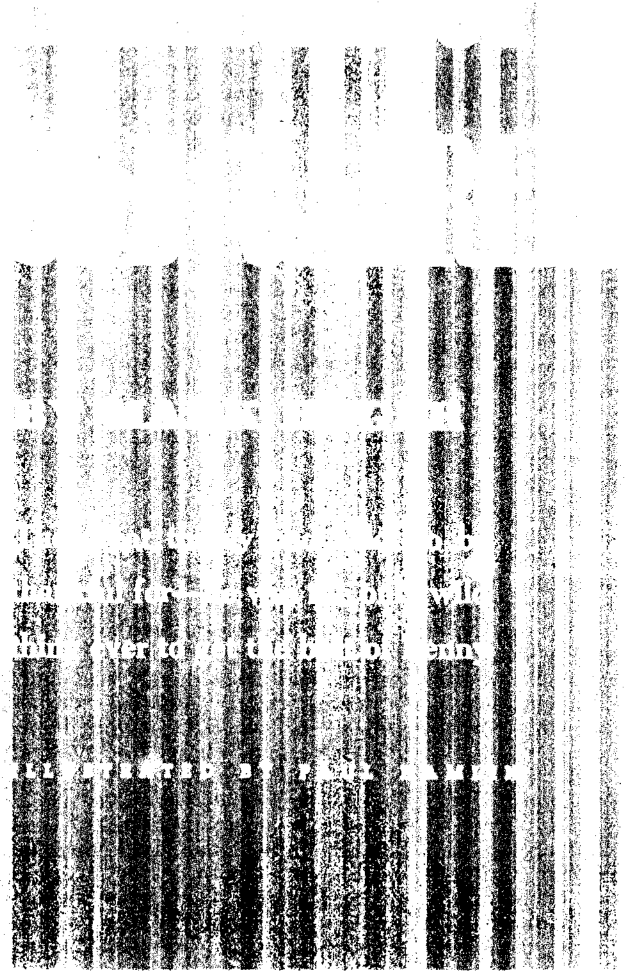
(Continued on page 65)

The mirror is tipped on edge as Marcus H. Brown conducts a series of tests on it. Mr. Brown has been in charge of the optical shop from the beginning and has directed the delicate work of grinding and polishing the huge mirror



The mirror, nearing completion, is polished with a small tool. It's a painstaking task using fine tools. The job of the man with the swab is to keep the polishing rouge well distributed about the area being worked upon





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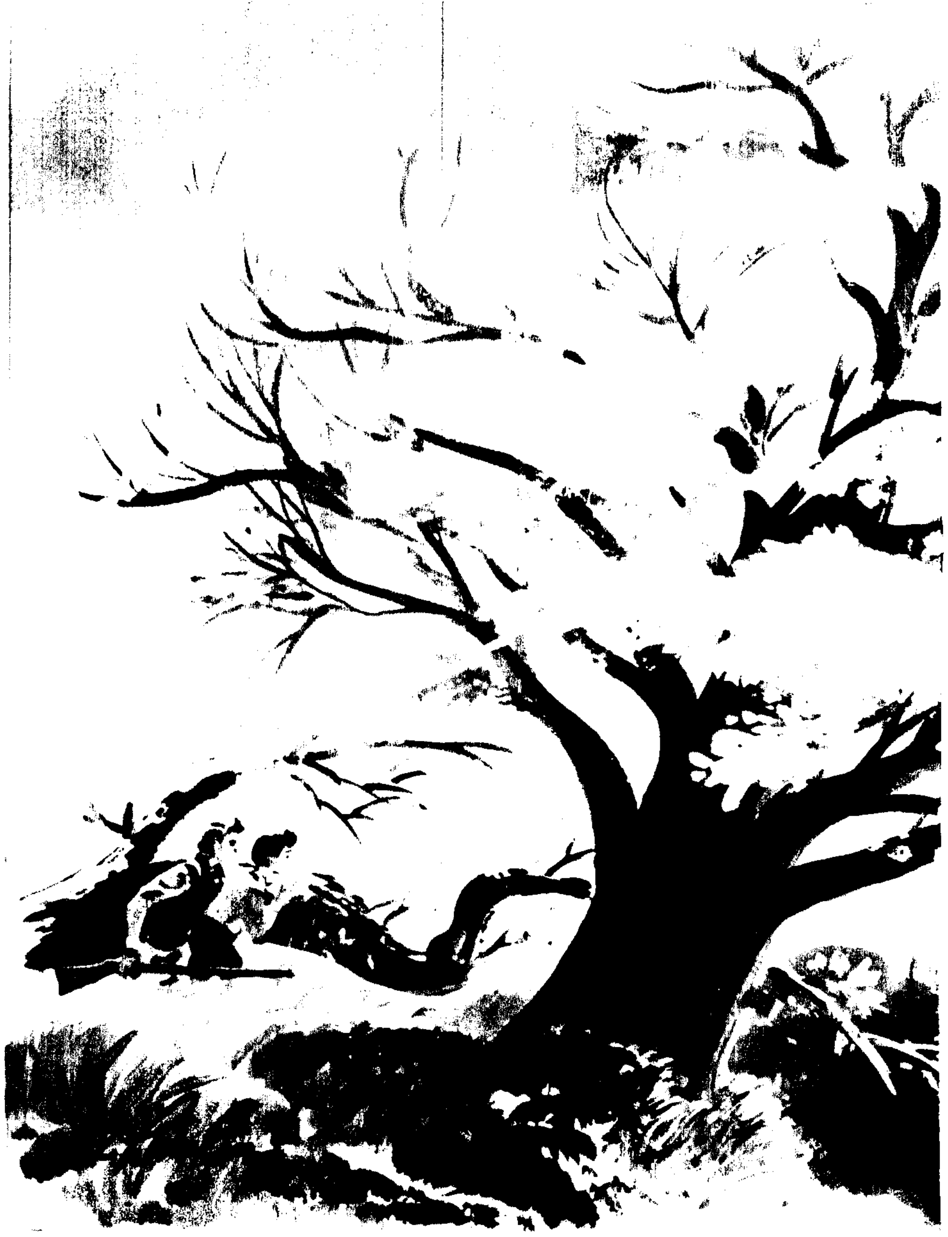


THE autumn day was breaking, and the smell of smoldering forest fires and ripe leaves was in the air when Mother called.

"I heard Old Gabriel gobble from the knob," she said. "You can look out for that trifling Benny Ames to be coming for you."

I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. I looked toward Benny Ames' cabin. He lived across the creek from our house, and he was coming already. He'd heard the old gobbler. Benny was running across the creek bottom from his cabin toward the foot log. He had his rifle in one hand and was buttoning his blue shirt with the other as he ran.

I started jerking on my shirt and shoes, and while I did, I heard Old Gabriel gobble—a deep, rich, roaring, strutting voice that seemed to roll across the earth. From the crest of Buckhorn Mountain the old gobbler strutted and roared forth his challenge; it was tempting enough to make a hunter turn over in his grave.

Even before I got my shoes laced, Benny Ames whistled for me. He was scaling the fences and taking all the near cuts up through our fields.

Mother didn't argue this time. I think that was because she wanted the calves salted. She pitched me a bag of salt. "You going with him?" she said. "Take this salt to the calves. . . ."

She always had something in our mountain fields to be looked after and it was half a mile up to our mountain barn; anybody going that way, she always sent something to the animals.

I took out after Benny. He didn't stop and wait. I had to outrun him, and catch up, and he waved me with his hand to stay behind.

Benny Ames was a hard man to keep up with when he had the sound of a wild turkey in his ears and the smell of fall in his nose. Benny Ames was slim and tall and always punched new holes in his belt that seemed to go around him one time and a half, and he could scale rocks and logs and dart and duck through laurel thickets with no more noise than a panther.

But, except for the work she got out of him, my mother didn't care for Benny Ames. She didn't like his way of living and hunting. Benny hunted in season and out, never paying any attention about such things as licenses and laws, nor they him. He seemed a part of the woods he had roamed. Benny was in his thirties now, and folks said he practically lived on wild game, but to me he was a kind of hero. I liked to watch how he could get through the woods, and I liked to watch him shoot. He'd send me to set up a piece of plank.

"No need to make a spot," he'd say. "I'll make my spot."

Then he'd stand sixty yards back, offhand, and shoot a hole through the board. He had blue-ringed eyes that were as keen as any hawk's, and he could see that first bullet hole, and he'd shoot again, maybe just widening the hole in the board a little, and after a dozen shots, you could stick only one finger through the board. But keen as were his eyes, and cunning as his ways, Benny Ames had been outwitted by Old Gabriel for ten years.

It wasn't that Benny Ames was not a great turkey hunter. He was. That's one reason my mother didn't like him. She said she'd flushed that gang of wild turkeys when she'd go to Buckhorn Mountain to pick up chestnuts before I was born, and she said there must have been no less than fifty in the gang. Benny Ames had killed them down to this one lone survivor, who still roared forth his challenge to Benny from the crest of smoky old Buckhorn Mountain.

In fact, people in our neighborhood who had seen Old Gabriel, and who knew Benny Ames as a hunter, said the gobbler must have a charmed life.

Benny Ames admitted he had shot at Old Gabriel no less than five times, but always at a great distance, and so far as he could tell, he'd never drawn a feather.

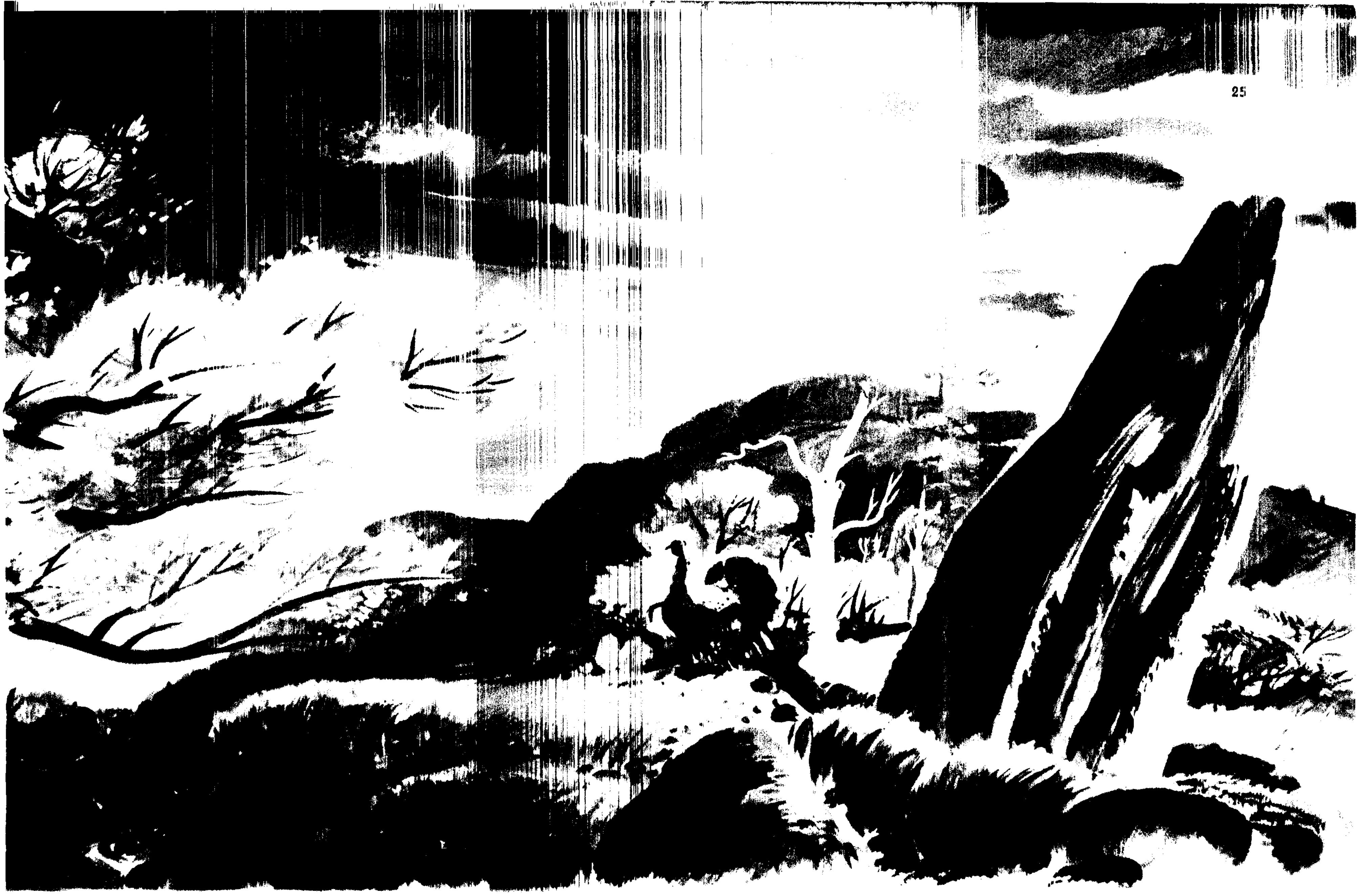
Benny argued the old gobbler could see in the dark. He based that on the time he watched the gobbler fly up in a spruce pine to roost at dusk one evening. Benny said he was several hundred yards away, but saw him fly into the pine and conceal himself in the darkness of the pine needles, and Benny slipped away, and slipped back an hour before daylight in the hopes of shooting him from the pine, but when daylight came, Old Gabriel wasn't in the pine. The wary old bird had either seen or heard Benny and he had changed roosting places.

But I'd never laid eyes on Old Gabriel yet. Mother declared she'd seen him. She claimed she saw him one time with her tame turkey hens around our old barn up on the side of Buckhorn Mountain. She thought that was because Benny had killed all of the old gobbler's flock, and he was lonely, and maybe he got hungry. She said she remembered there was no mast that year, and wild turkeys frequented the outfields on the high ridges.

AS ME and Benny ducked under the laurel bushes and scaled the steeps of Buckhorn under the crest that morning, I was having visions of Old Gabriel. I wondered how much like a tame turkey he would look. Benny had said he was big as two tame gobblers, but I couldn't yet imagine how a turkey like that would look, and Benny had said a wild turkey's eyes were almost in the top of their heads so they could see up and all directions at the same time.

Just before we reached the crest of the mountain, Old Gabriel gobbled. It seemed to shake the yellow and crimson leaves that still clung to the blackjack bushes and the scrubby oaks near the top of the mountain. Benny went down on his belly and motioned me to come down. Benny always said he could hear better with his ear to the ground. For a few minutes we just lay on our bellies under the laurels and listened.

Benny whispered that the old gobbler was away down on the other side of the mountain, and he started moving. He crawled after we got nearly



I crawled up alongside of Benny, and he whispered, "Bub, you want to see the prettiest sight you'll ever see on this earth?" I looked over the log and saw Old Gabriel

to the top. Benny could crawl with no more effort or noise than a snake.

He crawled up behind a big old log that lay along the crest of the mountain. We just lay still a while. I was just behind Benny's feet.

We could hear the old gobbler strut.

Benny pulled off his cap. His hair was just about the color of the barkless old log, and slowly, inch at a time, he lifted his head; and then his head stopped, and for the first time I saw Benny's shirt sleeve quiver a little, and he motioned with his finger to me to crawl.

I crawled up alongside of him.

"Bub," he whispered, "you want to see the prettiest sight you'll ever see on this earth?"

He put his hand on my neck to keep me from raising too high, and when I could see over the log, there he was. I saw Old Gabriel—his bronze feathers, polished by the morning sunshine, gleamed from a ridge beyond a cove on the other side of the mountain, but he was fully two hundred yards away. Me and Benny just looked a while. The great gobbler's head, which seemed over a yard tall, was a bluish-white. Benny said he could see his black beard. He said it looked twenty inches long. When he strutted Old Gabriel got round. He looked like a great round ball of glossy feathers a yard through, and we could hear his wings tip the earth.

Benny whispered. "Keep your eyes on him when I call."

Benny allowed if he could toll him halfway to us he could hit him, and he took out his cedar box caller, and he gave a yelp.

Old Gabriel heard. He was in a strut with his head back in his feathers when Benny yelped, but he streamlined his body, and his great head shot up in the air, and he listened. I could see him dart his head this way and that, listening.

I whispered, "He heard you all right, Benny. Yelp again—"

But Benny didn't yelp right then. Benny said the least yelping was the best with a wild turkey.

After a minute, Benny gave one more low yelp, and this time, the old gobbler started toward us.

Benny poked his rifle over the log. The old gobbler came tearing. We could hear the sticks and leaves and twigs under his feet.

But he ran out of sight of us in the cove between us and the ridge. Benny put his cheek to the gun.

WHEN the old gobbler came in sight again, he'd be bound to be no less than fifty yards from us, which Benny said would be a deadly distance.

But something struck the shrewd old gobbler's mind. The sound of his feet seemed to stop in the low section of the cove. He got still. We couldn't hear him and we couldn't see him. He must have just stopped and considered a while, and then he made up his mind, and when we saw him, he was tearing back toward the crest of the ridge from which he'd gobbled. He got back on the ridge right at the same place and strutted and gobbled again. Benny gave another yelp. The old gobbler tramped round and round a while and clucked. You could see he was restless. He was going to move. Benny knew that too well, and he fired, but Old Gabriel spread his wings, ran to the sharp offset of the ridge and then floated away.

Benny Ames made noise now. He was defeated. He half drug his feet through the dry leaves. He knew it was over for a while. We went to where the old gobbler had stood when Benny fired, but we couldn't find a feather.

"It was too far," Benny said, "must be two hundred and fifty yards—"

He sat down on a gray rock and wiped his brow with his blue shirt sleeve. I sat close to him. Benny had got a little hot in the mountain climb and the excitement, and he smelled of pine needles and campfire smoke, and he hardly ever shaved more than once a month.

He got up and started away, but looked round about. "No mast much this year," said Benny. "That turkey will be abound to get hungry later on. Then we'll get him."

He sat down on top of the mountain and considered a long time.

"Want to rest here a while, bub?" he said. "I'm going to run down to your barn and get some corn."

I waited. Benny came back with a couple of ears of corn. He walked down the mountaintop a ways and started back, dropping grains of corn about a yard apart, and the same the other direction; then he shelled a whole ear in a little open place.

In the edge of a laurel thicket in view of the open place, Benny built a blind. He built it in the forks of an old log on the ground. I started to cut sticks with my knife to help, but Benny stopped me.

"Never make a mark with ax or knife," he said. "A wild turkey would see that a mile away." He built the pen of dead sticks and chunks that was the color of the log and all other surroundings, and after he got it done, he got in it, and poked his rifle toward the corn. Before we left it, he got a straight stick and stuck it out through the blind, which he said was to make it look the same after he got in it and poked out his gun, and keep down suspicion.

FOR two whole weeks, Benny let Old Gabriel come and eat the corn before he dared venture into the blind.

Mother kidded Benny about feeding Old Gabriel like that.

"It's nice of you to feed him," she'd say. "If I didn't know he was too smart for you, I wouldn't like it."

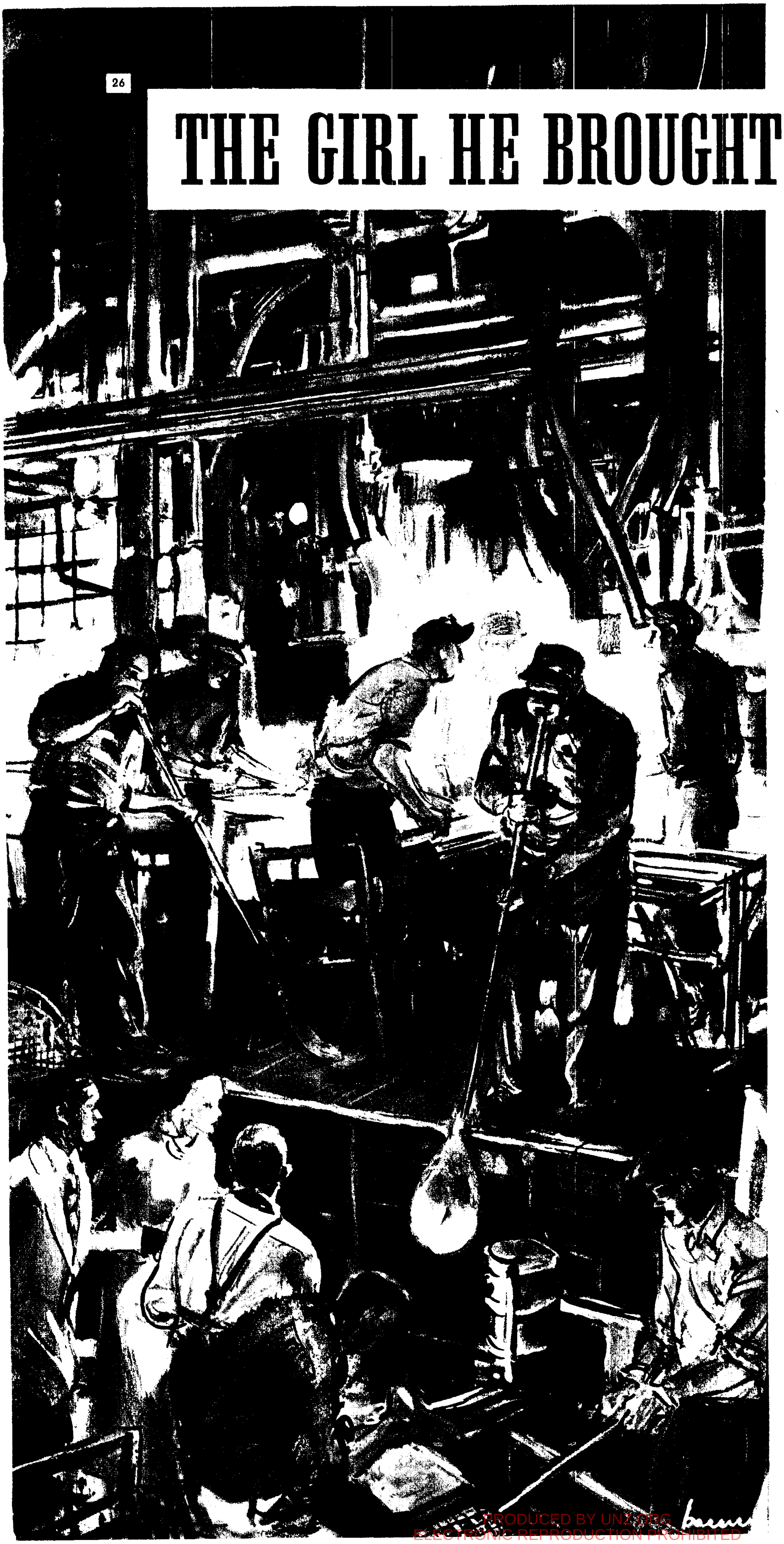
That always cut Benny to the blood. She'd bring up the subject like that when Benny would be at the table when he'd work for us, and it choked him.

And the morning we climbed the mountain to hide in the blind Benny said:

"Your ma won't talk like that when you all set down to your Thanksgiving turkey dinner. I intend you all to have fully half of Old Gabriel."

(Continued on page 60)

THE GIRL HE BROUGHT HOME



BY HORTENSE LION

Anton was afraid that the girl wouldn't marry his son—and that the boy would look at his father and would know why

ANTON hated the girl without ever having seen her. She would be, he knew, one of those typical American girls with fair hair and a clear complexion and a swinging walk. She would like Michael until she met Anton, his father, and then her manner would grow careful and distant. It had happened before and, if it happened again, Michael would probably hate his father, grow away from him and then life would hold nothing good for Anton Kapek.

Michael, clean-cut and strong-featured, held up the disastrous letter and with guarded, gentle eyes explained the contents:

"Papa. You know the girl I told you about—the one from Boston. She's stopping off today on her way to New York. I'll bring her home for lunch. I want you to meet her."

"Sure, bring her here. That's fine," said Anton. His heart was sinking, for he knew just how he would look to this Boston girl. A short, stocky fellow with a workman's hands and a slight foreign accent, he was not at all the kind of father she would expect Michael to have. Anton remembered the startled expression in that other girl's eyes, that cold-faced Celia, whom Michael had brought home more than a year ago. She had come to visit, and after a brief stay she had dropped Michael like a hot potato. When Anton innocently inquired what had become of her, Michael had tried to cover his hurt with pretended indifference:

"Oh, that girl. I didn't like her, that's all."

Michael's tongue was glib, but his eyes had told the story. He had worn the same wounded look when the country club wrote that its membership list was full. When he was in his teens, the younger girls had always invited Michael to their parties—he was so nice, so good-looking—but as they grew up they included him less and less.

"There's not a girl in this town I'd bother with," Michael had said arrogantly, but Anton knew better. It was an act Michael was putting on for his father; his hard-working, well-meaning, doting *peasant* father.

Now Anton rose from the breakfast table and said hurriedly, "Tell Hilda to fix a nice lunch, but don't count on me. I can't get home today. There's that big order we have to get started, you know."

Michael really didn't know, because he had changed his mind about coming to the factory. Michael was educated. He had just finished college—he wanted to be a lawyer.

"But, Papa—this is a special girl. I want you to meet her." Michael's voice was soft. Anton thought: She must mean a great deal to him.

"If I knew ahead," Anton said. He looked at Michael beseechingly. His eyes said plainly: Take her. Take this girl you love, but don't bring her home to me or you'll surely lose her. Michael had already told him something

(Continued on page 72)

She wanted to see everything in the factory; she asked endless questions. She could not believe Anton had done all this. Over and over she said she could not believe it, till he was almost angry

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

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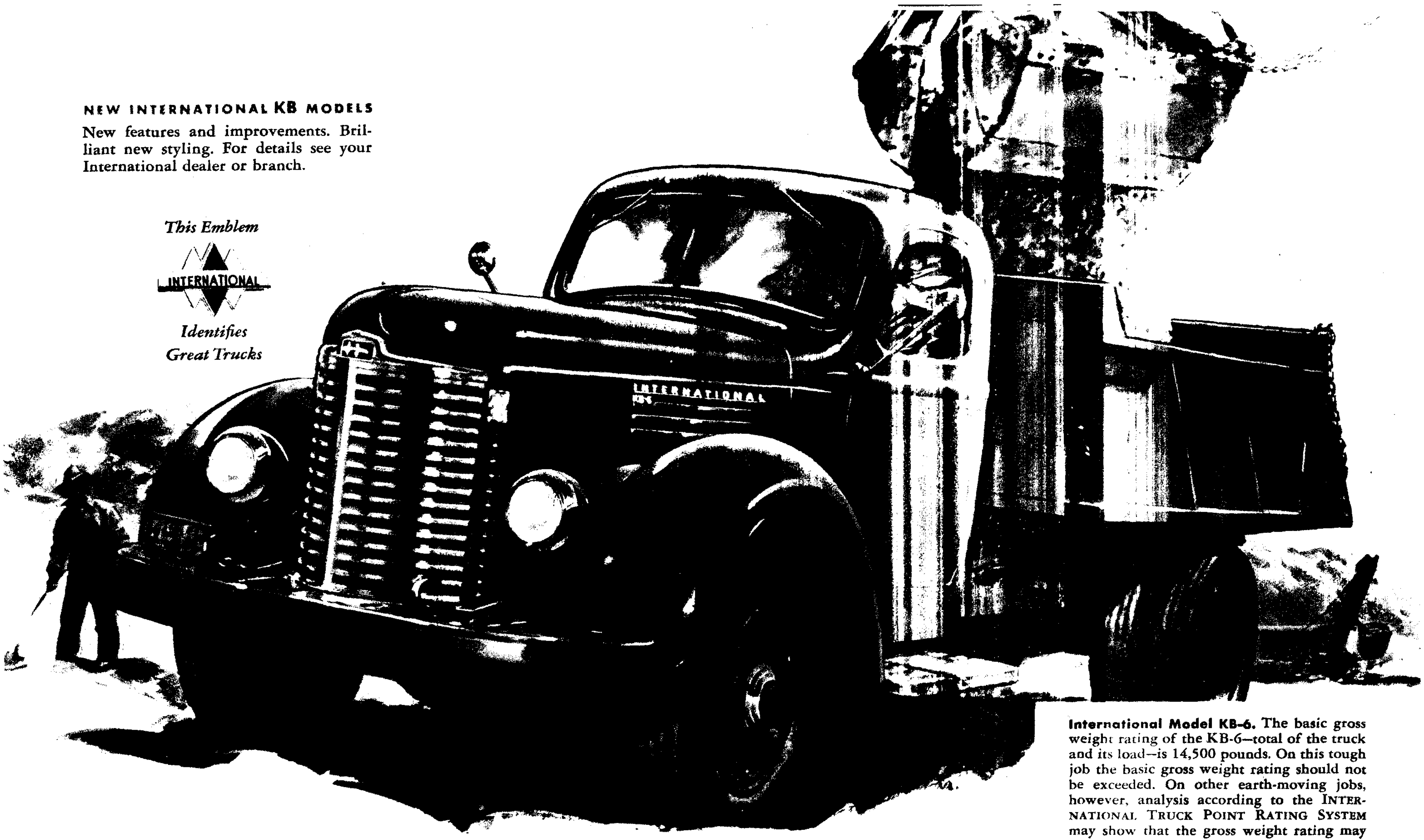

International Model KB-6. The basic gross weight rating of the KB-6—total of the truck and its load—is 14,500 pounds. On this tough job the basic gross weight rating should not be exceeded. On other earth-moving jobs, however, analysis according to the INTERNATIONAL TRUCK POINT RATING SYSTEM may show that the gross weight rating may be increased to 16,000 pounds.

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Illustrations on this page explain the INTERNATIONAL TRUCK POINT RATING SYSTEM. Note that the illustrations tell about a *system;* not a hit-or-miss method of guessing truck load capacities.

The International Truck Line is the most complete line built. It includes 22 basic models that specialize into more than 1,000 different types of trucks—everything from light-delivery vehicles to giant trucks for extra-heavy off-highway hauling. Thirteen different engines are used.

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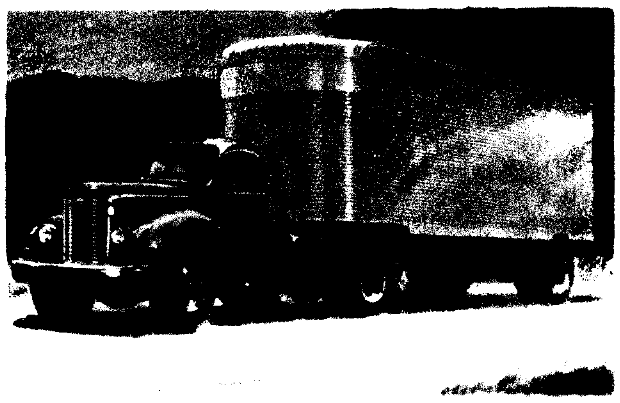
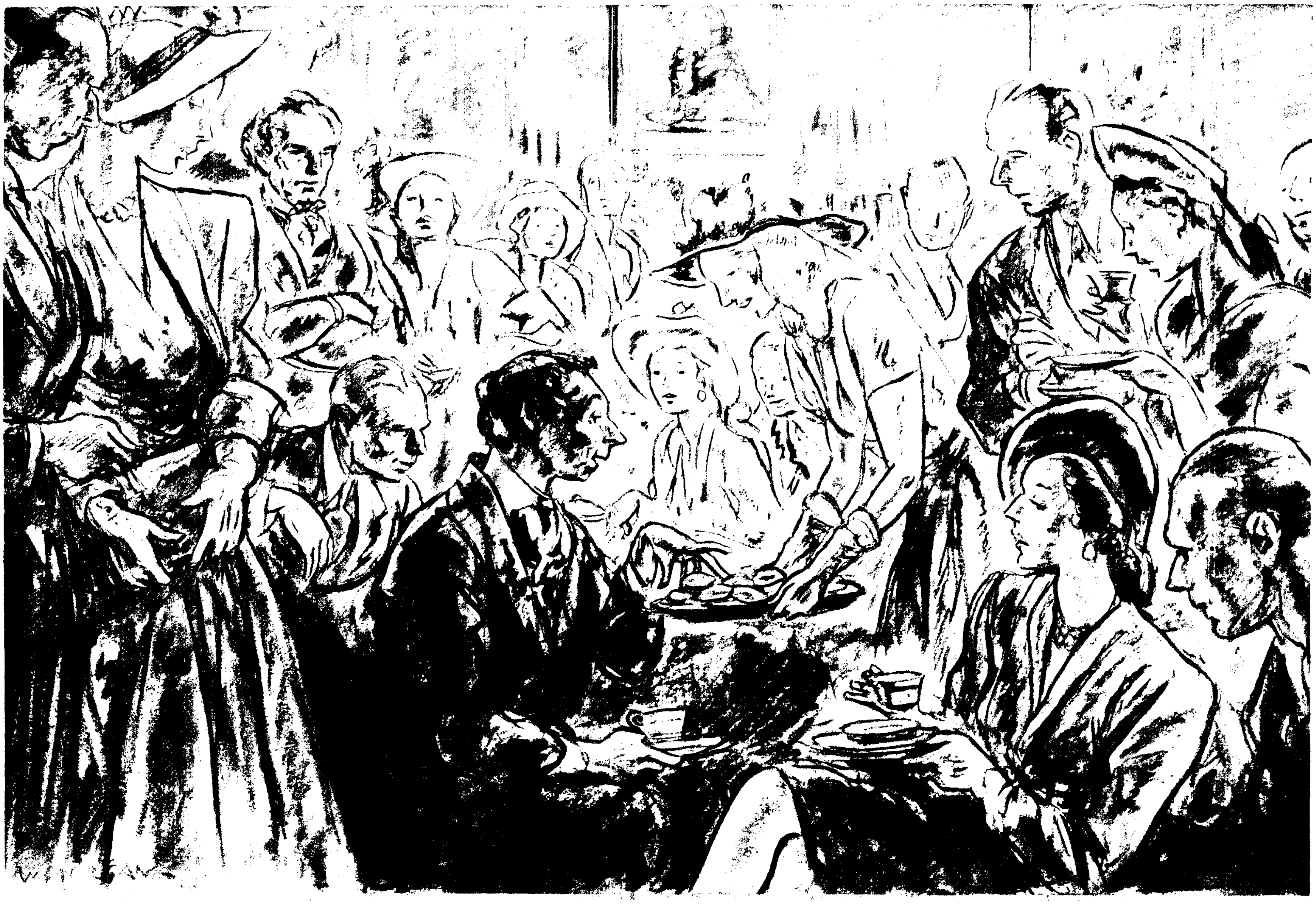
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY • Chicago, Illinois

This International KB-6 is equipped with a bottler's body. The basic chassis is the same as that in the illustration above. The basic gross weight rating also is the same, 14,500 pounds. But the job this KB-6 does is not nearly so tough as the one shown above, and the INTERNATIONAL TRUCK POINT RATING SYSTEM will show that the gross weight rating may be increased to as much as 17,500 pounds.

This International KB-6 with a sprinkler body operates under completely favorable conditions. Its basic chassis and gross weight rating are the same as the other two shown. But, the INTERNATIONAL TRUCK POINT RATING SYSTEM analysis of the job will show that because of the conditions under which this KB-6 operates the gross weight rating may be increased to 18,800 pounds.



This is an International KB-7 Truck-Tractor with a semi-trailer. The basic gross combination weight rating—total of truck-tractor, semi-trailer and load—is 29.000 pounds. The rating is based on the most severe operating conditions truck and trailer are likely to encounter. When operating conditions are more favorable, the INTERNATIONAL TRUCK POINT RATING SYSTEM will show how much extra payload may be carried.



"Here you are, Tom. The pink ones are best." Tom munched happily. He felt quite at home because all these strange people were so kind and friendly

THE TEA PARTY

BY JOHN MOORE

A lesson for the cynical, the worldly ones: The simple in mind have a hidden strength in simple faith

POOR Tom Hay was a little queer in the head. He lived with his old mother in a cottage by the waterside, and his days passed happily, untroubled by change. In all his forty years he had never traveled farther than the outskirts of the town in which he had been born; for he had enough to content him at home. At morning and evening he listened to the soft murmur of the river, which told him an endless tale; the small birds sang for him, the stars blossomed in the heavens and the flowers shone in the fields. And he had three friends—a gray cat, a mongrel dog, and a swan. He fed them each day with scraps from his mother's table.

Twice a week, and occasionally three times, the abbey bells chimed out for his delight in the evening. He thought this sound was the most beautiful in the world, and when it came floating over the twilit river he sat on his doorstep entranced, thinking that it was music made by the first stars. He called it Tabby Bells, and it made him laugh and cry with a wild happiness.

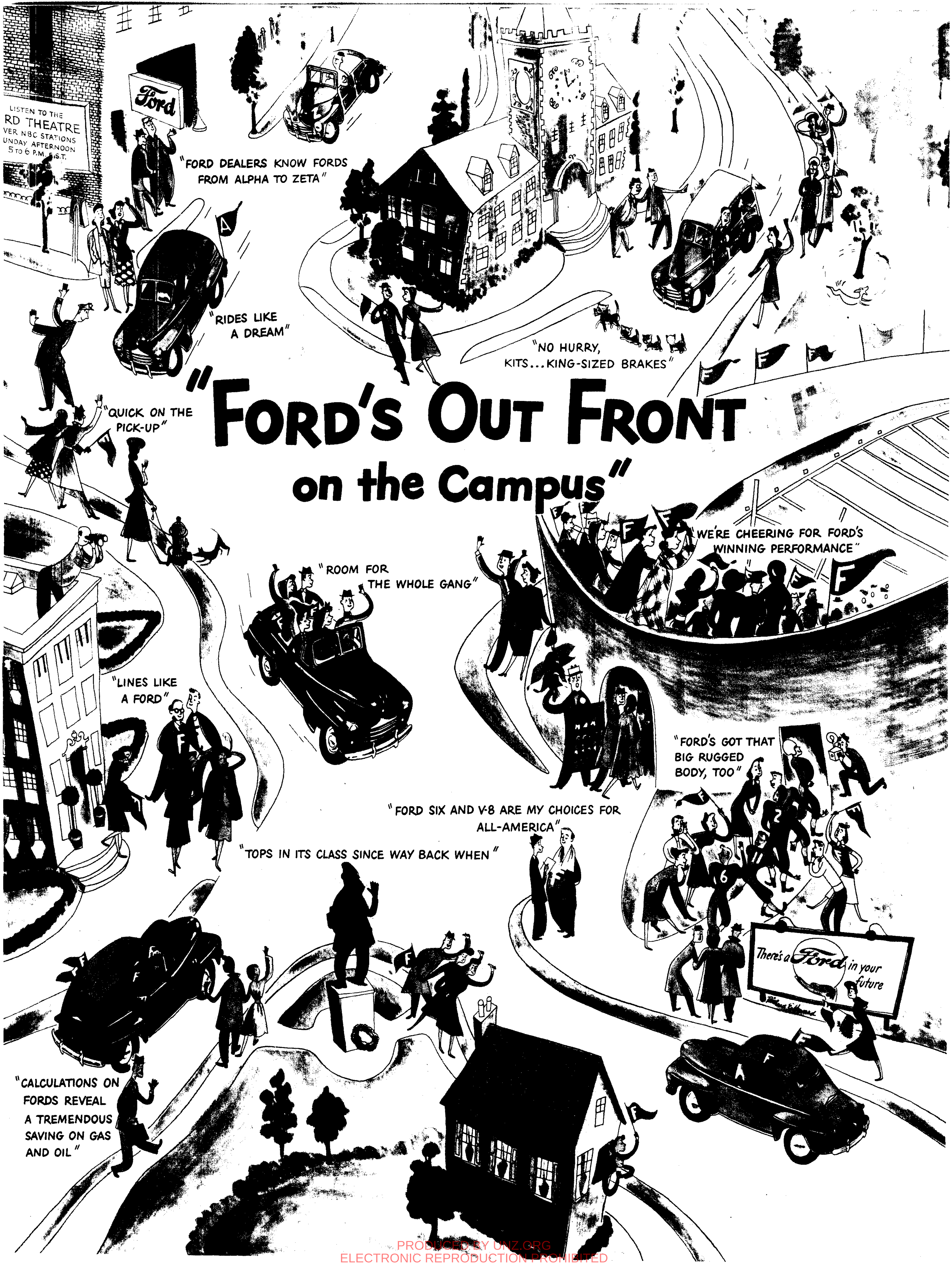
Because of his queerness, nobody took much notice of him. A long time ago he had been invited to the parish tea once a year, and those occasions were the great events of his life; but the old vicar, a kindly man, was dead and his successor had a fierce wife who thought that Tom's wits were insufficient to appreciate a parish tea. Tom was invited no longer, and this was his great and only sorrow, a shadow cutting across his bright hours. He had never forgotten those splendid occasions, the gleam on the big tea urns, the chatter of many people, the shiny hot faces of the helpers who poured out, the conjuror, the homemade cakes. . . . No, he would never forget them; and because they filled his thoughts he talked about them whenever he had the chance, so that people laughed at him and teased him, and when they met him in the street called out, "Going to a tea party, Tom?"—for his curious obsession had become a legend in the town. Then Tom would shake his head sadly and tell them politely that they were mistaken, he wasn't going to a tea party today. . . .

Now one evening Tom was setting out for a walk in the hope that the young curate and his lads would ring Tabby Bells and he might listen to them at the stile in the Long Meadow, from which place they sounded soft and dreamy and beautifully sad. When he came to the end of the town (where the abbey on the one side of the street and the Gray Goose Inn on the other stood like full stops, marking the ultimate goals respectively of the faithful and the profane) the clock in the huge dark tower solemnly struck ten. At this signal the front door of the Gray Goose opened and belched its latestayers out into the roadway. There were about a dozen of them, noisy and a trifle drunk; for they had been celebrating the achievement of a tall, boisterous fellow, Dick Dunnock, in reaching safely the age of twenty-one years.

This Dick Dunnock was wont to proclaim—and never so wont as when he was full of beer—that he was fond of a little bit of sport. Barmaids, stray dogs, cats and any sort of defenseless creature usually provided him with this amusement; but tonight he perceived poor Tom and hailed him merrily. Tom approached him obediently but with a pounding heart; for he was afraid of the noisy crowds that came out of the Gray Goose Inn. In reply to a question from Dick Dunnock, Tom said that he was off to Long Meadow, to hark to Tabby Bells; and this answer seemed to amuse Dick and his companions, for they laughed so loudly that the landlord of the inn poked his head out of the window and told them to still their tongues, lest they give his house a bad name.

Then Dick Dunnock (Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN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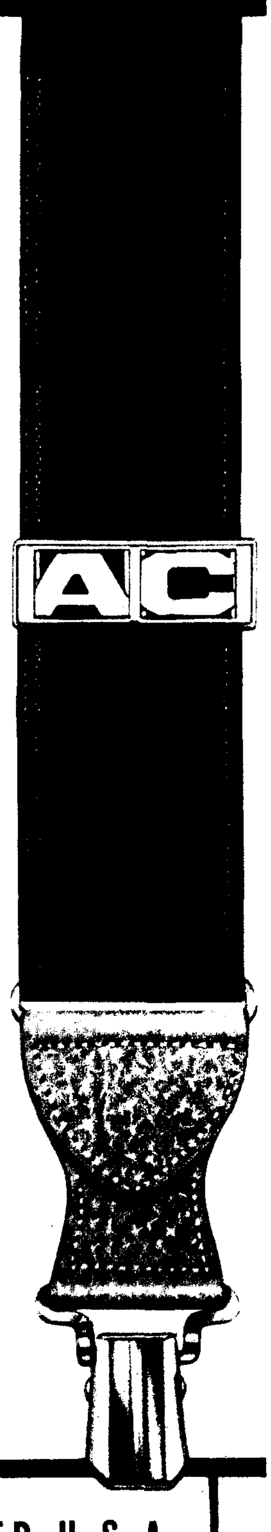

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PIONEER U·S·A·

TRY TO FORGET

Continued from page 21

He said no, only every other evening.

"Then you will be free tomorrow?"

He said he would be.

"In that case," she said, "I would very much like to have you come to dinner. An old friend of mine, Ridge Holbrook, was married two days ago in Boston. I want to invite him and his bride to dinner and I need an extra man. If you'll come, you'll do beautifully. . . ."

So that was it—a man named Ridge Holbrook, an old friend of hers.

"Well," she said, laughing a little self-consciously, and he realized that he had been standing there, staring at her, "will you come or won't you?"

"Yes," he said, "of course I'll come. I'd like to very much."

"Then I'll expect you about seven," she said, and this time when he held out his hand, she took it and pressed it warmly, and her face was deliberately gay and provocative.

FOR a few seconds after the door had opened and then closed upon him, Lida's face continued to look that way. Then it changed completely. It became tense, withdrawn, darkly brooding. So there was an ugly bruise on her mother's shoulder, was there? Well, it served her right. She'd had no right to stand there, laughing like that, softly and maliciously. She'd had no right to say those things—to taunt her with her defeat to the point of frenzy. For a crazy, incensed moment she had wanted to put her hands around that sallow, wrinkled throat and squeeze not only the breath but the very life out of it. But she had simply grabbed her by the shoulder, shoved her back into her room and slammed the door on that foolish, inane laughter and run down the stairs and out of the house. . . .

Returning to that room with the elaborate fireplace and the matching sofas, she walked over to the fireplace and regarded herself intently in the enormous oblong of mirror that was set into the wall over the mantelpiece. She decided that, except to a perfect dumbbell, it was perfectly obvious that she had been drinking. But her father, at least where she was concerned, was a perfect dumbbell. Well, if he started asking questions she could simply say that she had had a friendly highball with Dr. Littlejohn. He wouldn't object to that. It was only her drinking alone that he would object to.

Anyway, she had no intention—just because Ridge Holbrook had married some girl no one had ever heard of four days ago in Boston—of drinking herself to death. If, on the other hand, she took a few drinks by herself during the day, that was no one's affair but her own. A good stiff drink before lunch and another two or three during the afternoon helped her to face this thing that had happened to her and try to figure out what she was going to do about it.

Because she was going to do something. She was not going to sit back and accept the situation docilely. There was something screwy about this whole thing, and one way or another she was going to get to the bottom of it. She was almost certain that when Ridge had left for Boston he had had no intention of marrying anyone. She had had the distinct impression that his telephone conversation had been unpleasant and that he was upset and annoyed at having to go to Boston. Yet the following day he had returned to Readsville with a wife.

They had gone from the airport directly to the farm and no one had seen the girl. Ridge had been in town several times and everyone had seen him. She, Lida, had seen him. That morning.

He had come out of the bank just as she had parked her car in front of it. Watching him walk toward her, her heart had pounded so hard that, as he came closer to her, it seemed as if he surely must hear it. She had waited until he came quite up to her and then she had said, "Well, Ridge, I hear you had a very successful trip. I hear you got married."

"Yes," he'd said, "I got married."

"Who's the girl, Ridge? No one here in town seems to have ever heard of her?"

Saying this her heart had stopped that awful pounding and even her hands, lighting a cigarette, had been marvelously steady.

"Her name is—*was* Dorcas Branch. I met her in London during the war."

"Oh—she's an English girl?"

"No. She's an American—but her father was over there in the branch office of a New York bank. The family got bombed out early in the war and later on her parents were killed in an air raid—"

"How perfectly horrible—"

"Yes, it was. When I met her she was living with some friends. Last week they finally managed to get her passage back to this country. She didn't have any place to go, really, and there didn't seem to be much point in waiting."

"No," she'd said, "no point at all—"

She'd said then, "It's strange you never mentioned her, Ridge. I had no idea you were seriously interested in—well, anyone."

"I had no idea I was myself," he had told her quickly. "We saw a lot of each other for a few weeks there in London, and then I came home. Neither of us is a particularly good letter writer. When she called me from Boston, I'd almost forgotten what she looked like."

"But once you saw her it all came back—"

"Exactly."

He'd looked straight at her and suddenly she'd had the feeling that everything he'd told her had been the purest fabrication, that there had not been a word of truth in any of it, that actually he didn't expect her to believe it. But before she could say to him, "All right, Ridge, that's a very pretty little fairy story—but now tell me the truth . . ." he had reached out and covered her hands lightly with his own. "Look," he'd said abruptly, an entirely different note in his voice, "I'm sorry things worked out this way, Lida. You and I, I mean. I've always been—hell, why not be honest about it? I've always thought that someday when I could afford it, you and I—"

"I've always thought so, too, Ridge, but it seems we were wrong."

She'd smiled at him then—that smile that all her life she had used as a weapon to get things she wanted; she smiled at him and said, her voice soft and rippling as satin, "Well, I hate a poor loser, Ridge—and I don't intend to be one. Come to dinner tomorrow night and bring—what's her name? Oh, yes, Dorcas. I'll keep it a small party—Peg and Johnny Fenton, perhaps, and maybe the Dick Shieldses. But it will be nice for her to meet some of your friends."

For a moment he'd hesitated, and she'd said, "I know I'm supposed to call first but no one does, any more. Surely she'll understand? Or should I get into my best bib and tucker and—"

"No," he'd said grinning swiftly, "of course not. We'll be there, Lida, and thanks a lot . . ." Not only for this dinner invitation, his eyes had said, but for being so understanding, such a good sport . . .

Walking away, Lida knew she still meant to have Ridge Holbrook one way or another. He might think that this crazy marriage of his had finished everything between them, but it hadn't—at least not so far as *she* was concerned. She'd been a fool to let things drift all this time. But it had never occurred to her that there was any other girl in the picture; well, now the time for drifting was past. Now she'd have to *do* something. He didn't know it, no one knew it, but actually instead of being licked, she had just begun to fight.

ELLA WELLS, her thin, brown-gray hair pulled into its usual uncompromising knot, her square, country-bred face tight-lipped and sullen, moved around to Dorcas' side of the table, refilled her goblet carefully, and still carrying the silver water pitcher, disappeared, her skirts cracking with starch and disapproval, into the kitchen.

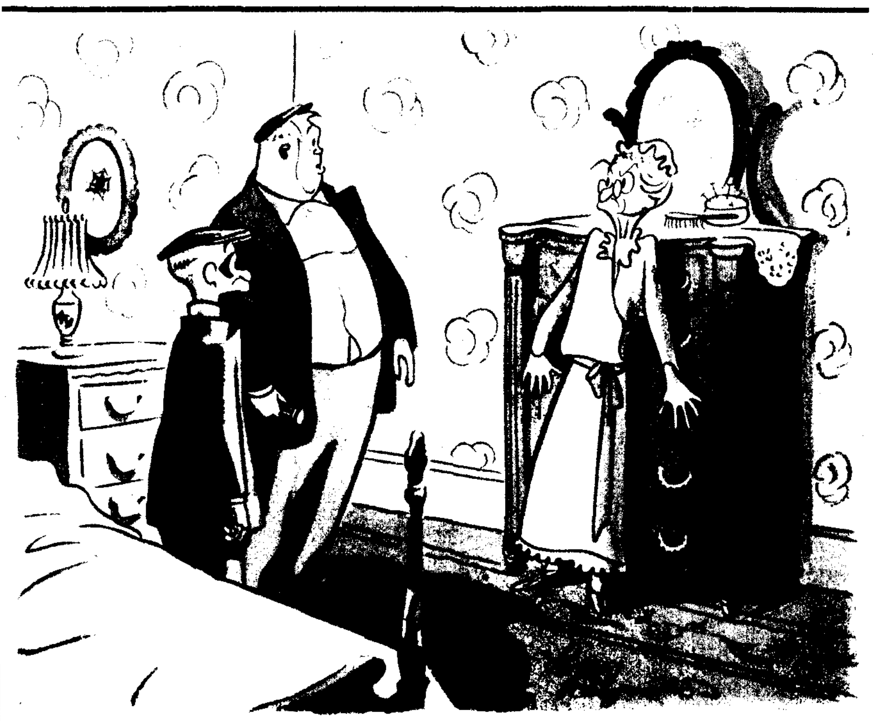
Dorcas looked at Ridge.

"She resents my being here."

"Yes, I expect she does. She hasn't become used yet to the idea of my suddenly having acquired a wife."

"No." Well, I haven't become used to

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Well, gee whiz! Isn't there one draw'r we can ransack that hasn't got unmentionables in it?"

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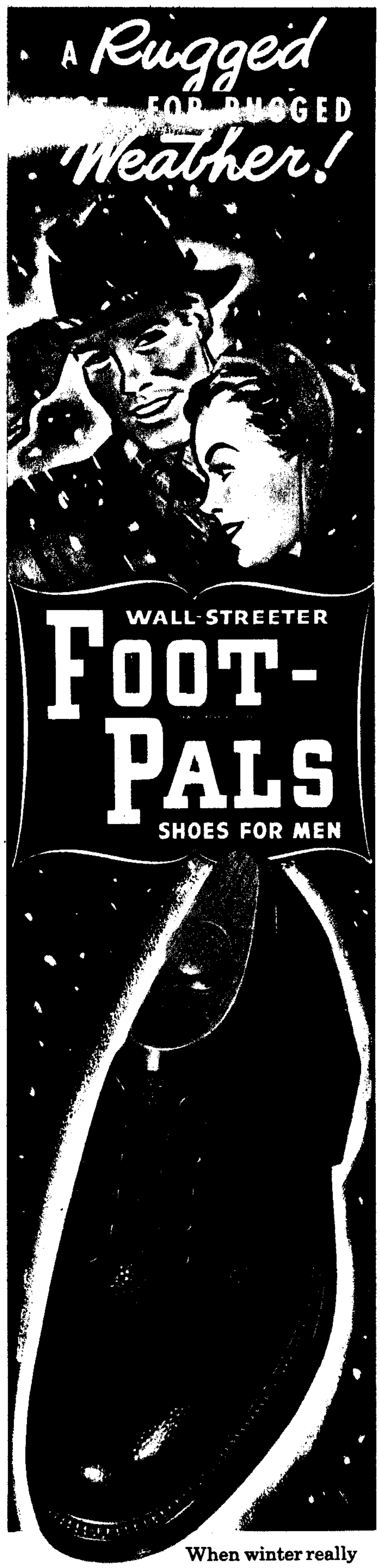

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North Adams, Massachusetts

the idea of *being* a suddenly acquired wife—and I don't like being here any better than she likes having me. I didn't want to come in the first place. But I'm going to have a baby. . . .

Now that the initial shock was over, it was hard to realize she *was* going to have a baby. It had seemed real enough at first—that day she had gone to see the doctor; it had seemed real that day and it had certainly seemed real, terrifyingly real, walking into her Aunt Hildegarde's library that day in Boston, and God knows it had seemed real talking to Ridge that afternoon in the hotel. But in the four days she had been here in this house it had not seemed real at all.

In the kitchen Ella dropped something with a loud bang.

Dorcas jumped nervously and frowned at Ridge. "Where," she asked irrelevantly, "did you used to eat—before I came, I mean?"

"In the kitchen. Not much sense in eating in here all by myself."

"No. Well, we don't have to eat in here, either. It only makes Ella a lot of extra work—"

"Nevertheless," said Ridge, "we're going to eat in here. We've got a dining room, a very handsome dining room as it so happens, and there's no reason why we shouldn't eat in it. Furthermore, Ella would never stand for us eating in the kitchen; it would outrage her middle-class sense of propriety."

"And of course," said Dorcas her voice sweetly bitter, color blazing suddenly in her cheeks, "whatever happens we mustn't do that. Not even if it means sharing the same room."

ACROSS the table their gaze met and held. "So that's it," the amused, mocking look in his eyes seemed to say. "You're still burned up over *that*—" and "Yes," her glance flamed back at him, "I am—*darned* burned up about it."

That had been quite a scene.

He'd telephoned Ella Wells from the airport so she'd had time to pull herself together, but even so her face, acknowledging Ridge's brief introduction, had been strained and white, a face stricken with stunned incredulity. She'd served them a hastily prepared dinner and then she'd said to Ridge, "I didn't have much time, but I fixed up your mother's room as best I could."

And he'd said, "Mother's room? Oh, yes, of course."

But even then Dorcas hadn't realized . . .

He'd taken her upstairs and it had been a charming room—chaste white fireplace, low-posted cherry beds with creamy candlewick bedspreads, a gray carpet, English wallpaper.

"It's lovely," she'd said, and he'd said, "Yes, it is nice, isn't it?" And then he'd gone away and she'd undressed and taken a long, relaxing bath in the adjoining bathroom and climbed into one of the twin beds—then just as she'd reached out to snap off the light, someone had knocked on the door. She'd said, "Come in," thinking it was probably Ella—but it had been Ridge. In preposterous striped pajamas and an old bathrobe. When she'd realized he meant to stay, to sleep in that other bed, she'd sat up, clutching the sheet about her breast, and protested, quickly and vehemently.

A lot of good it had done her.

"We're married, aren't we?" he'd demanded. "You *are* my wife? Well then stop acting like a silly farm girl who expects to be seduced by the hired man. Turn over and go to sleep."

When she'd still protested, he'd said, "For Pete's sake, Dorcas, be *reasonable.* Ella's upset and suspicious enough as it is without discovering tomorrow morning that we haven't even slept in the same room. That's all she'd need right now to throw her into a complete tailspin."

That had done it. Without another word, too furious to trust herself to speak, she had put her head back down on the pillow, turned her back and literally pulled the covers up over her ears.

He said now, "If you've finished, shall we have coffee in front of the fire?"

She stood up at once, as anxious as he was to be done with a conversation neither amusing nor profitable, and led the way across the hall into the living room.

He didn't know it, of course, but everything in this room—the hand-hooked rugs, the polished mahogany furniture, the small tables cluttered pleasantly with books and magazines and china cigarette boxes—reminded her of the living room in the house at Weston.

Ella came in with coffee on a silver tray and when she had gone out again, Ridge said, "By the way, I accepted a dinner invitation for us tomorrow night."

"A dinner invitation!" She had picked up the graceful fluted coffeepot but now she set it back down with a little thump.

"What's so startling about that?" demanded Ridge.

She was sitting on the sofa and he was standing in front of the mantelpiece. He poured himself a cup of coffee and returned to his original position.

"Lida Whipple asked us. You know—the girl I told you about in the cab on the way to the airport—"

Dorcas picked up the coffeepot once more and filled her own cup. "Oh," she said, "that one."

"Yes," said Ridge, grinning, "that one."

He'd stood there with the sun in his eyes and Lida could have made it damned difficult for him, damned embarrassing. But she hadn't. She'd been nice, surprisingly decent and understanding—which was better treatment than he'd expected from her, better, for that matter, than he deserved. God knows he'd given her plenty of reason to suppose—those nights driving back from the Red Barn, his arms around her, his mouth on hers . . .

"Do we have to go, Ridge?"

"Yes," he said, "I'm afraid we do."

Funny how he couldn't get used to her using his first name so easily, so naturally, as if they'd always known each other. Right from the first it had disturbed him. It still did. Funny, too, how there hadn't been any one isolated moment when he had known that he had to ask her to marry him and that she had to do it. The knowledge had come to him gradually while they had sat there talking, so that in the end all he had had to do was put it into words, not as a suggestion, a tentative possibility, but as an accomplished fact— *Yes, there is something you can do, you can marry me; my name is Holbrook, too, you know* . . .

In the firelight her face looked thinner, more finely etched than it had that day in Boston, but her hair was that same innocent shade of brown and, between long lashes, her eyes were that same clear, unsullied gray. He wondered how she felt about Dave's death—whether she grieved for him, wept bitterly, perhaps, when she was alone—or whether she simply didn't care, swept up, engulfed in this new business of having a child.

"People must think it's pretty strange," Dorcas was saying. "A man doesn't go off one day and come back married the next. They wonder when we ever knew each other, where we met and—"

"Fell in love?"

"Well, yes."

"Well, I'll tell you where we met. We met in London."

"In London?"

SUDDENLY he was telling her about meeting Lida Whipple and having to tell some plausible story.

She listened to him silently while he went back and reconstructed his conversation with Lida for her in detail and then she said, "Ridge—you *can't* have told her all this nonsense—"

"Nonsense, my eye! It's a completely credible story. Not," he admitted, grinning a little wryly, "that she believed it."

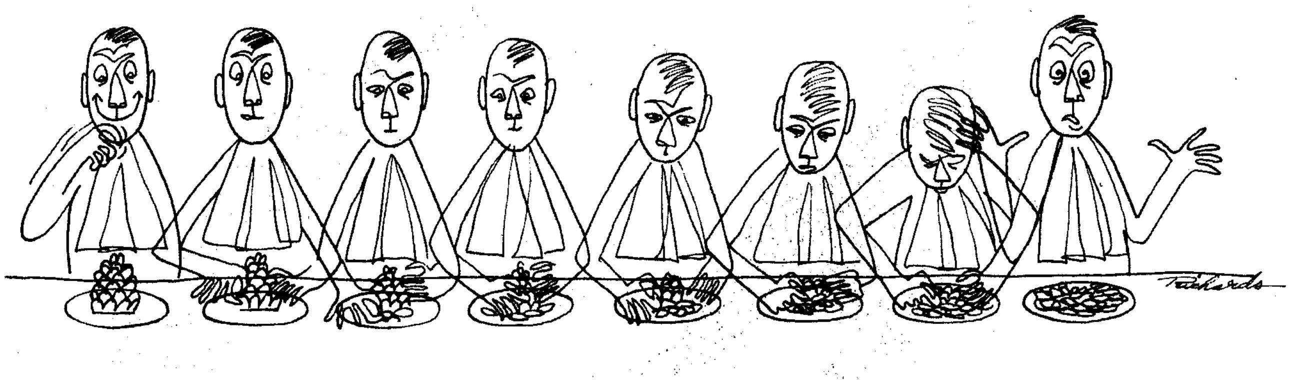
"But I've never been in London. People are bound to ask me all sorts of questions I can't possibly answer."

"Look," said Ridge, "your parents were killed in an air raid. Your home was bombed. It was a horrible experience for you, horrible. Naturally you can't bear to talk about it or be reminded of it in any way—"

She stared at him and suddenly she hated him. Hated him bitterly. Hated him for being able to stand there so completely in control of the situation and yet so detached from it emotionally. But even more than this she hated him for being so sure she would do whatever he said, agree docilely to whatever preposterous past he might dream up for her. He was treating her like a child, a child who had behaved foolishly, gotten into trouble, and was, therefore, no longer to be trusted to think or act for itself.

Glancing at his wrist watch, apparently utterly unconscious of, or even indifferent to, the anger he had aroused in her, he said, "If you'll excuse me I have to go to a Farm Bureau meeting in town. I'll be late getting home but I'll try to come in quietly and not disturb you."

He set his empty coffee cup down on the mantelpiece and walked away from her. Watching him leave her, she felt all her anger at him dissolve swiftly like an



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ice cube held under a hot-water tap and in its place she felt a tight, hard core of disappointment form inside of her.

And she knew suddenly that she didn't want him to go. Except in front of Ella, he made no slightest effort to be anything more than civil to her. Nevertheless, she didn't want him to go, she didn't want to be left alone in this quiet, firelit room with only her own thoughts for company. She'd rather have him stay and say hateful things to her, actually quarrel with her than go off like this and forget her completely. Because she was sure that the moment she was out of his sight he did forget her—just as she had always forgotten Dave. She would love being with him, they would have gay, comforting, satisfactory times together, but the minute he left her, she would forget him. Dave knew it was like that and it hurt him—because he was never able to forget her; it was as if she had become an obsession with him—a fever of some sort that had stolen into his veins, crawled into his very blood stream.

"If you'd just marry me," he'd say, "perhaps then I'd get over you, perhaps then I'd get you out of my system."

SHE sat very still, her eyelids pressed tightly, painfully together until she heard the outside door open and close and a motor start up and Ridge's car pull out of the driveway. Then she got quickly to her feet, walked across the room to a delicate Sheraton writing desk, sat down and swiftly began to write a letter.

"Dear Aunt Hildegarde," she wrote, "I was married in Boston five days ago to a man named Ridge Holbrook. He is Dave Holbrook's brother. Dave is the man whose baby I am going to have. I am well and perfectly happy and you mustn't worry about me. When my things come from New York (a trunk and several boxes) I would appreciate it very much if you would forward them to me here at the farm. I will especially need my fur coat as I understand it gets pretty cold up here in northern Vermont in the winter. I probably shouldn't have run away like that, but we would only have kept on quarreling and my mind was made up. About the baby, I mean. You have always been very good to me in your own way and very generous about money and I am sorry to have been such a disappointment to you."

She read this over carefully, added, "With love, Dorcas," and slipped it into its envelope.

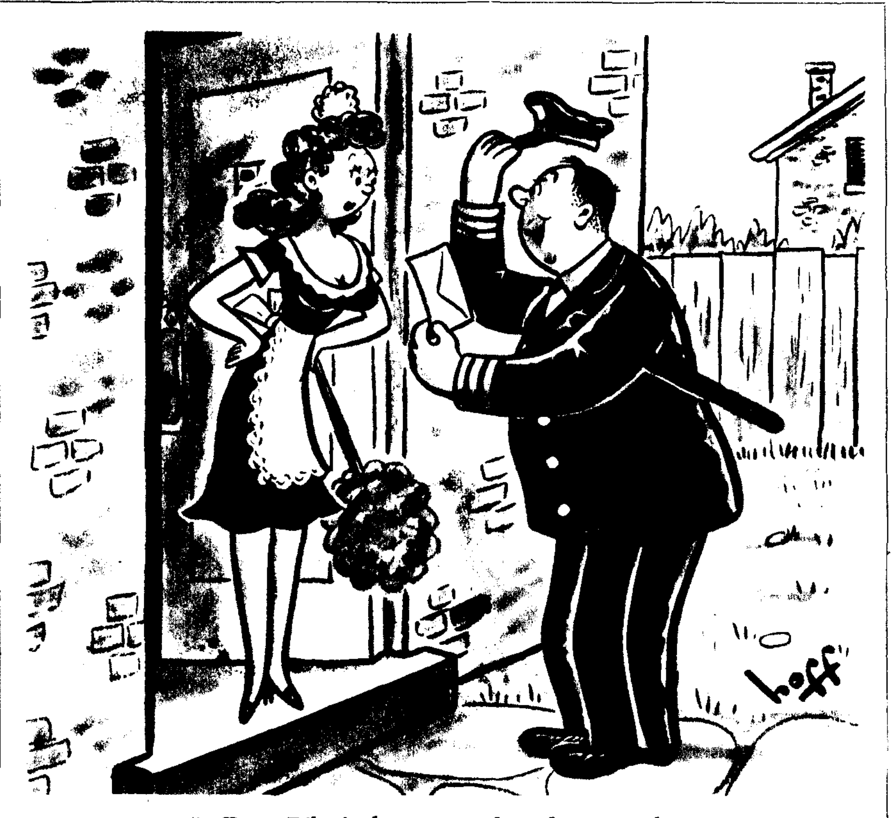
Everything in the letter was true except the part about her being perfectly happy. She was not perfectly happy, of course. But then she never had been. Except for short, isolated periods of time no one was ever completely happy. For instance, she had known Denny St. George for years and he had been just another nice boy she liked to date and dance with and then suddenly he had been the man she was going to marry and live with the rest of her life. For a few weeks she had been breath-takingly happy. For the first time in years she had someone who really loved her, who cared what happened to her and, still more important, she herself had someone to love. Then he had gone overseas and the worry had begun, the sick apprehension, the waiting. So then that phase of her life had come to an end with a telegram from the War Department. Then she had met Dave and for a few months had been happy with him, but that had gone wrong too, become crazy, twisted and desperately unhappy.

Awful then, if suddenly she were to find herself dependent on the physical presence of a man who so obviously had so little use for her, who treated her at best with a cool and thinly disguised hostility.

She sealed her letter, addressed and stamped it and went upstairs to bed. To her surprise she went to sleep almost at once and slept straight through until morning. When she awoke, sunlight was streaming into the room and the bed next to hers was, as usual, rumpled, but quite empty. If Ridge were determined that they should share the same room—and he was—at least he was doing everything he could to make it easy for her. He invariably waited until she was undressed and in bed and could at least feign sleep before he came upstairs at night and in the morning he was always up and gone before she awoke.

He was, she decided suddenly, an eminently fair sort of person—hard-bitten, perhaps, unbending, but fair. In the clear, friendly light of this next morning it seemed ridiculous that she had minded his leaving her the night before. He would undoubtedly escape from her as often as he could manage to. On her part, she would be a fool, to expect or to *want* it to be any other way.

She showered, dressed swiftly and



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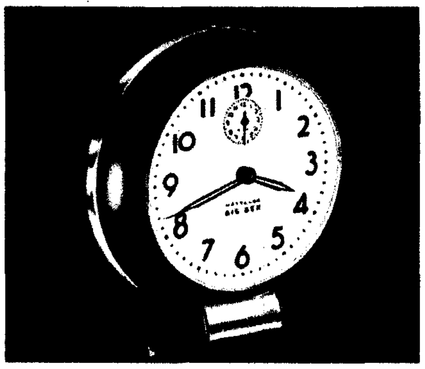

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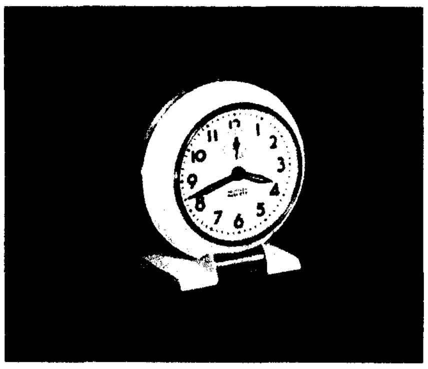

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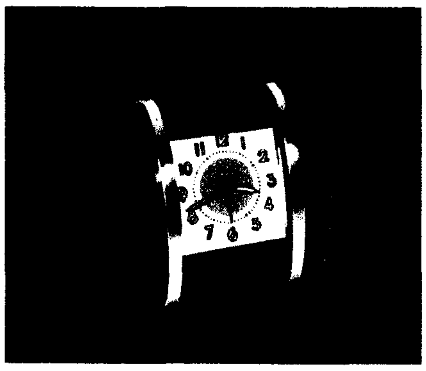

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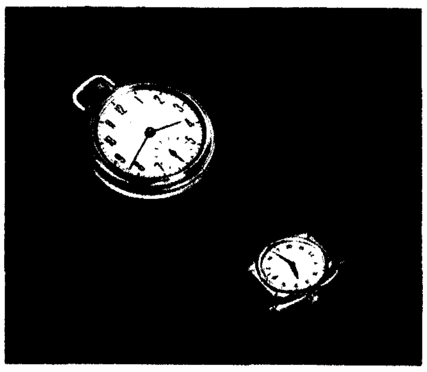

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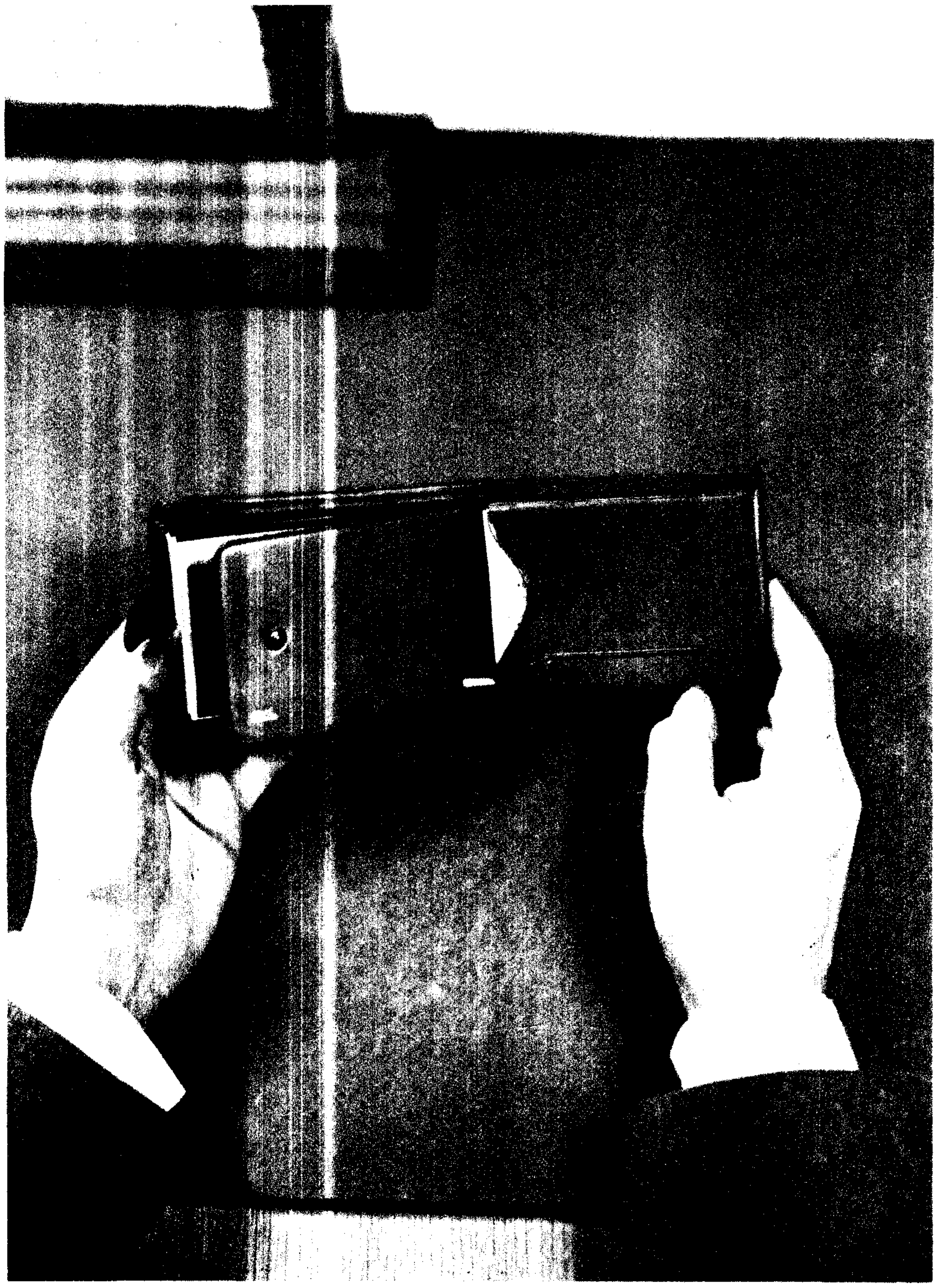

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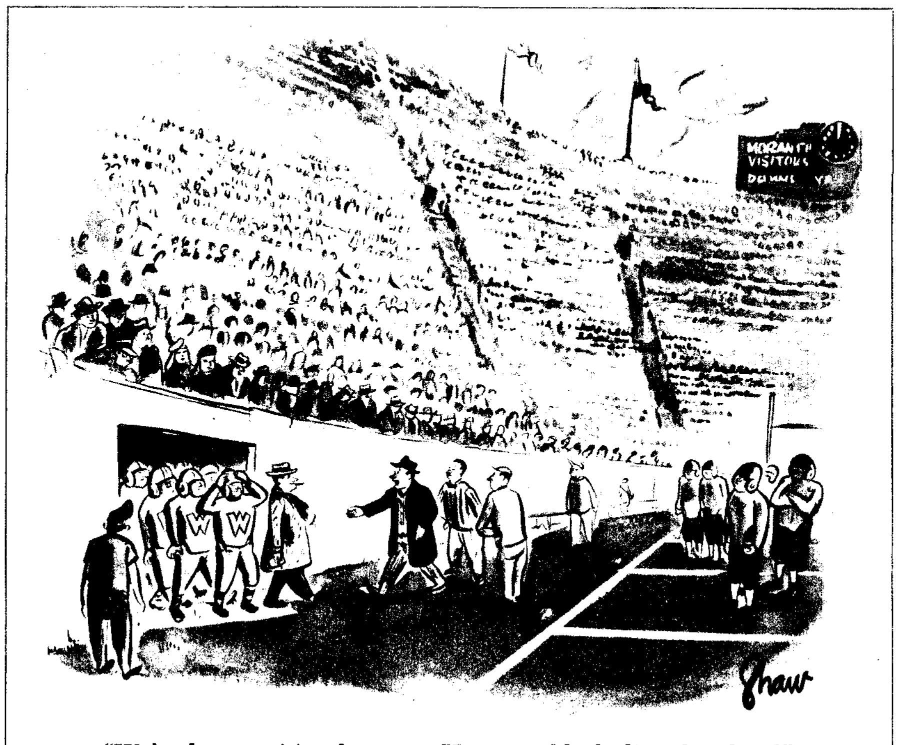

"We've been waiting for you. Have trouble finding the place?"

COLLIER'S DICK SHAW

went downstairs to find Ella Wells a completely changed woman. Her good morning was not only civil, it was positively friendly and when she suggested that perhaps Dorcas would find it pleasanter, more cheerful, to eat her breakfast in the kitchen, Dorcas knew that Ridge had passed on to Ella that fantastic story about London and the air raids.

A few moments later, Ella confirmed this. Ridge had warned her not to talk about it, not to even *mention* it to Dorcas, but she had to speak of it just this once. Tell her how sorry she was about all the dreadful things that had happened to her—her home being bombed, both her parents being killed in those awful air raids.

"I guess," she concluded awkwardly, "that I haven't been any too nice to you. It was a shock, Ridge's bringing you home like that—but I want you to know that as far as I am concerned, you're welcome here . . ."

Awful to sit here feeling such a hypocrite, awful when the one thing you had ever wanted was always to be perfectly honest—with yourself, with the people who loved you, with your friends, and, if you happened to have any, your enemies. And now suddenly it was the one thing you couldn't be.

"As I say," repeated Ella, "it was quite a shock. Now if it had been Dave—but you never knew Dave, did you? No, of course not. Well, Dave was Ridge's younger brother. Girls was always crazy about him. All except this one girl. He'd been alive today if it wasn't for her—"

Dorcas set her coffee cup down unsteadily. She had to say something. She couldn't just change the subject, start talking desperately about something else.

"He was—there was an accident, wasn't there?"

"I'll say there was. Right through the guard rail he went and down the bank into the river. It'd been rainin' hard and he'd been drinkin', because of this girl. It's wicked to lead a man on like that and then laugh in his face . . ."

But I never led him on . . . I met him that day in the office. Ben Graves said, "Dorcas, I want you to meet a good friend of mine, Dave Holbrook." and Dave said, "Hello, Dorcas." And then he went on into Ben's office and pretty soon he came back out and it was five o'clock and I was getting ready to leave—the subway uptown and another unexciting meal in the club cafeteria. "How about going somewhere for a drink and then having a spot of dinner with me?" That was the day it began and that was the way it went on—a drink, dinner at the Plaza, two tickets to the theater, two tickets to a concert—that was the night he kissed me going home in the taxi—he kissed me and it was the nicest thing that had happened in months. But I never led him on and I never laughed at him, never, never, never . . .

I haven't shed many tears for you, Dave. At first I was too numb, too shocked, and then this other thing—but I'm sorry that you had to die, darling, even though I don't, even though I *can't*, feel that I was to blame.

She finished her coffee and stood up abruptly. Suddenly she'd had enough of the past and wanted even less to dwell on the future. Pulling on her tweed coat, she murmured something to Ella about taking a walk and stepped out onto the front porch.

FOR a moment she stood there, undecided which way to go, then suddenly she made up her mind to go down to the stables. If she were going to live on a farm, she might as well try to take a little intelligent interest in what went on there. Besides, she'd like to see some of those wonderful prize Jerseys that Dave had told her Ridge was so proud of.

The first barn she came to had nothing in it but a lot of hay and machinery. She went on to a long, low building with dozens of small-paned windows facing west. The heavy wooden doors stood open and she stepped inside. It smelled of silage and disinfectant and the rich, warm aroma of animals. The cows, enormous creamy beige creatures with great melancholy brown eyes, stood stolidly, their heads pushed forward in their steel stanchions, munching hay, their jaws swinging rhythmically from right to left. She forced herself to walk in front of that long row of cows down the length of the stable . . . it was ridiculous to be afraid of them—and she wasn't, not really: she just wasn't *used* to them and she had had no idea they would be so *big*.

She reached the end of the stable and turned right and stopped. At first she didn't know, she couldn't imagine, what was happening. Ridge, stripped to the waist, was bent over a prostrate animal, giving quick, businesslike orders to Clarence Jones. Clarence, breathing heavily, sweat dripping from his face, was standing with legs well apart, his feet braced, pulling on a rope. The rope seemed to be fastened to—but no, *it couldn't be—but it was.* That poor animal was trying to have a calf, and Ridge, aided by Clarence's brute strength, was trying to help her. But how could he do what he was doing? It was too horrible. And yet he wasn't actually being brutal, he was being kind, he was being merciful, somehow she knew he was doing the right thing and doing it quickly and skillfully. Between those swift, harsh orders he was throwing at Clarence, he was talking to the Jersey. "Take it easy, now. Take it easy, old girl—"

Clarence gave a great, grunting heave and the calf was born, a long-legged, spindly, sick-looking thing that Ridge handled as tenderly as if it had been a child. "Good work," he breathed wearily laying it gently on a pile of clean straw. Then he turned and saw Dorcas.

"M'god!" he said, staring at her angrily, "how long have *you* been here?"

She started to answer him, but suddenly her knees gave way and everything started to turn black . . . Damn, she thought, I want to yell right back at him and I'm going to faint instead.

But she didn't faint. He picked her up in his arms and marched outside with her and the minute she dragged a little fresh air into her lungs she was all right.

"Your shirt," she said, touching his warm, bare chest impulsively with one hand, "you shouldn't be out here like that. You'll catch cold."

"Never mind me," he said. "I can't have you fainting all over the place."

He put her down and stared at her grimly. "All right now?" It had been a shock to turn around and find her standing there, white-faced and trembling.

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"Quite all right," she said shortly.

"Well then, get back up to the house and stay there—and after this, don't come poking your nose around where you don't belong."

He's furious with me, she thought, and all I was trying to do was show a little interest in his damned old farm. It was no use; no matter how hard they tried, they couldn't, they just *couldn't,* help antagonizing each other.

She turned and walked blindly toward the house, tears stinging her eyelids.

Ella met her at the door and pulled her into the kitchen. "What's wrong?" she demanded in her brusque but not unkind country voice.

"One of Ridge's damn' cows had a calf and I saw it happen and almost passed out. Ridge is furious."

"That would be Wilma, the Pride of Ridgeways," said Ella soberly. "He's been worried about her; three times this week he's got up in the middle of the night to go down there and see if she was all right. You don't understand, Dorcas—about farmers, *real* farmers, like Ridge. Their animals ain't just animals to them, they're—well, you just don't understand. I guess you'd better keep away from the barns."

But when Ridge came in to lunch he apologized. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't intend to jump on you the way I did. It was boorish of me and I apologize."

"That's all right," she said, color rushing into her cheeks. "You'd been through enough with Wilma without having me pass out on you—"

"Wilma?"

"Wilma, the Pride of Ridgeways—Ella told me." She laughed quickly, a little unsteadily. "I never knew cows had names before."

Funny how she couldn't stay angry with him, how quick she was to accept his apology. God knows he'd owed it to her, yet here she was acting as pleased as if he'd given her an unexpected and exciting present. Was she going to turn into one of those weak-kneed, spineless creatures who actually enjoyed having some man slap them down?

No, she told herself, she most definitely wasn't. It was just that if they were going to make this ridiculous marriage work, the least they could do was try to establish some sort of a decent, civilized relationship. In other words, if they couldn't be friends, at least they didn't have to be out-and-out enemies. . . .

"THEN I'll expect you at seven," Lida Whipple had said. But at six-thirty Charlie Norton had to perform an emergency appendectomy, and Alec Littlejohn had to assist him. So it was closer to eight o'clock when he walked into that room with the French windows, the impressive fireplace and the matching oyster-white sofas.

His first impression was that it was filled with people and then he saw that actually there were only seven others in the room—three men, three girls and Lida, herself. By the time he had finished his first Martini and started in on his second, he had them fairly well sorted out. The tall girl with the magnificent eyes and the homely mouth was Peg Fenton; the redheaded chap in the dark brown suit, the soft shirt and the foulard tie was her husband, Johnny. He was production manager for a local factory that manufactured precision tools.

The short, compactly built guy with the aggressive nose and the horn-rimmed glasses was Dick Shields, editor and part owner of the local newspaper; the pretty girl in green with the attractive speaking voice was his wife, Ginny.

The dark, thin-faced young man with the inscrutable eyes and the deliberately smiling mouth was Ridge Holbrook—and the girl in the mist-blue dinner dress with the gold belt was his wife, and incidentally the guest of honor. Her name was Dorcas: a straightforward, unequivocal sort of name that seemed to suit her perfectly; that blue dress suited her too.

"That's a nice dress you're wearing," he told her, finding himself beside her a few minutes later. "I like it."

"Yes. Well, I should have had to appear in a tweed suit if Aunt Hildegarde weren't the sort who always insists upon dressing for dinner—" She broke off abruptly, her eyes confused, remembering belatedly that in this new role Ridge had created for her, there was no Aunt Hildegarde, no New York interlude, no suitcase packed hurriedly for that return trip to Boston.

"Aunt Hildegarde?"

"I'm sorry. That speech didn't make much sense, I'm afraid. Forget it, will you?"

"Of course—" Alec Littlejohn was grinning at her reassuringly, but his eyes were puzzled. According to the story he'd heard only that morning, she had met young Holbrook in London during the war and married him practically the moment she'd stepped off the boat a few days ago in Boston. Just where did Aunt Hildegarde enter the picture and why was Dorcas so upset at having mentioned her?

"By the way," he said, "I'm new here in town, too, so I know a little about how you are feeling—set down, as it were, in the midst of strangers."

"Do I look as desperate as all that?"

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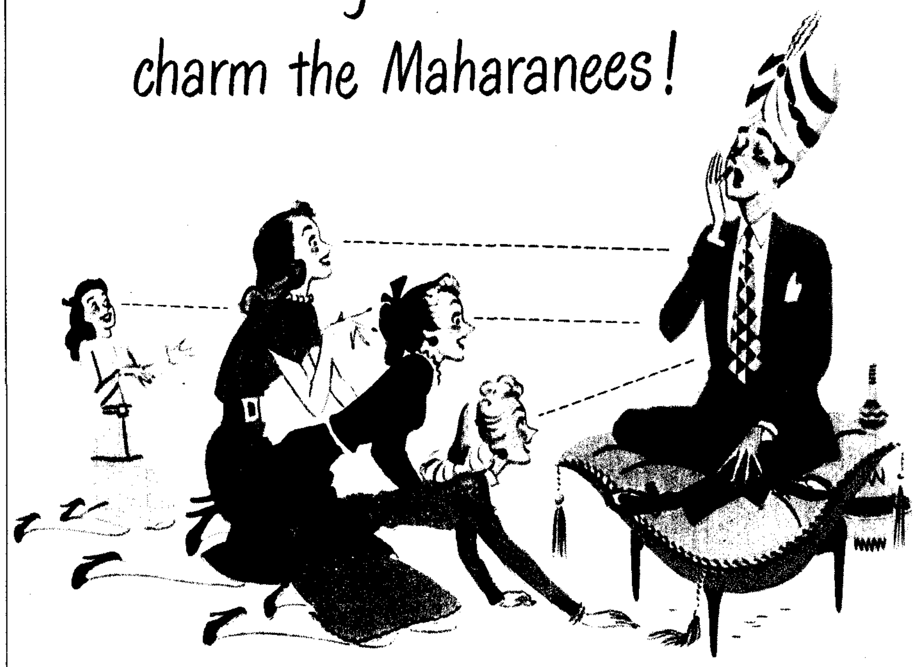

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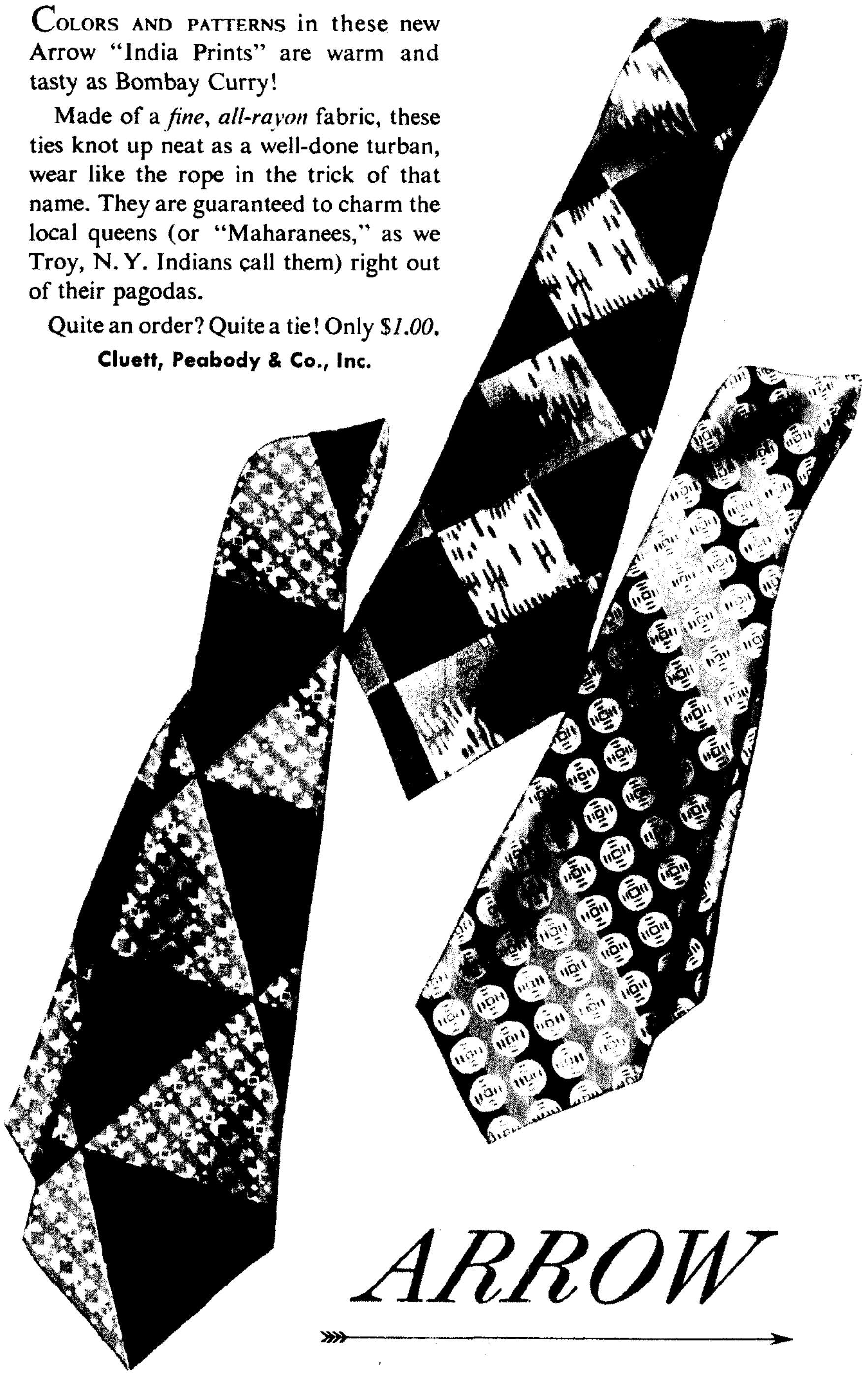

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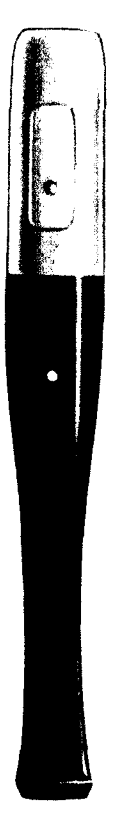

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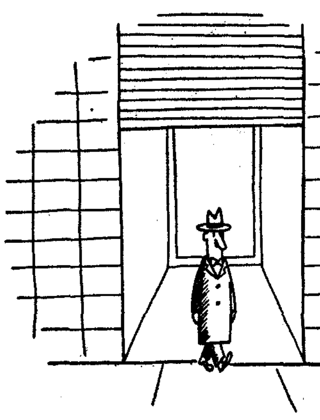


"Not desperate at all—just a little, shall we say, unnerved, perhaps?"

"Well, to tell you the truth I have been dreading this evening. But they all seem very nice."

"Had you met any of them before?"

"No. Not even my hostess."

Her voice, pitched neither too high nor too low, went well with those clear gray eyes, that innocent brown hair. Nice smile, too. But he was right about her being nervous.

"Really? That does make it difficult. I've at least met her. I made a professional call here yesterday and we had a drink together—" We had a drink together and I discovered several things about her: that she dislikes her mother intensely, for instance—and is very much in love with your husband.

A COLORED man in a starched white coat appeared in the doorway, caught Lida's eye and announced dinner.

White candles in tall, silver candlesticks, a centerpiece of roses and carnations. Black bean soup and roast duckling and salad.

Lida had swept her silky, sable-brown hair up from her temples and twisted it into a dramatic halo high at the back of her head; her dress was stark white, sleeveless, with a chaste high neckline. She'd had too much to drink and she knew it and she was moving carefully like a cat making its way along a slippery ridgepole—it was just a question of maintaining a perfect balance, of not looking down; if you looked down you were lost. If you looked down you would slip, lose your balance, and go spinning headfirst into space—a foolish, pathetic, laughable figure, wrapped like a mummy in a long white dress.

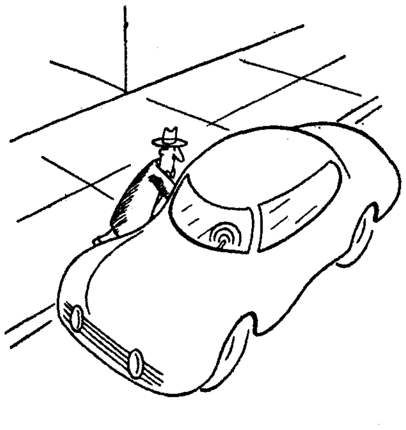
On her right, Ridge Holbrook leaned toward her, his eyes no longer blank and inscrutable. Three Martinis had done their work well, and Lida had always been a girl to stir his pulses.

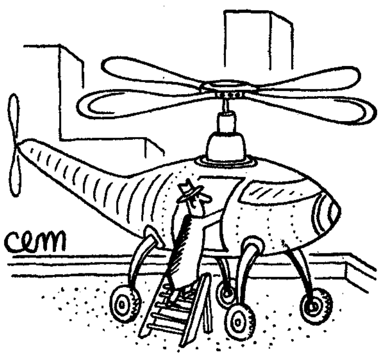
Across the table, Ginny Shields, discussing with Johnny Fenton the possibility of getting a new car by the first of the year, was thinking that you certainly had to hand it to Lida. Not many girls could have carried the situation off so coolly as she was managing to do. It had been smart of her to crash right into it, have them all to dinner like this. If Ridge's marriage had been a blow to her she certainly wasn't letting anyone suspect it or feel sorry for her. . . .

Peg Fenton leaned forward and spoke to Dorcas across Dick Shields' shirt front. She said, "Do you play bridge? We have a club that meets every Wednesday. One of the members is moving out of town and Ginny and I thought you might like to take her place."

"We play a pretty casual game," Ginny assured Dorcas quickly, "but we do have fun. You don't have to decide right now, but you might think about it."

Dorcas said, "Thank you so much—I will," and Ridge said, "*Do* you play bridge, darling? It's one of the many things I find I don't know about you."





"As a matter of fact," she said, meeting his smile unflinchingly above the roses and the carnations, "I do." Then, swinging her eyes until they rested on Lida, "Ridge tells me that you loathe bridge, Lida—that you prefer poker."

"He told you right. Poker is the only card game that doesn't bore me to tears."

Lida sent a hard, bright, deliberately dazzling smile winging down the length of the table. *What else did he tell you about me, Dorcas?* Did he tell you that I have been madly, achingly in love with him for years? Did he happen to mention that fact, by any chance? Did he tell you that if he failed to return my love, he at least never had any trouble returning my kisses? And now you come along and spoil everything, louse everything up, and there's nothing spectacular about you, nothing *special.* Your hair is the wrong length and your lipstick didn't last through the soup. Alec Littlejohn likes you, they all like you. Well, that's all right with me. None of them matter a little damn to me or ever did. They're just a bunch of stooges, people I have to feed and be nice to so I can have an excuse for having Ridge here in this house. Just as from now on I shall have to feed and be nice to you—at least until I can get this thing figured out, until I can find out where I stand . . .

Johnny Fenton had finally stopped talking long enough to finish his strawberry mousse. Lida stood up, led the way back into the living room. Frank had built up the fire, removed the cocktail glasses. He came in now with a silver tray of coffee and three bottles of liqueurs; he set the tray down on a low table in front of Lida.

She slid graciously back into the role of hostess.

"Brandy for you and Johnny, Dick? You, too, Alec? Good. You girls are going to stick to your usual crème de menthe, I suppose? Cointreau for you, Ridge. Dorcas, how about you?"

"Cointreau for her, too," said Ridge quickly. "I may not know about her bridge but I assure you I'm an authority on her drinking habits. Isn't that right, darling?"

"Yes," she said, "yes, I guess you are." Only it just so happens that I hate Cointreau and always have; it just so happens that it is the *one* liqueur that always makes me violently ill—and I'm not feeling too well, anyway. All that rich food on top of those Martinis and that black bean soup—this will really finish me.

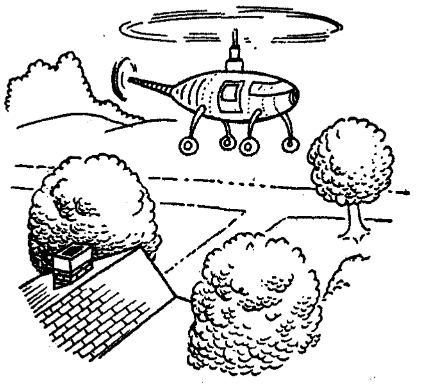
RIDGE brought her the fragile crystal glass, put it carefully into her cold fingers. Lifting his own glass, touching hers lightly, he said, "To us, Dorcas, to you and me—" To you and me and Dave, but *particularly* to Dave, Dorcas, to Dave who was young and gay and lovable, to Dave who lies dead at twenty-six, because you loved him—but not well enough to marry him. And you wonder why I hate you, Dorcas. Perhaps that's why I married you, just to keep you near me where I could reach out and strike you down.

"Yes," said Ginny Shields quickly, in her light, enchanting voice, "let's drink to the bride and groom."

"To the bride and groom," said her husband, "may they live long and happily."

"Never mind the groom," said Lida, "let's drink to the bride." She paused and smiled directly at Dorcas, that bright, intense smile that made her face so abruptly, indisputably lovely, "a dark horse if I ever saw one!"

There was a moment of silence, awkward, embarrassing; then everyone laughed quickly, too quickly, and Peg Fenton said, "Well, you were, you know," and Johnny Fenton said, "I'll say you were. Ridge certainly kept you up his sleeve." And Dorcas thought, oblivious suddenly to everyone in the



COLLIER'S CHARLES E. MARTIN

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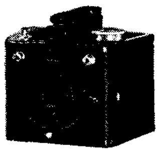

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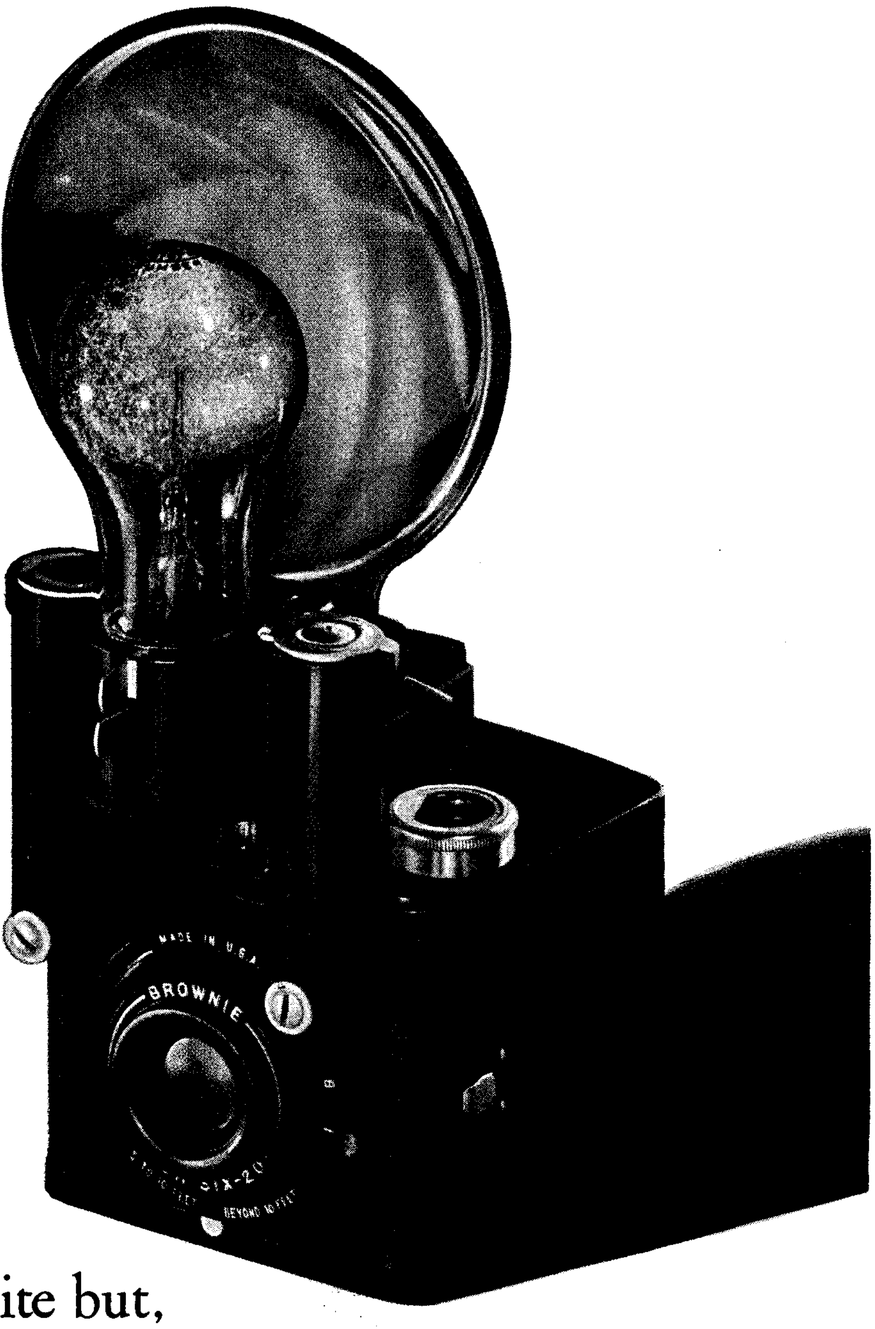

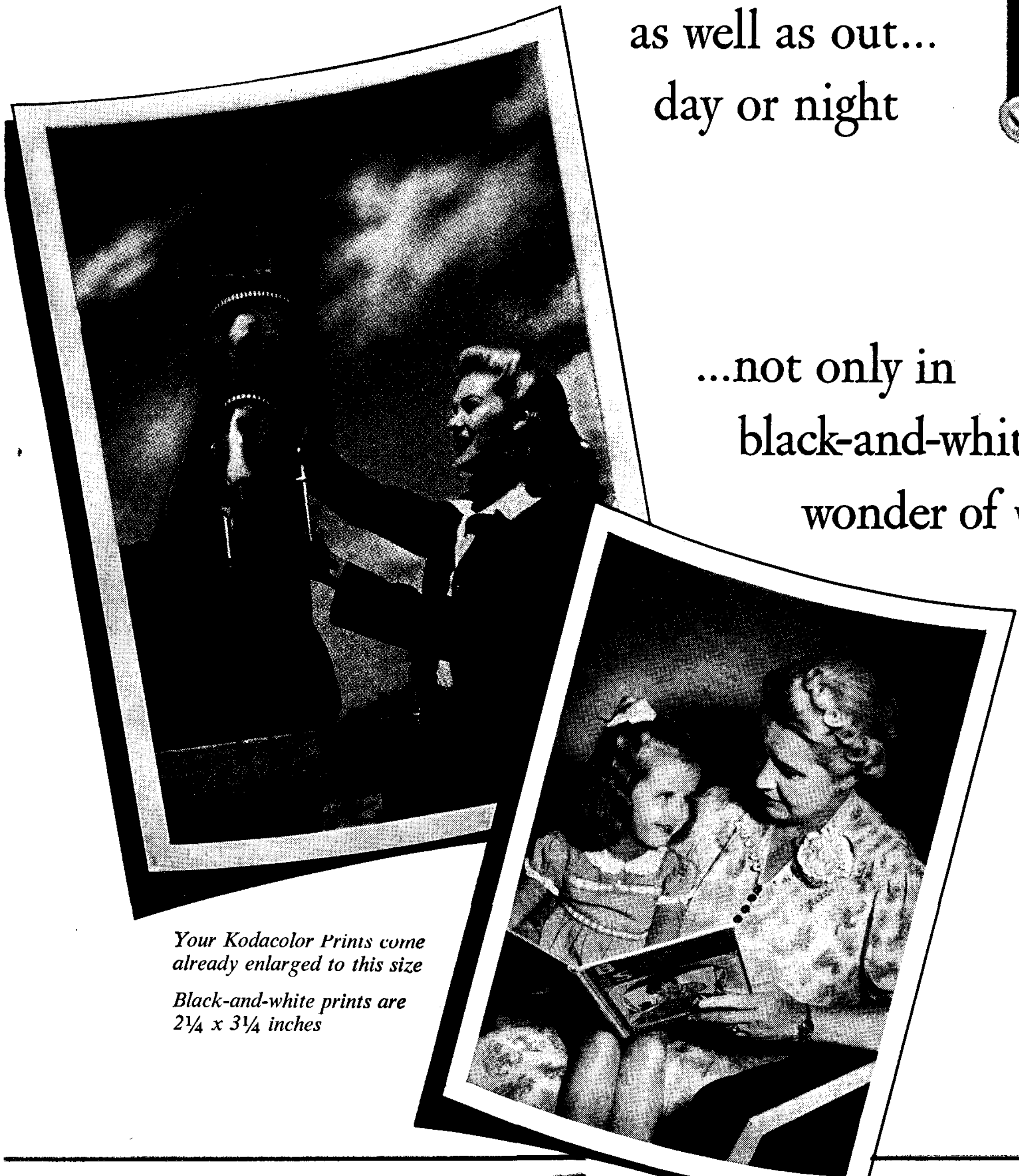

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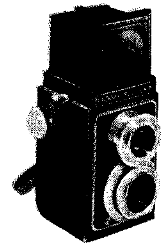

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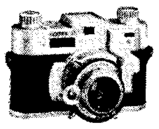

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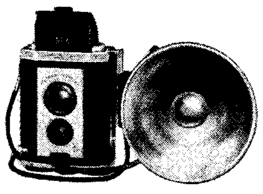

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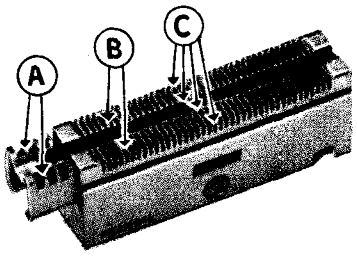

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room but Lida: Bridge isn't the only thing she loathes—she hates me, too. Ridge may not be in love with her, but she's certainly in love with him; and now I've come along and spoiled things for her, and she hates me for it and I don't blame her. She thought then: It's unbearably hot in this room; if I'm not careful I'm going to black out the way I did that day in Boston.

Alec Littlejohn, watching her closely, thought: She's not feeling right—I'd better get her outside for a moment.

"If you ask me," he said, "what the bride really needs is some fresh air. Let's step outside, shall we, Mrs. Holbrook, and take a quick turn on the terrace?"

His fingers closed firmly about her wrist, he pushed open the French doors directly behind them, and the next moment they were outside, with a brisk November wind whipping cleanly across their faces.

THEY stood for a moment without speaking, his fingers still encircling her wrist, her shoulder against his. Then he said, "Feel better now?"

"Much better."

She did. The dizziness had gone away, the world had stopped rocking and was behaving like itself again. She looked down at the liqueur glass in her hand, shuddered gently, and emptied its contents quickly into the shrubbery. "I hate the stuff," she explained, laughing unsteadily. "It would have finished me completely—"

But her husband had said—well, never mind that; file that away with Aunt Hildegarde for future reference.

"It was the black bean soup that got me," he confessed lightly, "or maybe it was the Martinis, and it was hot in there."

"Yes, it was. Thanks for rescuing me." Thanks for rescuing me, not from that room, but from Ridge. He hates me so; he covers it up most of the time, but it's there, in his eyes, his voice. This thing will never work—I hoped it would but it won't.

But it's got to. *They'll take the baby away from me* if it doesn't work.

She shivered suddenly, and Alec Littlejohn said, "You'll be catching cold—"

"Yes," she said, "it is cold out here; perhaps we had better go back in."

Her voice saying this gave him the distinct impression that cold or no cold, she would definitely prefer to stay out here with him than return to the party—which was odd, considering the fact that she was a bride of less than a week. Well, he told himself, perhaps she and Holbrook had had a quarrel. He shrugged and opened the French doors and they stepped back inside.

Johnny Fenton had wandered over to the piano and was doing a very creditable rendition of Blue Skies, and Ginny Shields was talking earnestly with Peg Fenton about a woman on Stowell Street who would come in and cook and serve a dinner for eight people for five dollars. Lida and Ridge and Dick Shields were standing in front of the fireplace talking to a man in a dark blue double-breasted suit, a white shirt and a handsome hand-painted tie.

The man was Herbert Chapman Whipple, Lida's father.

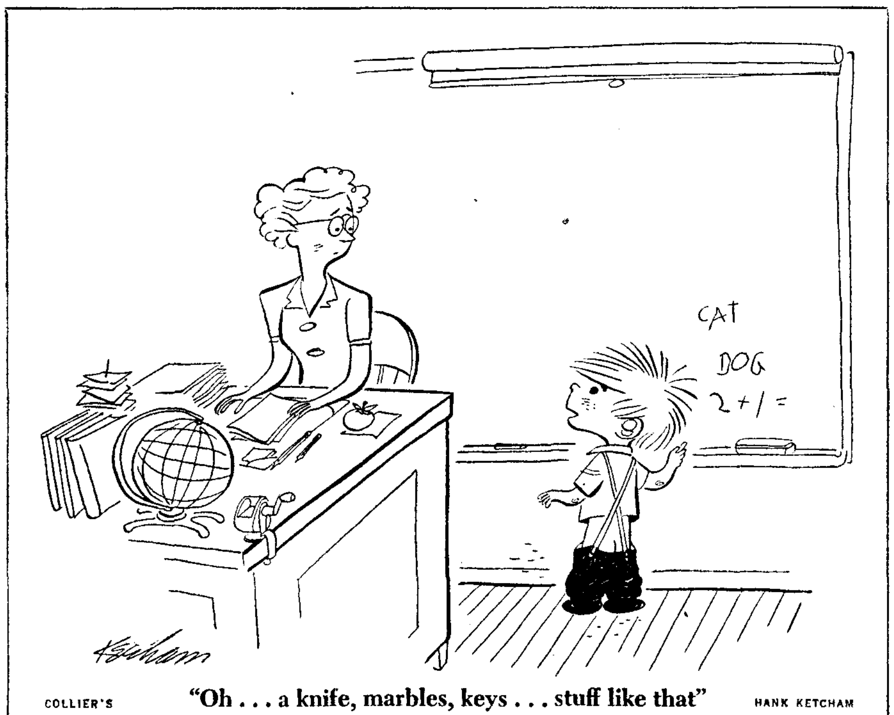
Lida liked to have him crash her parties; in fact, she expected him to. Her mother might be a hopeless hypochondriac, of no use to herself or anyone else, but there was nothing, thank God, wrong with her father. At sixty, he was, to use a term that had been popular in his youth, a fine figure of a man: tall, well-built, with a shining crest of silver-gray hair and handsome, regular features. A few years ago he'd had to have all his teeth extracted, but he'd told Earle Preston, his dentist, that he wanted the best set of dentures that money could buy, and Earle had seen he got them. They looked better than his own teeth had ever looked and fitted perfectly. He could eat anything with them, even corn on the cob—which was wonderful because there was nothing he liked better than corn on the cob. Corn on the cob, baseball, Jack Benny, cold showers, bonded Scotch, a good off-color story he could tell Sunday morning in the locker room, Ethel Merman, Nero Wolfe, an inside straight, his daughter Lida—these were the things that made life interesting and exciting to Herbert Chapman Whipple, these were the things that stirred his imagination, and of them all Lida stirred it the most.

He had married, twenty-seven years before, not for love but for money. Effie Cartwright had been the richest girl in town and in many ways the dullest, and when Lida had been born he had been disappointed that she turned out to be a girl. But by the time she was three she was twisting him around her little finger, and by the time she was six he was determined to move heaven and hell to get her anything she wanted.

It was a little ironical, therefore, that he had been unable to get her the one thing she had wanted most.

Not that she had ever come straight out and said she wanted Ridge Holbrook. But he would have had to be a hell of a lot dumber than he was not to have known it without being told. But things hadn't worked out.

Last week Henry Allen had walked into Ed Flynn's barbershop, where he,



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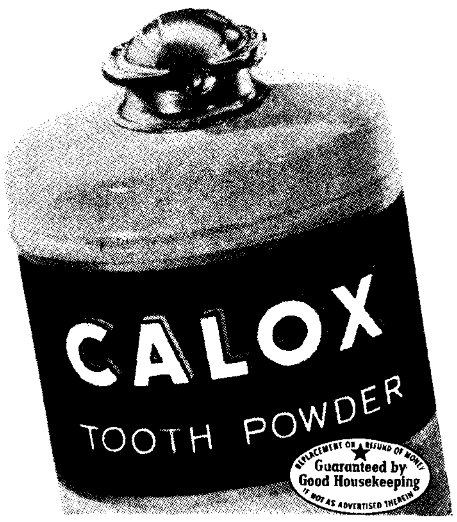
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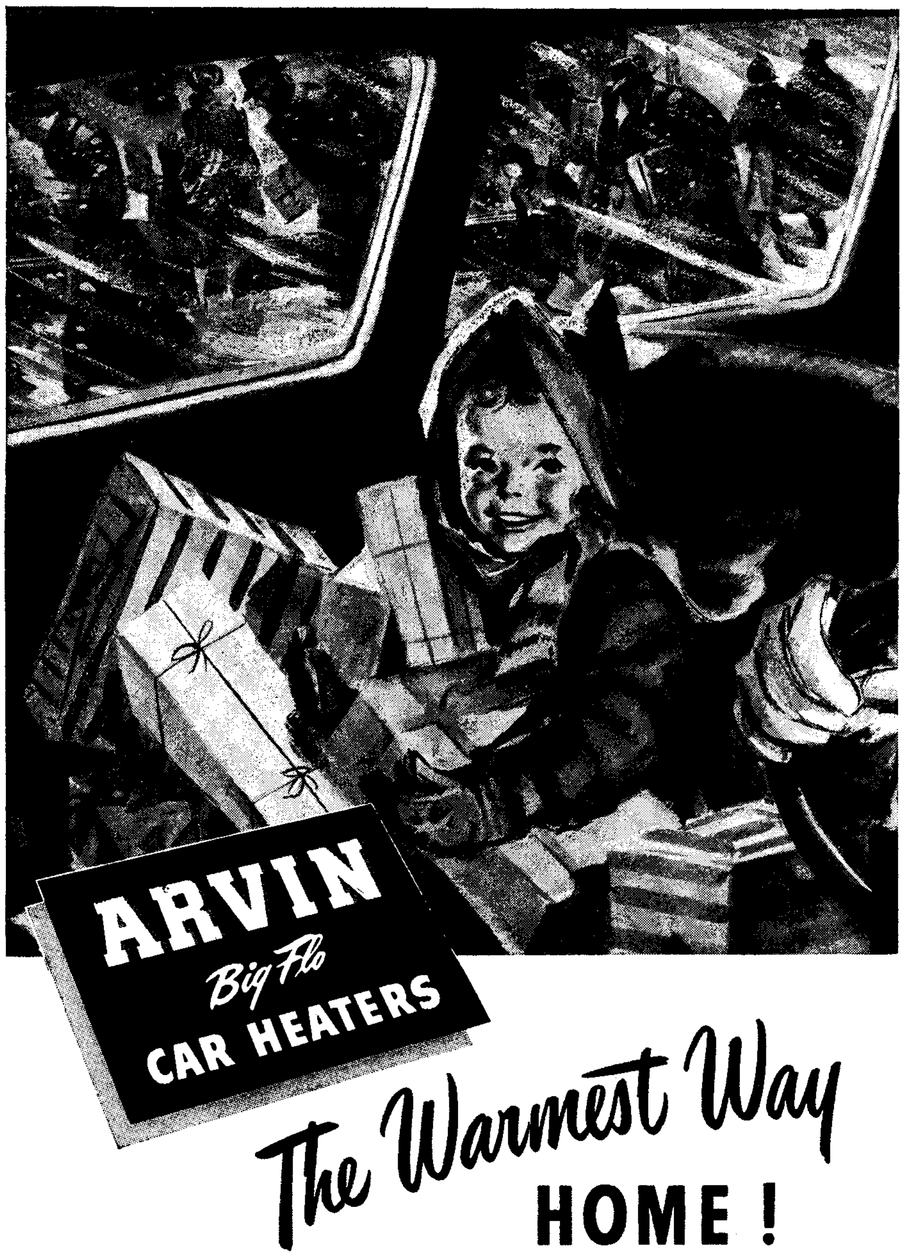

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Herbert, was getting a haircut, and had announced in his slow, nasal drawl that Ridge Holbrook had been married the day before in Boston.

Herbert Whipple had come straight home, but Lida hadn't been here. He'd waited and she'd come in just before dinner, looking pretty white-faced and demoralized, and she hadn't wanted to talk about it. "I don't want to talk about it," she'd said, and neither of them had mentioned it again until this morning. Right out of a clear sky, she'd said, "I'm having Ridge Holbrook and his wife for dinner tonight. I've also asked Alec Littlejohn, the new doctor, and Dick and Ginny and the Johnny Fentons. It ought to be a pretty good party. Don't forget to crash it, will you?"

She said now, "Father, this is Dorcas, Ridge's new wife—and this is Alec Littlejohn."

So this girl in the blue dress, her hair wind-blown, her small, oval face pale, badly in need of make-up, was the girl Ridge Holbrook had married six days ago in Boston. But why, for God's sake, *why?* One quick look was all you needed to tell you that she couldn't hold a candle to Lida. He had thought that when he saw her, he might know, might be able to figure it out, but he had seen her, spoken to her—and he was more bewildered, more confused than before.

So was Lida.

An hour later, dancing with Ridge out in the hall (they'd decided against poker, rolled back the rugs and turned on the radio) she said, "Your wife is very attractive, Ridge—but I don't believe you met her in London during the war."

"No?"

"No."

"Just where do you think I met her?"

He'd been a fool to think she was going to let him off so easily; all that talk yesterday morning about not being a poor loser had been just an act. Underneath that cool, serene manner of hers, she'd been burning up.

"I don't know. But I don't believe that."

"I can't make you, of course."

Don't go on with it, thought Ridge. For God's sake, darling, *leave it alone.*

But she had to go on with it, she couldn't leave it alone. "I don't believe you met her in London," she said, "and I don't think you are the least bit in love with her." The words, exploding between them, canceled out all her former cool acceptance of the situation. "*Are* you in love with her, Ridge?"

"Of course I'm in love with her."

"All right," said Lida, "so you're in love with her. I was a fool to start this, Ridge. I'd be a bigger fool to go on with it."

YES, darling, thought Ridge, you would be. You certainly would be. Because no matter what you say or what I say, this thing is out of our hands. Dave didn't like you while he was alive and now that he is dead, he has seen to it that you and I shall never get together for anything more important than a dance.

"Look," he said, his fingers closing tightly, almost beseechingly around hers, "you don't like a poor loser, Lida, you said so yourself, remember? Well, I don't like one either. Let's not talk about this any more. Let's just dance."

Back in the living room, Herbert Whipple was saying to Alec Littlejohn, "So you're Charlie Norton's new assistant? Lida was telling me about you—said you called on her mother, yesterday."

"That's right, sir," said Alec, "I did." He said then, "How is she today? Mrs. Whipple, I mean."

Herbert Whipple had not seen his wife for three days, but it hardly seemed the thing to admit to this nice young man, so he said instead, "Yes, I believe she is considerably more comfortable." He said then, "Well, I'm off to bed."

"If it's all right with you, sir, I'd like to look in on your wife again fairly soon," said Alec. "I'm interested in these headaches of hers. I'd like to try to do something about them."

"Headaches? Oh, yes, of course. Well, I hope you can, Littlejohn, I certainly hope you can. Norton's given up, you know. Decided it's just a hopeless case of neurasthenia, whatever *that* is! Well, good night, my boy, glad to have met you."

Herbert Whipple shook hands and walked away—a fine figure of a man, dressed fastidiously in a hundred-and-fifty-dollar suit, a man who for the first time in his life felt old and a little defeated. It didn't help any that passing through the hall he had a brief glimpse of his daughter dancing with Ridge Holbrook, her face lost and white against his shoulder, her eyes closed.

That's exactly the way she'll look when she's dead, he thought, a cold little wind dancing across his heart. . . .

THE morning after Lida's dinner party, Dorcas awoke with a definite feeling of depression. She had survived the evening, thanks, in part at least, to Alec Littlejohn, but it was neither pleasant nor reassuring to know that in Lida Whipple she had a definite enemy. Lida disliked her and didn't care who knew it. Oh, because of Ridge she would go through certain motions, keep up a false front of civility, even graciousness—but underneath would be hostility, cold dislike.

Dressing swiftly in a pale wool skirt and matching cashmere sweater, she went downstairs to find Ella Wells on her knees in the living room, polishing the legs of a drop-leaf cherry table.

The older woman got slowly to her feet, straightened a row of books, and then her blunt, capable fingers reached out awkwardly but lovingly and touched the silver-framed photograph of a young and pretty dark-haired woman.

"Ridge's mother?" Dorcas spoke gently.

Ella nodded. Her hand fell away from the photograph abruptly.

"This room," she said, "the whole house, for that matter, is exactly the way it was when she was alive. I've never changed a thing."

"It's a lovely room," said Dorcas; "it's a lovely house."

It was. She'd expected that things would be far shabbier, certainly. That the floors were waxed, the fine old mahogany beautifully polished, the brass and silver burnished and shining, was no doubt due to the faithful hands of Ella.

"If there's anything I can do to help you," Dorcas said now, warmly, impulsively, "I wish you'd tell me. I want to do my share. I don't want to be any extra trouble to you—"

"Then my advice," said a clear, amused, feminine voice, "is to keep well out of Ella's way and not even try to help. She's worked too long in single harness to start working double. Am I right about that, Ella, or am I right?"

Dorcas spun around, her nerves taut with apprehension. She had heard that voice first only a few short hours ago; there had been no friendliness in it then, there was no friendliness in it now. None at all. And there was something disconcerting about the way Lida Whipple had appeared suddenly like that out of nowhere—something disconcerting, almost menacing.

"Lida!" Ella Wells laughed sharply. "You certainly gave me a turn, creeping in like that."

"Sorry," said the girl in the doorway. But Dorcas knew she wasn't sorry, knew she had come in like that deliberately, that she had planned it that way.

She meant me to turn around and just find her there, Dorcas thought.

"I'll finish in here later," said Ella Wells, and gathering up her carpet

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These men are the trucking industry. They represent new business opportunities—new industries—new jobs in *your home town!*

PLEDGED TO COURTESY and SAFETY

THE AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS, WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

IT'S 28 CANDLES FOR BOB McGOWAN! AT HIS RIGHT ARE FOUR OF HIS BROTHERS—LYLE, WAYNE, DAVID, DEAN; AT HIS LEFT ARE HIS FATHER AND TWO OTHER BROTHERS—GLEN AND FRANK

STUDEBAKER CRAFTSMAN L.O.McGOWAN

AND HIS SEVEN SONS CELEBRATE A BIRTHDAY

THESE eight McGowan men spend their working hours building Studebaker automobiles.

They're shown here relaxing at lunch time on the occasion of Bob McGowan's 28th birthday.

Genial "head man" of this father-and-son group is L. O. ("Pappy") McGowan, 54. He says, "If three of my ten children had not been daughters, we would probably have a full football team of McGowans building Studebakers."

Due largely to South Bend families like the McGowans, there's an unbroken continuity of fine craftsmanship in Studebaker cars and trucks. It gives them a trustworthy quality, year after year, that's the most envied tradition in the automotive industry.

This quality is safeguarded, not just by father-and-son teams, but by thousands of other earnest, competent Studebaker craftsmen. It pays off for you in top performance and value. You find it at its finest in today's far-advanced postwar Studebakers.

sweeper and dustcloth, she brushed past Lida and walked out of the room.

"Ella," said Lida, "has a happy faculty for knowing when she isn't wanted."

She said then, "I hope you don't mind my popping in like this right in the middle of the morning? I seem to be doing everything wrong end to. I mean I should have called first and *then* asked you to dinner but—"

"It doesn't matter at all. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you."

LIDA came slowly into the room, walking with a curious catlike grace, barely moving her hips and yet making any onlooker acutely aware not only of her hips but of her small, high breasts, her supple waist, and her long, slim legs.

Sitting down in a wing chair at the right of the fireplace, she waited for Dorcas to sit down opposite her on the sofa and then she smiled and said, "Well, now that I have seen you, not only in my own house but here in this house, I suppose I have to believe that you really exist."

"You mean," said Dorcas, "that there has been some question in your mind?"

"I mean," said Lida, continuing to smile, slowly, deliberately, "that the whole thing is completely fantastic. Ridge goes off one day and comes back the next, married to a girl no one has ever heard of."

"Put that way," said Dorcas, and now she was smiling too, quite as deliberately, "it does sound fantastic."

"Those are the cold, hard facts. I knew him as well, probably, as anyone in town, better than most people. Don't you think it is odd that he never once mentioned your name to me?"

Dorcas knew this was just the beginning, really, of all sorts of things she would have to take—but at least she didn't have to take it lying down, she could fight back.

"No," she said, "not particularly. I don't imagine it ever occurred to Ridge to discuss me with anyone." Not even, her voice implied with barbed sweetness, with an old friend like you. This girl had come out here to draw blood; two could play at that game.

"You were a great success last night," Lida said irrelevantly. "Everyone liked you very much. Especially Alec Littlejohn. What," she said abruptly, casually, "do you think of him? Littlejohn, I mean? Do you think he's good-looking?"

"I hadn't thought much about it but I suppose he is—at any rate, he's nice-looking."

"Nice-looking," said Lida thoughtfully. "Yes, I guess that is the way to describe him. Personally, I don't like handsome men. They've always left me cold. Take Dave Holbrook, for instance, Ridge's brother—" Lida's eyes went swiftly about the room, but failed to find what they were searching for. "There used to be a picture of him here somewhere. Ella seems to have moved it. Well, he was tall and very blond and you know, handsome. But I suppose Ridge has told you all about him?"

"Yes. That is, I knew he had a younger brother and then he wrote me at the time of the accident."

"They were never really—well, close, but Ridge took the whole thing very hard," said Lida.

"He still doesn't talk about it . . ."

"So you and Ridge met in London," said Lida. "Just how did you happen to be over there, anyway? Ridge told me but I seem to have forgotten what he said."

You've forgotten what he said. Well, I've forgotten, too—if he ever bothered to tell me, which I don't think he did. Well, I hope to heaven she really has forgotten and that this isn't just a trap of some kind . . .

To gain precious time, Dorcas lighted a cigarette. Leaning forward, she tossed the spent match into the fireplace and when she looked up again, Ridge was leaning against the doorjamb, exactly where, a few minutes ago, Lida had stood.

"Hello, there," she said, relief flowing through her. "Lida was just asking me about London. How I happened to be over there—"

"But," said Ridge coolly, "I told Lida how you happened to be over there. I told her your father was in charge of the branch office of a New York bank—"

"Oh, of course!" said Lida. "How stupid of me to have forgotten."

"Oh, I don't know." Ridge had stopped looking at Dorcas and now he was looking at Lida and grinning casually. "No reason, particularly, why you should have remembered." He said then, "Nice party, last night, Lida. I like that guy Littlejohn very much."

"That's good," said Lida, "because he likes you, too. In fact, he likes you so much that he suggested the four of us have dinner together some night this week at the Red Barn. Is Thursday night all right with you two?"

She smiled first at Dorcas and then at Ridge, and Ridge said, "It's all right with me. How about you, darling?"

He turned and looked directly at Dorcas, and she blushed deeply. That darling had taken her completely by surprise, as he had known it would, as he had meant it to. Funny, what an oblique sort of pleasure he seemed to get out of disconcerting her. It was almost as if her hard-fought-for young composure was an insult to Dave's memory, a constant challenge which he, Ridge, had to disrupt.

"Why, yes," she said, "I think Thursday night would be fine." And now, she thought, get out of here, please, *both of you.* I've had just about all I can take for one morning.

But it was going to be all right. Lida was on her feet. And Ridge must have noticed how odd Dorcas was looking, how green and pinched around the mouth. At any rate he had his hand on Lida's arm and was walking her quickly out of the room.

DORCAS waited until the front door opened and closed on them and then she fled, white-faced and shaking up the stairs.

"Look," said Ridge, following Lida down the steps and across the lawn to her car, "I thought you'd agreed to leave it alone."

"Leave *what* alone, darling?"

Lida slid behind the wheel, tipped her head back and looked up at him with wide-eyed innocence.

"You know damn' well what. Stop trying to cross-examine her, Lida."

"But I don't know what you mean. All I did was ask a few simple questions."

"After this, ask me. She doesn't like to talk about London. It upsets her. She went through hell over there. I want her to forget all that."

"Okay, no more questions. But you will come tomorrow night?"

"Of course. But tell me one thing—whose idea was it, yours or Littlejohn's?"

"Mine, darling. As a matter of fact, he doesn't know anything about it."

"I thought not."

"But don't worry, he won't mind. *He* likes your wife, Ridge, even if I don't."

She grinned at him, leaned forward and turned on the ignition and a moment later her car was a flash of gray and chromium at the end of the drive.

Ridge waited until it disappeared entirely between the low stone gateposts, then he turned back into the house.

He climbed the stairs, walked down the hall, and stopped in the doorway to his mother's room. Dorcas, having been briefly but wretchedly ill, was lying, stretched out, white and limp, on one of the low-posted cherry beds, her eyes closed.

So he'd been right about her looking

In the time it takes to slap cream on your face...

(In an instant, right in the cup . . .)

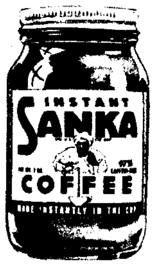
You can make a cup of rich, full-bodied coffee...

(You never tasted finer, richer coffee)

that can't keep you awake!

(It can't, even though you're affected by caffein! It's 97% caffein-free!)

new INSTANT SANKA COFFEE { All coffee Real coffee Finest coffee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MADE INSTANTLY IN THE CUP

The only instant coffee that's caffein-free!

Drink it and sleep!

A Product of General Foods

THERE'S A *New Idea* BEHIND THIS NEW BEAUTY

THE MARK OF SUPERIORITY IN MODERN BUSINESS MACHINES

It's an entirely new idea in banking service. A printed, registered receipt is issued for each deposit, and the customer is on his way far more quickly than has ever been possible with pen-and-ink passbook methods. The exciting and colorful new machine that provides this receipt is called the Commercial Teller's Machine.

Like all other Burroughs machines developed for bank use, this new Commercial Teller's Machine is the result of fine teamwork between banks and Burroughs technicians . . . the same fine teamwork that has enabled banks to improve their service and accounting procedures in *many* ways.

In its modern styling and amazing efficiency, this new product brings further evidence to business men in all fields that great things are going on at Burroughs.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

Burroughs

funny downstairs. Poor kid, she'd been sick, all right; he wondered how long this had been going on.

She opened her eyes and looked at him and sat up angrily.

"Go away!" she said. "Go away and leave me alone!"

"I've no intention of forcing myself on you. I merely thought that perhaps there might be something I could do—"

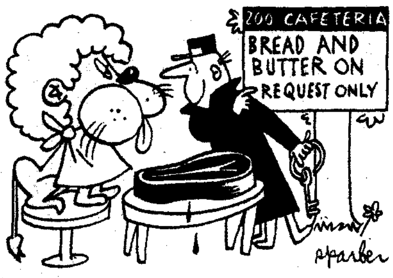
"Well, there isn't."

"Apparently not."

God, how she hated having him see her like this, how she resented the pity, the compassion he was feeling for her. For the first time, her pregnancy and what it would mean to her, to both of them, in the months directly ahead, became real to him—her figure changing, growing heavy and distorted, the child taking possession of her more and more from month to month.

He turned and went quickly down the stairs, and Dorcas buried her face suddenly in her hands and wept. . . .

Huddled, miserable and ill, there on that low-posted cherry bed, she wept, because for the first time since she had known him, Ridge Holbrook had looked at her with sympathy and compassion in his eyes—wept because, knowing how he felt about her, sympathy and compassion were infinitely harder to take, infinitely more damaging, more intolerable to her pride than the bitterness and scorn she had grown so reconciled to finding in his eyes. . . .


200 CAFETERIA
BREAD AND BUTTER ON REQUEST ONLY
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SAVE FOOD !

THE evening had started out badly, and was not getting any better—at least from Dorcas' point of view. In the first place Lida had insisted upon ordering a flock of Manhattan cocktails and then she'd insisted that they all have lobster. Sea food, apparently, was one of the things Dorcas was not going to be able to eat—but a bride of less than two weeks was supposed to be able to eat, to drink, anything—so she had drunk the cocktails and eaten the lobster and now, at a quarter past eleven, she had plenty of reason to wish she hadn't.

Ridge was dancing with Lida and she was dancing with Alec Littlejohn.

"Look," she said abruptly, "do you think we could go outside for a few minutes? I have a wretched headache."

Alec said, "Of course." They left the dance floor, collected Dorcas' coat and went out through a pine-paneled cocktail lounge onto a deserted veranda.

It had started to rain while they were inside and now the wind had come up and they stood there for a moment, rain blowing against their faces. Alec said, "I guess our best bet is to go and sit in Lida's car."

"If we run we won't get wet—" She held out her hand to him and he took it and they ran quickly across the graveled parking space and climbed into Lida's gray convertible.

The sudden quiet and the cool, fresh, damp air were almost too good to be true. Dorcas put her head back against the dark, red leather cushions, closed her eyes and sighed deeply.

In the shadowy half-light, her face was a small, pale blur and that sigh was a dead giveaway. She was either desperately tired or desperately unhappy.

"If you like," he said, "I can get Ridge and Lida and we can push along home. It's after eleven."

"Oh, no," said Dorcas, her eyes flying open quickly, apologetically. "I wouldn't want to break up the party like that. A few minutes out here and I'll be okay, I'll be fine." She smiled at him briefly. "You're always coming to my rescue, aren't you?" she said. "The other night at Lida's you really saved my life."

"I saved my own that night," he assured her. "That room was stifling."

She felt much better. How long, she asked herself, could they stay out here? Ten minutes? Fifteen? Surely Lida and Ridge wouldn't miss them right away, and if they did they wouldn't think anything about it.

But she was wrong about this. Lida and Ridge had already missed them and Ridge, at least, was thinking plenty about it. He was thinking that this was the second time Dorcas had ever seen Alec Littlejohn and that both times she had seen fit to go off alone with him.

They had been gone nearly ten minutes. If they didn't come back in within another five, he'd go out there and drag them back in. It had been perfectly apparent all through dinner that Alec Littlejohn was entranced with Dorcas; he was supposed to be Lida's date but he'd gone out of his way to be nice to Dorcas. He'd probably taken her outside with some idea of making love to her and if he tried she'd probably let him. How in God's name, knowing how devious she was, had he ever been betrayed into feeling sorry for her? Well, just wait until he got her alone tonight; he'd make it clear to her that from now on this sort of thing was out. *Damn them! Why didn't they come back in?*

The music stopped abruptly and Ridge led Lida back to their table and she said, as if she had just that moment noticed it, "Alec and Dorcas seem to have disappeared. It's getting to be a sort of habit with them, isn't it?" She waited for Ridge to say something; when he didn't she said, "Well, while we're waiting for them to join us you can buy me another drink."

"You've already had too much to drink."

She smiled at him. "Nevertheless, I want another drink. You can buy it for me or I'll buy it myself."

Ridge shrugged, signaled to a waiter and ordered two more rye highballs. He glanced at his watch again. Eleven twenty-five. They had been gone nearly twenty minutes—and it was raining hard. You could hear the rain above the orchestra.

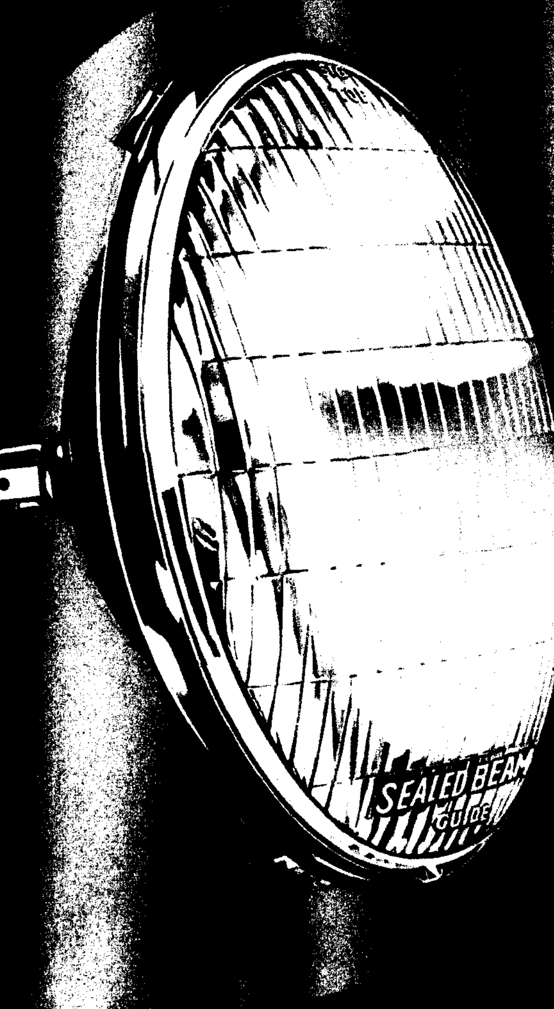
AND then suddenly Alec and Dorcas were back, and Dorcas was saying something about having a wretched headache and Lida was saying, "But it's raining buckets. I don't see why you aren't drenched—" and Alec was saying coolly, and quite matter-of-factly, "We sat in your car—"

Then he was asking Lida to dance, and suddenly Ridge and Dorcas were alone and there was no reason why he shouldn't have it out with her here and now except that you couldn't hear yourself think above the combined noise of the rain and the blare of the band. It would have to wait until they got home. . . .

"All right," said Dorcas, walking into the room ahead of him, going straight to the dressing table and flinging down her purse and gloves, "so three nights ago at Lida's I went out on the terrace with him and tonight I went out and sat in the car. If you must know, both times I felt ill. All that rich food and those cocktails—and then that night at Lida's you had to push that Cointreau at me. I never could drink Cointreau and I certainly can't drink it now."

"I suppose Littlejohn being a doctor

First on the highways



Guide

SEALED BEAM UNITS

More new cars are factory-equipped with Guide Sealed Beam Units than with any other make. They are right for replacement on all cars and vehicles with Sealed Beam headlamps. When you need a new sealed beam unit, replace with Guide. Guide Lamp Division, General Motors Corporation.

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motor car will show up soon

THIS TIME IT'S HUDSON

A Hudson dealer to serve you wherever you go... and over 3,000 shown on this map getting ready to display a great new car!

The motor car you've been told was years away is coming soon! Hudson is building it now!

Just imagine the lowest car on the highway, with *more* inside headroom than any other automobile built today . . . a car you step *down* into when entering, not *up* on . . . a car that maintains road clearance.

Imagine a motor car built so snugly low that a ride gives you a feeling of safe, serene, smooth going more pleasant than anything you've ever experienced before . . . a car with the roomiest seats ever built into any American automobile!

All of this only hints at the exciting new advantages offered you by the motor car of tomorrow. Its arrival will mark a great day for you, and for the more than 3,000 Hudson dealers whose showrooms will set the stage for a first view of the *newest* new car in the world!

Each dealer organization has been qualified under the most exacting standards in Hudson's 38-year history!

Your Hudson dealer is a well established, independent business man. His place of business is easy to find and thoroughly equipped to serve you. He maintains a balanced stock of genuine Hudson parts and he is further supported by one of 166 Hudson Distributor Parts Depots *strategically located* throughout the North American Continent.

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Keep a sharp eye on your Hudson dealer's showroom!

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even when you're all on edge...

Gem guarantees quickest cleanest shaves
TWIST—GEM OPENS! TWIST—IT CLOSES!
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GEM BLADE
GEM REVERSIBLE 2-EDGE

1. Nervous? Fidgety? The cool, calm, competent touch of a Gem Razor works wonders! Finds your one best shaving angle *instantly* . . . automatically!

2. Simply shave with Gem's 'Guiding Eye' flat against your face. Blade *automatically* 'sets' for quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shaves.

3. Blade changing's a cinch, too! *Twist,* Gem opens! *Twist,* it closes! Use Gem Singledge Blades, or . . .

4. *Gem 2-Edge Reversibles* with 2—yes, *two*—keen, clean numbered edges! Either style 5 for 25¢.

REMEMBER: Gem must give you the quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shaves you ever had—or MONEY BACK!

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH GEM

Gem Div., American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn 1, N. Y. (Price adjusted in Canada)

took one look at you and knew that—"

"I suppose being a doctor he took one look at me and knew I needed some fresh air. Tonight, I asked him to take me out, I told him I had a headache. I've got one now."

"I don't suppose it occurred to you that it might look damned funny—you two out there on the terrace, you two out there in a car. And if it had occurred to you, I don't suppose you would care."

They were quarreling at last. He'd been building up to this since Lida's dinner party, no doubt. Waiting for a chance to jump her about Alec and those few minutes on the terrace. Now she'd played right into his hand, given him just the opening he'd been hoping for.

"I don't think it did look funny to anyone but you; you're determined to think the worst of me, you have been from the first! You made up your mind about me before you ever saw me and you'd die rather than change it! Look," she said, tears stinging her eyelids, "I told you this marriage would never work—"

"And I tell you," said Ridge, "it *will* work—it's damned well got to."

"No," said Dorcas, "it hasn't got to—just because a man said a few words of mumbo jumbo over us doesn't—"

"If what you wanted was a conventional marriage service with organ music and orange blossoms and fifteen yards of wedding veil you should have—"

"Shut up!"

SHE was standing in the middle of the bedroom, and suddenly she stamped her foot. She stamped it hard and tears trembled for a moment in her eyes and then spilled down her cheeks.

A little to his surprise, Ridge shut up.

"Once," she said, brushing angrily at her tears with the back of one slim hand, "that was exactly what I wanted—what I meant to have—a decent, solemn marriage service with music and orange blossoms and a wedding veil. But there was a war and a boy got killed, so I settled for something else. Something less. All right, so I made a mistake—so I made a mistake *and I'm paying for it.* I'll admit you're paying, too, and that doesn't seem quite fair. But that doesn't give you any right to ride me like this, to needle me like this. Your attitude about Alec Littlejohn is positively insulting. Anyone would think . . ." her voice trailed off.

"Anyone would think what?"

"That I was the kind of girl who couldn't be trusted to spend ten minutes alone with a man—"

"Well," said Ridge, "can you be?" And was sorry the minute he had said it.

"I'm sorry," he said quickly. "I didn't mean that, Dorcas." He sat down on one of the twin beds, burying his face wearily in his hands. "I don't know what the hell's the matter with me. I don't seem to be making much sense—"

"Neither one of us is," she said. "We're both ready to jump at each other's throat at the drop of a hat."

"We can't go on this way."

"No."

"Will you believe me if I tell you that I'd like to start over again—and really try this time to work this thing out?"

"Yes," she said, "I'll believe you."

"You'll have to try too, Dorcas."

"I know."

"It won't be easy."

"I don't expect it will be."

I don't *want* it to be easy, she thought; I want it to be hard. That way I can feel that I am making some atonement. *Atonement*—a funny word; you sinned and then you repented and then you asked to be allowed to atone for your wrongdoing. But at the time—at the time it hadn't seemed wrong, it had seemed so right, so honest; and Dave had been so good to her, done so much for her. . . .

"You don't sound as if you even wanted it to be—easy."

Ridge was staring at her curiously. This was a strange girl he had married—a remote, puzzling, unfathomable girl. You looked at her one moment and saw in her one thing and then you looked again and saw something else—or was it, perhaps, as she had said: Did he see in her only what he wanted to see?

He honestly didn't know and he was too tired, suddenly, too confused, to try to figure it out.

"I don't want it to be," she said. "That is, for me. I wish there was some way of making it easier for you."

"Don't worry about me," he said. "I'll be all right." He got slowly to his feet and walked toward the door. When he reached it, he turned around and smiled at her. "Good night," he said. "I'll sleep in my own room from now on."

"But what about Ella?"

"We'll tell her I snore."

"But you don't snore—"

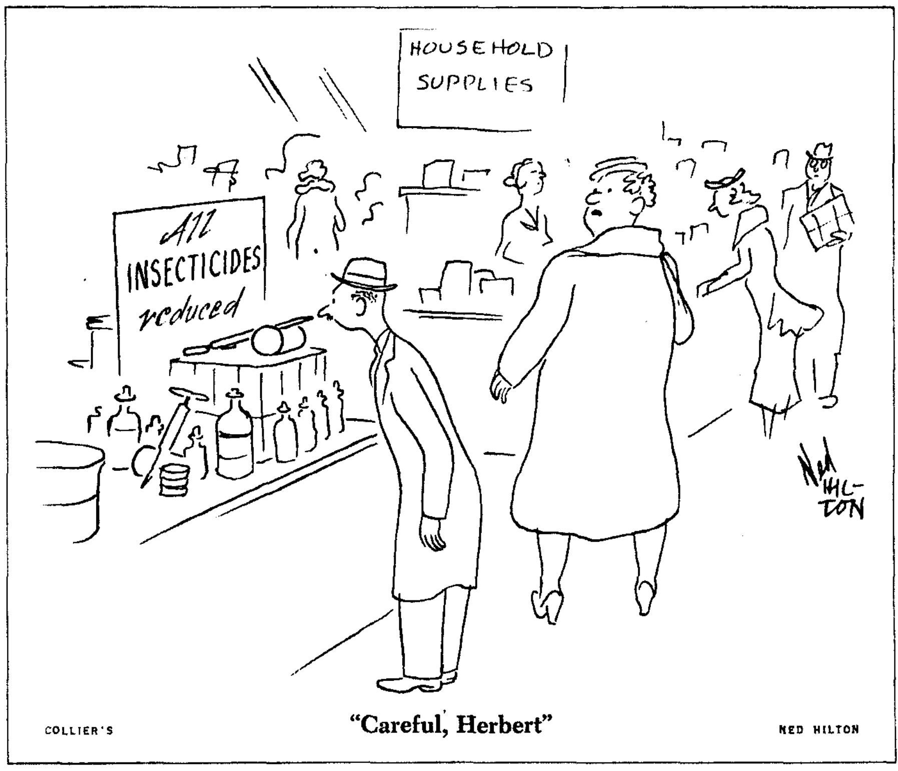
"Look," said Ridge, "in a minute you'll have me believing that you don't want me to sleep in my own room."

"But I do want you to!" she insisted, blushing violently. "It's only that I—"

"Don't worry about Ella," he said. "I'll take care of Ella."

And from now on, he thought, opening the door and closing it carefully behind him, I'll try to take better care of you, Dorcas. . . .

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "Careful, Herbert" NED HILTON

"I've always been a part of your telephone service"

"You'll find my name on your Bell telephone—you see it on reels of cable being fed into manholes or strung on poles—you'd find it, too, on the complex equipment in your telephone exchange.

"As the supply member of the Bell Telephone team, I manufacture equipment, purchase supplies, distribute both to the telephone companies, and install central office equipment.

"Year in, year out, I help my Bell Telephone teammates to give you the world's *best* telephone service at the *lowest possible cost*.

"Remember my name—it's Western Electric."

MANUFACTURER . . . of 43,000 varieties of telephone apparatus.

PURCHASER . . . of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.

DISTRIBUTOR . . . of telephone apparatus and supplies.

INSTALLER . . . of telephone central office equipment.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

Holiday or
Champagne
TAYLOR'S
ESTABLISHED 1880
Dry
ROYAL QUALITY
TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Champagne
Naturally Fermented in the Bottle

[illegible] carefully chosen for this fine champagne. Naturally and slowly fermented in the bottle . . . TAYLOR'S seals in that distinctive captured flavor, the difference you can taste. The Taylor Wine Company, Vineyardists and Producers.

TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE WINES
Champagne, Sparkling Burgundy, Sauterne, Sherry, Pale Dry Sherry, Port, Tawny Port, White Tokay, Rhine, Burgundy, Vermouths (Dry...Sweet)

FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

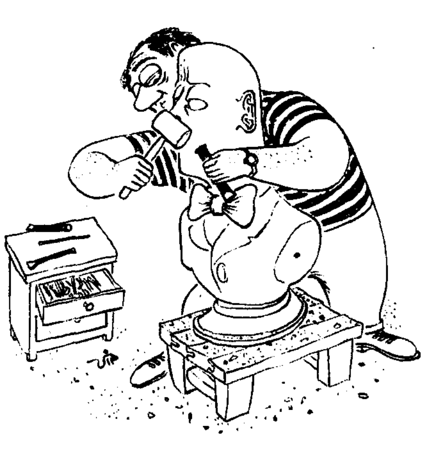
ANTIANTI-SEMITIC

Dear Sir: May I give you my heartfelt praise for publishing The Outcasts (Oct. 18th)? I am not of Jewish origin, but I am fed to the teeth with people who talk against the so-called "race" of Jews. I feel it my duty every time anyone says anything against the "Jewish race" to give some other "race" the back of my hand. I even include my own "race" (Episcopal) for there are plenty of pushers in that group as well as in the Methodist "race" or the Roman Catholic "race" or any of the "races" that are at least supposed to have Christian ideals.

Miss Mary V. Davis, Columbus, Ohio

A GRAVE MATTER

Dear Sirs: Your farfetched but funny Partch reminded me of the story of the man who, at the hotel, was dressing for a dinner, and struggled with his tie with no progress. He went next door for help.



A man answered the bell, said he'd gladly do it. After fumbling the job, he said, "If you go in the bedroom and lie on the bed I can tie it."

This seemed strange but the tie-ee lay down on his back and the man tied the tie quickly. "Why did you want me to lie down?" the tie-ee asked.

"I am an undertaker," was the reply.

James Calvert Smith,
Daytona Beach, Fla.

I AM NOT A FASCIST!

Dear Editor: Re It's Just Not Smart, Boys (Oct. 18th). I am a labor leader. Representing management is a wealthy man, who openly advocates sterilization of Negroes and deportation of Jews.

Now, when our contract comes up, I, in line with Republican smear, must certify my patriotism, while this bloated Fascist lords it over us in the security of a caste system.

My question is: Why not make both sides sign an oath? Why not an "I Am Not a Fascist" oath for employers?

Name Withheld, Seattle, Wash.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Dear Sir: Mr. Peskin makes no mistake when he describes the cover of October 18th as his finest colored action shot. But I am sure that if Mr. Peskin had looked a little closer, he would have discovered that the Notre Dame ball carrier is Jim Mello, number 65, and not John Panelli, who is number 67. Mello is now playing professional ball for the Boston Yanks of the National Football League. John Panelli in his own right is one of the greatest fullbacks ever to wear the green and gold of Notre Dame.

John P. Fitzpatrick, Notre Dame, Ind.

DIAMOND DUST

Dear Mr. Davenport: Strange that Harvey H. Keeler in Buried Treasures (Oct. 11th) should have overlooked the only commercially mined diamond deposits in the U.S.: the diamond mine in Pike County, Arkansas. This mine was discovered more than a quarter century ago when Farmer Huddleston's mule kicked up a rock that attracted Huddleston's attention. He took it to Jeweler Stift in Little Rock, who identified it. Since then many thousands of diamonds have been taken from this mine. It is not being worked at present, but is one of the numerous attractions of Arkansas.

A. G. Whidden, Warrington, Fla.

Author Keeler, aware of diamonds in American soil, did not accent their presence, lest he start a fruitless Klondike rush.

DON'T WRECK THAT FREEDOM TRAIN, BRO!

Dear Sir: In your editorial Don't Miss the Freedom Train (Oct. 18th) you state Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation of Jan. 1, 1863, declared all slaves in the United States free as of that date. Isn't this a mistake. Did not the Proclamation apply to the territory of the Confederacy only and except other parts of the United States?

W. R. Turner, Richmond, Va.

Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation declared free forever the slaves in Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (certain parishes excepted), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia (West Virginia and other portions excepted).

DUGAN VS. GENEALOGY

Dear Sirs: I enjoyed the Oct. 18th issue very much. One thing annoyed me: the letter from a Spokane reader (The Week's Mail).

I am just as proud of my ancestors as anyone, but I do think some people carry it to extremes. I read Mr. Dugan's article and enjoyed it. I thought he was ridiculing not our ancestors but the descendants who are forever bragging about the famous ancestors. . . .

Mrs. David Johnson, St. Clair, Mo.

. . . Re Mrs. Austin's letter on same, my mother can trace her ancestors back to the Mayflower. Remember there weren't any immigration laws in those days.

Mimi Stevens Tonkins, Hollywood, Cal.

. . . My family qualifies for the D.A.R. and F.F.V., but I can't help thinking, when folks start chanting, "I'm so proud of my ancestors"—I wonder if your descendants will be able to say the same?

Doris T. Patterson, Bristol, Pa.

We'll sit this one out. We can trace our ancestry back only as far as Adam.

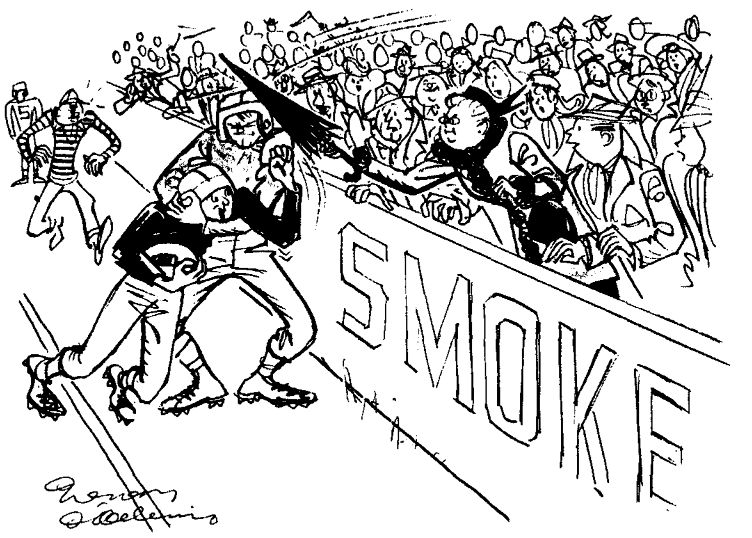
CLOCK WATCHERS

Dear Sirs: Regarding your short but nasty editorial Clock Hounds at the V.A. (Oct. 11th) about people watching the clock: Did you ever see a bunch of ordinary working people who didn't watch the clock? I watch the clock and intend to continue doing so, in spite of Collier's—I don't work for V.A. either. How many of your Collier's staff linger after five? Tell the truth!

"Old Disgusted Herself."

Wanda Dodson, Albuquerque, N. M.

The entire staff is released from chains and blinders at exactly 5:01½ P.M. daily, but invariably hangs around till 5:02.



GREGORY D'ALESSIO

SPORTING ODDS

In the early 1930s Ken Strong was with the Staten Island Stapletons of the professional National Football League. The Stapletons played their home games in the tiny Staten Island stadium where the stands almost overflowed onto the field.

In one game with the New York Giants, Strong was attempting to step out of bounds with the ball when he was nailed by Ray Flaherty, a Giant end, who unaccountably began to throttle him.

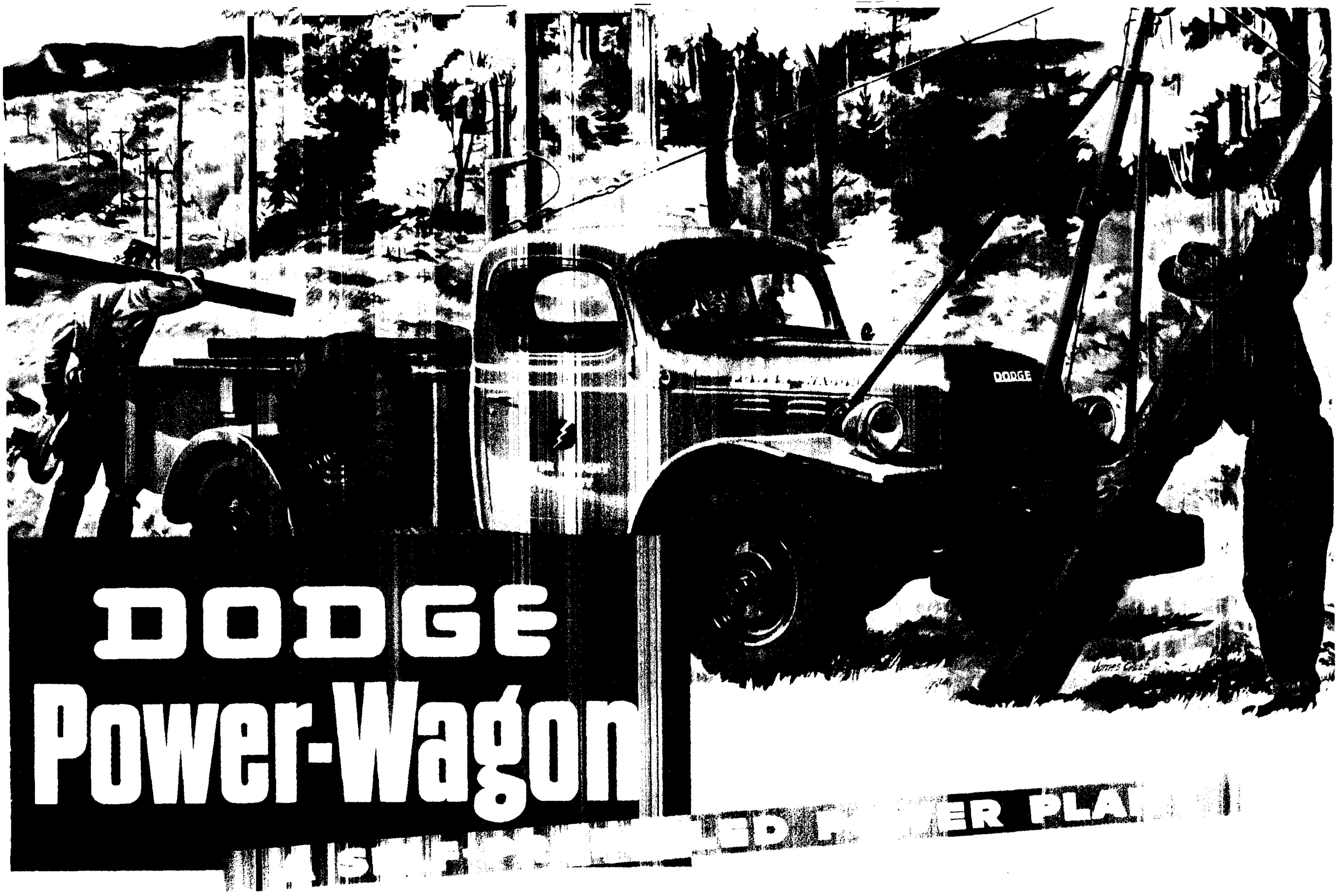
"Leggo!" gargled Strong.

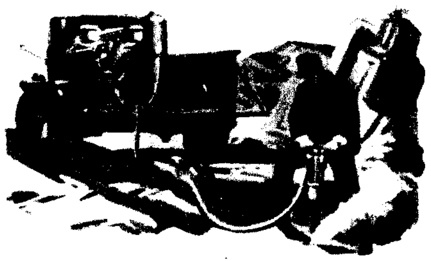
"Then stop slugging me with your free hand," retorted Flaherty, grimly tightening his grip on Strong's jugular.

Nonplused, purple and popeyed, Strong looked up to discover that a kindly-looking but determined old lady from the stands was cracking Flaherty over the head with her umbrella.

—Frank Deblois, New York, N. Y.

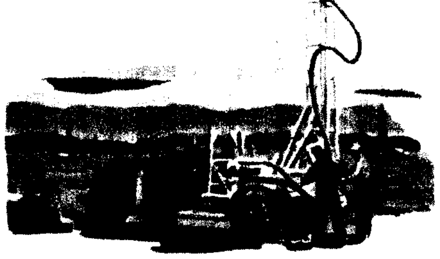
COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)



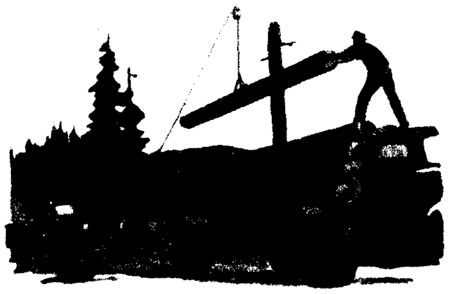


POWER for operating air compressors, generators, and other portable units, is supplied through pulley on propeller shaft.

POWER supplied through the power take-off operates this oil well exploration unit which includes drilling mechanism. The ability of the "Power-Wagon" to cover rugged terrain saves time and expense.



POWER supplied to a rear pulley drive operates grain grinders, silo fillers, portable sawmills, ensilage cutters, buzz saws, etc.



POWER supplied to a front-mounted winch makes the "Power-Wagon" a valuable unit for hoisting all kinds of heavy materials.

Features of the Dodge "Power-Wagon"

Six-cylinder 94 H.P. "Job-Rated" Engine.

Four-wheel Drive (with Full-Floating Front and Rear Axles).*

4-speed Transmission—2-speed Transfer Case (8 Forward Speeds—2 Reverse Speeds).

Heavy-duty, Double-acting Shock Absorbers.

High Traction Tread Tires: Std. 7.50/16—8-ply; extra 9.00/16—8-ply.

Amola Steel Springs: Front—39 in., 11 leaves; Rear—52¼ in., 13 leaves.

Air-O-Ride Seat Cushion (adjustable to passenger weight).

Seat Width—50⅝ inches.

V-Type Ventilating Windshield; Cowl Ventilator.

Available as Extra Equipment: 2-Way Power Take-off, Power Winch, Pulley Drive, Tail Shaft, Draw Bar, Front Tow Hooks and Pintle Hook.

*Front Wheel Drive can be disengaged for highway operation.

Designed basically as an "off-the-road" vehicle, the "Power-Wagon" is also a self-propelled power plant.

Four-wheel drive gives it great traction. It needs no roads. A two-way power take-off transmits power for a front-mounted winch or for rear-mounted tail shaft or pulley to operate scores of machines and implements.

Today, thousands of "Power-Wagons" are at work in industry and agriculture, including the following:

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Electrical Contractors
Excavation Contractors
Farms and Ranches
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Logging Operations
Lumber Companies
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Mines and Quarries
Municipal Public Works
Nurseries and Landscapers
Oil and Gas Companies
Paving Contractors
Portable Sawmills
Power and Light Companies
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Road Builders
Rural Fire Departments
Surveyors
Telephone Companies

If you have an "off-the-road" operation that requires unusual traction . . . or have need for quick, economical, portable power, get the facts about the "Power-Wagon." Mail the coupon below—today!

This Coupon Will Bring You Complete Descriptive "Power-Wagon" Literature

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Please send Literature
ILLUSTRATING AND DESCRIBING THE "POWER-WAGON"

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Type of Business____________________
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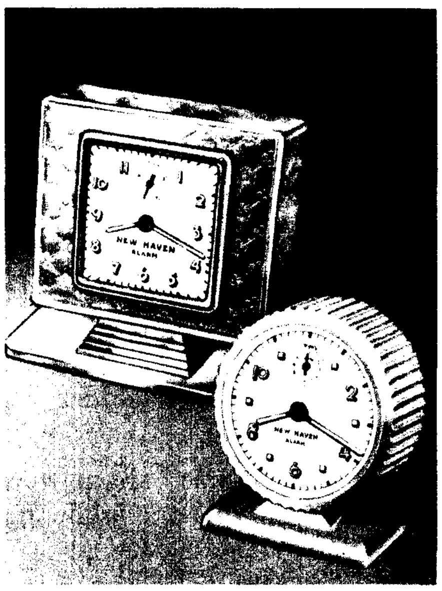
New Haven Wrist Watches are traditional good values, with exclusive Vital Nerve Center* and famous New Haven Guarantee! *Lowest-priced American-Made 7-Jewel Wrist Watch* (upper) chrome-plated tarnish-proof top, stainless-steel back – **$10.75** plus tax. *Rugged Wrist Watch* (lower) with chrome-plated top, stainless-steel back – **$7.50** plus tax.



New Haven's Smartly-Styled Alarm Clocks have 30-hour spring-wind movements, exclusive Vital Nerve Center*, luminous dials. "*Portia*" *Alarm Clock* (upper) – perfect for boudoir! Lucite case covers flowered gold-finished quilting; gold-finished base – **$7.50** plus tax. New Haven "Halo" Alarm Clock (lower) in beautiful ivory and gold finish – **$7.95** plus tax.

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is famous New Haven compensating hair spring which makes New Haven watches and clocks keep better time through wide variations in temperature which affect ordinary steel hair springs. No other watch or clock in low price field can offer this remarkable compensating hair spring: it is a patented exclusive New Haven feature. Result: New Haven clocks and watches are more accurate, day in, day out.

THE NEW HAVEN
CLOCK AND WATCH
COMPANY
THE RIGHT TIME · SINCE 1817
NEW HAVEN 4, CONN.

THE TEA PARTY

Continued from page 28

took Tom by the shoulders and said to him very seriously, "There's a tea party in Birmingham tomorrow, Tom."

Tom stared but said nothing. Perhaps Dick Dunnock was a kind, friendly man after all, for he spoke now in a quiet voice, which put Tom at his ease. He repeated softly:

"Yes, Tom. A tea party in Birmingham. Wouldn't you like to go?"

Tom gasped with excitement at the very thought; but remembering the parish tea and his bitter sorrow, he said reasonably, "You have to be asked 'fore you can go to tea parties."

"Not this sort," Dick Dunnock assured him. "Anybody who wants to can go to this sort of tea party. Would you really like to go, Tom?"

Tom's eyes grew wide, but the only answer he could make was, "Oo!"

Dick felt the money in his pocket (his father had given him a pound for his birthday) and remembered that he could buy a return ticket to Birmingham for five-and-three. Five-and-three was cheap enough for a little bit of sport; barmaids often cost a lot more.

"Very well, Tom, go you shall. Listen—all you have to do is go to the station in the morning and ask for a ticket to Birmingham. The ticket will be waiting for you, because I shall pay for it. Then you jump into the train, and when you get to Birmingham you go to the tea party. D'you understand that? Just repeat it to make sure."

Feeling as if he were in a dream, Tom repeated the instructions word for word. Then Dick Dunnock slapped him on the back and shouted, "Good luck go with you, Tom!" and the men all ran away laughing. Tom was left standing in the deserted street, with the dark silent tower on his one hand and on the other the hanging sign of the Gray Goose Inn, creaking in the slight wind.

He was so happy and excited that he did not even miss Tabby Bells, which were still tonight because the hour was late and the young curate abed.

EARLY the next morning Tom put on his best clothes and left his cottage without telling his mother where he was going. He had the absolute faith of the simple, such childlike, touching faith as the first Christians had, so that he was not in the least surprised when the clerk handed him his ticket and told him that Mr. Dunnock had paid for it.

He whiled away the time until the train came in by putting his last fourpence into an automatic machine, but the machine was empty, so he received nothing in return. At last the long monster snorted up to the platform and Tom got in; and it whirled him along, through a fairyland of green fields and woods and rivers, until it reached a place of sudden darkness, where tall chimneys loomed and factories belched forth smoke and fire like dragons. Then the train stopped; and Tom heard a porter shouting, "New Street, Birmingham," so he opened the carriage door and confidently got out.

It was a monstrous and terrifying station: and there were so many people on the platform that Tom thought it must be a tremendous tea party to which he was bound; for surely they were going there, too. He used what few wits he had and made for the place where a notice pointed the WAY OUT. Here he handed his ticket to a ferocious, mustached collector, and as he did so he asked timidly:

"Please, can you please tell me the way to the tea party?"

But what the ticket collector replied—if, indeed, he replied anything at all—was lost to Tom, for a crowd was pushing behind him, and at that moment a man swung a heavy suitcase against his back and shouted, "Move along!" so frighteningly that Tom nearly toppled over, and ran out into the street.

The street bewildered him. Taxis hooted and screeched, cars flashed past, and everywhere people hurried and pushed and told him to get out of the way. Birmingham seemed to be a most unlikely place for a tea party; the tea party might be anywhere or nowhere, in this immensity of houses and streets. But Tom was undaunted. Had not the clerk given him his ticket without demur, had not the train brought him safely to Birmingham, where he had only to ask for the tea party and be shown the way? So he went up to a taxi driver who lounged beside his cab, and took off his hat respectfully.

"Please, sir, can you please tell me the way to the tea party?"

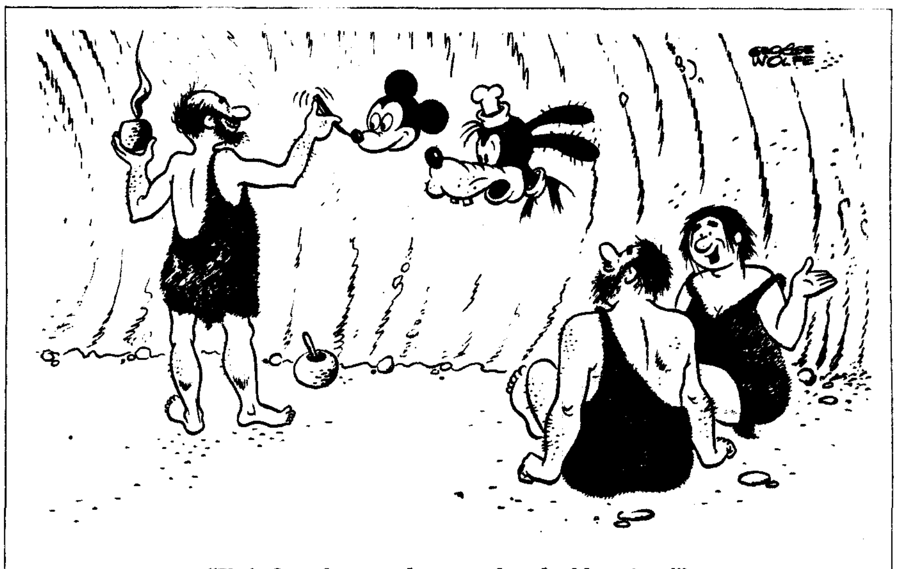
The taxi driver scratched his head.

"Eh?" he said.

"Please, sir, can you please tell me the way to the tea party?"

"Coo lumme," said the taxi driver. "You're a funny one, en't you?"

There seemed to be no answer to this, so Tom remained silent. The driver shouted to one of his mates, who slumbered on the running board of the next cab:



COLLIER'S "He's five thousand years ahead of his time!" GEORGE WOLFE

"Little bloke wants to know the wy to the tea party. Wotcher think 'e means?"

The man awakened, left his cab and came across to Tom.

"Wot's this 'ere tea party?" he asked tolerantly. "Sort of aeowting, is it? Come with an aeowting, 'ave you, an' gort lost?"

Tom shook his head.

"Please," he said, "I came by myself. To the tea party."

"Gorblimey," said the second taxi driver, confessing himself beaten. He whispered to his mate something about he'd heard there was an aeowting from an 'ome. Then he patted Tom kindly on the shoulder and told him to go and ask a policeman.

Tom went on up the street. He did not ask a policeman, because he had heard that policemen Took You Up, and it would be terrible to be Taken Up in a strange city such as this. Instead he mingled with the crowd and whenever he saw anybody who seemed less hurried than the rest he stopped him and begged: "Please, can you please tell me the way to the tea party?" He asked a news vendor, and a bus conductor, and a short fat man, and a tall thin man, and a woman with a baby, and a girl with a painted face. It was very frightening; for these people spoke in a strange tongue, so that often Tom could not understand their replies. It seemed that the place he had come to was correctly called, not Birmingham, but Bairmigum. And nobody knew anything about a tea party at all.

And yet, so bright, so splendid was the quality of Tom's faith that repeated failure neither daunted nor discouraged him. The flame burned steadily, no chilly wind could put it out. Somewhere in Birmingham there was a tea party! He had been told so, and it must be true. It was bewildering, unaccountable, that nobody had heard about it, that nobody knew where it was; but that did not alter the indisputable fact that somewhere, somewhere, there was a tea party . . . gleaming urns with shiny-faced helpers pouring out, homemade cakes, and exciting chatter, and a conjuror with a white rabbit in a hat. . . .

TOM'S beautiful faith kept him walking the streets all morning and all afternoon, till his feet ached, and new pulses throbbed in his head, and an emptiness came in the pit of his stomach. Thirty times, forty times, perhaps fifty times, he repeated his respectful formula:

"Please, can you please tell me the way to the tea party?"

Nobody knew; nobody could help him. Little boys laughed at him; men mistook his pleading for a beggar's whine, and pushed him out of the way; and once two girls came up to him unasked and called him dearie and suggested that he should go home with them.

"Is there, please, a tea party there?" said Tom.

"Not arf there isn't! Got any money, dearie?"

"No. But, please, I'm looking for a tea party."

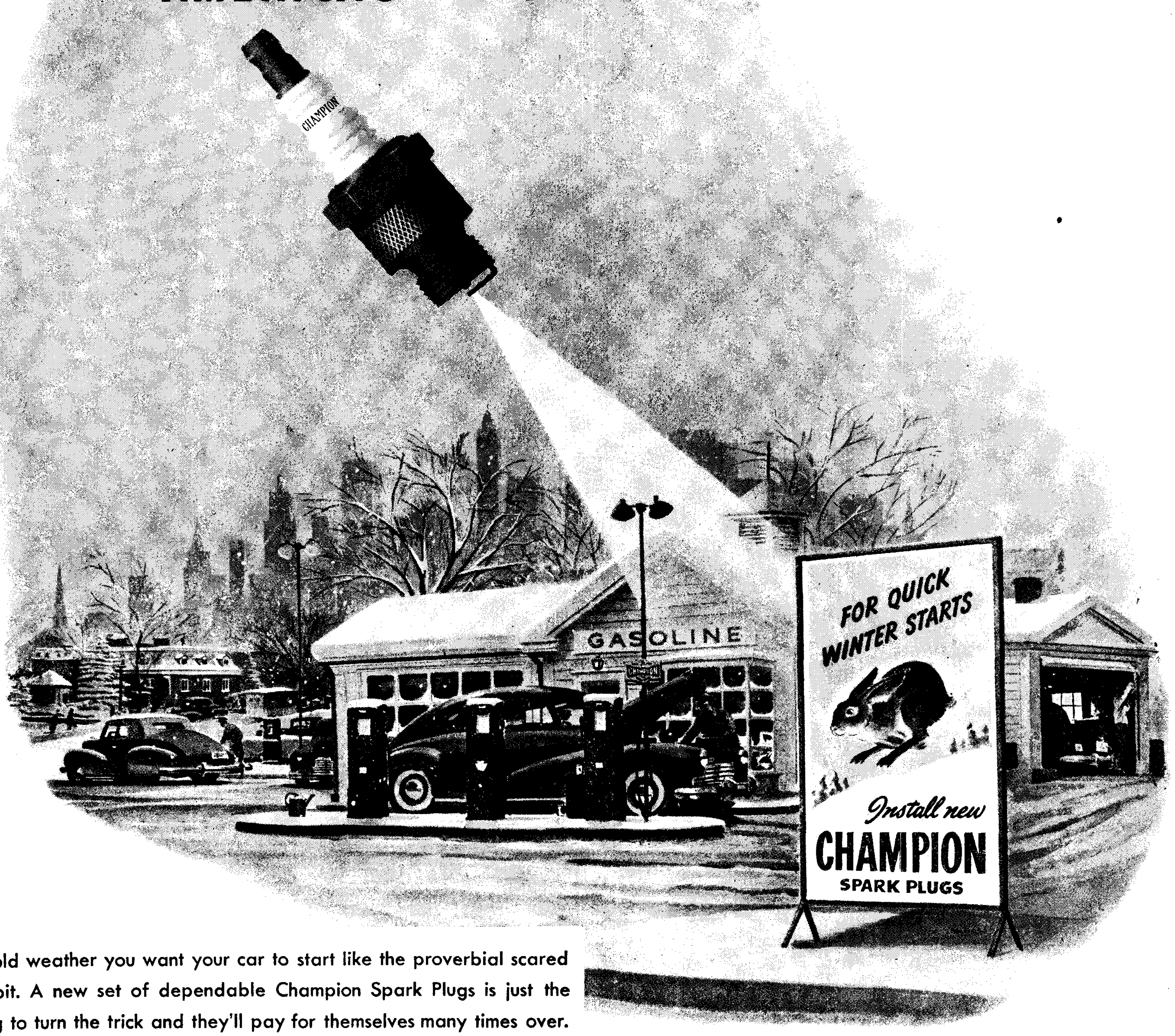
Then the girls put out their tongues at him, and laughed and went on.

Still the bright flame of poor Tom's faith burned defiantly. Surely, if Birmingham had possessed a mountain, he would have moved it! Surely never a saint had such a brave certainty of heaven as Tom had of his tea party! And even in the late afternoon, when he had come nearly to the end of his resources, it was not his spirit which failed him, but his legs. He had walked many miles on hard pavements, and he had eaten nothing since early morning. Now, he thought, if he failed to find the tea party at one more attempt, his knees would give way beneath him, down he would crash upon the path, and the careless, hurrying throng would surge over him, drowning him like the sea!

He noticed a tall man standing on the edge of the pavement, waiting to cross the

Dependable CHAMPION

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPARK PLUG



In cold weather you want your car to start like the proverbial scared rabbit. A new set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs is just the thing to turn the trick and they'll pay for themselves many times over. Quick starts, faster warm-up, and all 'round better engine performance result in substantial gas savings. In addition they'll reduce excessive drain on the battery, and minimize the danger of crankcase dilution due to excessive use of the choke. Now is the time to have your Champion dealer check your spark plugs. Be sure to get dependable Champions if you need new ones—they're America's Favorite.

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DEMAND NEW DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR

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Comfortable as a desert evening . . .
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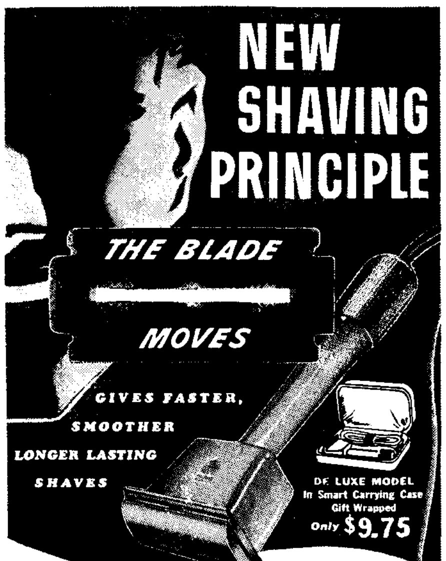

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The BLADE MOVES — 7200 firm, gentle shaving strokes per minute, for a shave that's *clean* and *close* and *cool.* Uses your favorite lather or cream, your favorite double edge blade, but shaves as *keen* as a barber's straight edge. That's RHYTHM ACTION — no pull, no scrape, no burn. Just lather up and plug it in. No winding, no springs — hermetically sealed motor. To clean, just rinse under faucet. When away from electricity, use as a regular safety razor! *Underwriter's Approved.* Satisfaction *guaranteed.* Sold in the smartest shops.

ORDER DIRECT if dealer cannot supply you: DeLuxe Model — heavy, ivory-finish plastic handle, matching cord, gleaming nickel plated head, in DeLuxe carrying case, colorfully gift wrapped, $9.75; Master Model, black composition handle, chrome plated head, leatherette case, $7.95. Send check, money order (we pay postage) or C.O.D. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*

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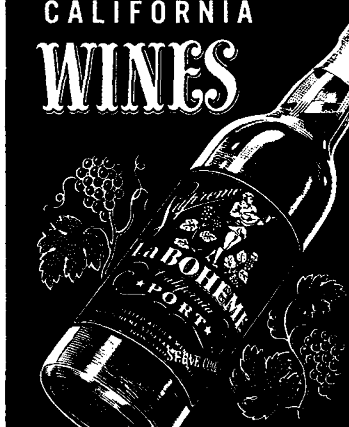


AMERICA'S GREATEST WINE VALUE

© 1947 La Boheme Vineyards Co., Fresno, Calif.

road; and since it was easier, somehow, to accost a person who was motionless than to stop one of the swift passersby, Tom decided that he would tackle this man as a last faint hope before he collapsed. Moreover, the man had a kind, handsome face, and he looked, Tom thought, very wise; true wisdom would surely include a knowledge of tea parties! Tom approached him timidly, took off his hat, and asked once more:

"Please, sir, can you please tell me the way to the tea party?"

The man had been staring across the street, looking for a chance to dodge the busses; hearing Tom's voice, he turned round in surprise and said very courteously:

"I beg your pardon."

TOM repeated his question. He saw now that the gentleman was well past middle age; he had pleasant gray eyes, and a chin that was bluish although it was close-shaven. He wore a black felt hat, and a cravat instead of a necktie. He was so distinguished-looking that a little hope stirred in Tom's heart. Such a man as this would be sure to know the way to the tea party.

"Tell me," said this great gentleman (and he had the nicest voice Tom had ever heard), "tell me, what particular tea party do you mean?"

"They told me there was a tea party in Birmingham," said Tom stoutly. "Please, I don't know any more."

"Who told you?"

"Dick Dunnock."

"I see," said the kind gentleman. "Well, I expect he was right. I expect there are a lot of tea parties in Birmingham."

"Are there really?" asked Tom, wide-eyed. What a city, with a lot of tea parties all in one day!

The gentleman was saying:

"How long have you been looking for this tea party?"

"Since this morning, please, sir."

"And haven't you had anything to eat?"

Tom shook his head. The gentleman smiled.

"Well, I think I can take you to a tea party. Just come with me, and we'll be there in five minutes!"

"Thank you, sir," said Tom. Such faith as his allows of no surprise. Hadn't he known all the time that there was a tea party, and that he'd find it in the end? . . .

When the distinguished-looking gentleman (who was an actor, and as distinguished as he looked) approached his big house, which stood in a quiet street, several young people peered out of the window and asked one another bewilderedly: "What in the world has Arthur got hold of now?" But they were not so surprised as they would have been had their host been other than Arthur Montrose, whose tea parties were famous and unexpected affairs, where you might meet a prime minister one day and a broken-down comedian the next, a dowager lady or a disreputable tramp. Arthur was like that, they said. But because he was Arthur, whose Hamlet, whose Lear, whose Jacques were remembered and talked of still, they forgave him everything, and loved him for his eccentricity.

He left Tom in the cloakroom, telling him that he would fetch him in a moment. Then, for all his seventy years, he ran upstairs three steps at a time, and was met at the top by his clamorous guests.

"Arthur, what the devil *have* you brought? And where did you find it?"

He silenced them with a gesture.

"Hush, my dears, hush! I know nothing about him except that he's been walking the streets all day looking for a tea party. He asked me where the tea party was; so I brought him here, and you've got to feed him and be nice to him, or you'll never be asked to the house again!"

Then he went downstairs and fetched Tom.

"Now, let's all go inside and eat," he said. He led the way into a big drawing room. "Angela, pour out, quick. Our latest guest's hungry and thirsty. And so am I."

Meanwhile, a lovely girl with golden hair was saying to Tom:

"Do tell me your name."

"Tom."

A young man standing beside the girl smiled at this and whispered to her:

"Bless thy five wits, Tom's a-cold—O do de do de do de— Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity whom the—"

"Shut up, Bill," said the girl. "Don't be an ass."

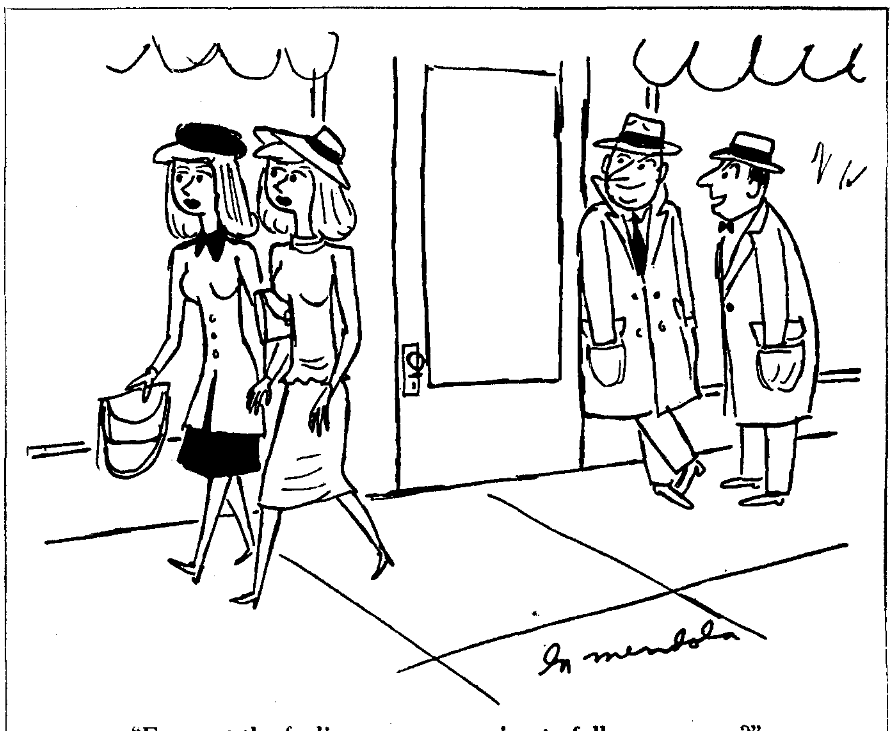
"Ow! You're kicking me."

"Yes. I'm tired of your voice." She turned to Tom.

"Tom, I expect you're hungry. I'm going to get you something to eat. Do you start with cakes or bread and butter? There's no need to be polite here, so you can start with cakes if you want to."

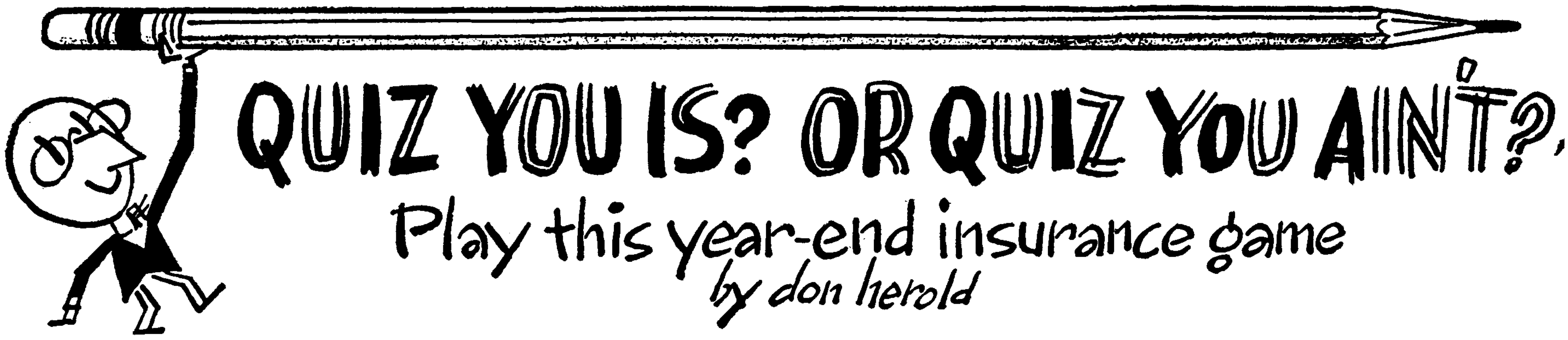
"At the parish tea they make you start with bread and butter," said Tom, "but it's fun to start with cakes."

"Yes, isn't it? Particularly sugary



"Ever get the feeling you were going to follow someone?"

COLLIER'S LA MENDOLA



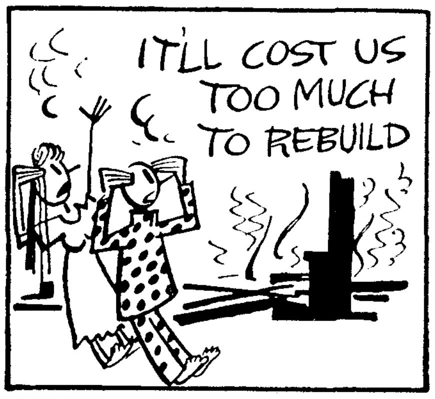
QUIZ YOU IS? OR QUIZ YOU AIN'T?

Play this year-end insurance game

by don herold

Are you, or aren't you up to the minute on modern insurance coverages? Are you protected all 'round, safely and sensibly with today's various new policies?

Have some fun and serve yourself by asking yourself, face-to-face, these questions on insurance and on your coverage. Look squarely at these queries in a spirit of play, and then face the music seriously. It's the time of year to take a grinventory of what you own, what you might lose—and of how well you are padded against mishaps.


IT'LL COST US TOO MUCH TO REBUILD

HOW MUCH WOULD IT COST YOU TO REBUILD YOUR HOUSE? $______

How much fire insurance do you carry? $................

The average home is only 40% insured against fire nowadays. Many folks have forgotten that their homes have increased greatly in value, and they have not increased their insurance accordingly.

WE FORGOT TO INSURE THE FURNITURE!

HOW MUCH WOULD NEW FURNITURE, ETC. COST? $______

How much fire insurance do you carry on it? $................

Suppose you had to re-buy all the beds, bedclothes, chairs, silverware, clothes, books, etc., in your home.

Chances are you carry only a fraction of enough insurance on your household possessions at today's valuation. They come into your life item by item—but may burn all at once, some sad day.

Make a year-end inventory now and see how short you fall on protection!

I HADN'T FIGURED ON A WINDSTORM

DO YOU KNOW WHAT AN "EXTENDED COVERAGE ENDORSEMENT" IS—and how little it costs?

☐ YES ☐ GOSH, NO!

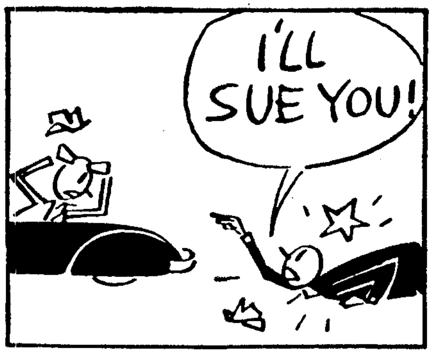
"Extended coverage endorsement" is an inexpensive rider you can tack onto your fire insurance policy to protect you against loss due to windstorm, explosion (with some exceptions,) aircraft and vehicle damage, smoke damage due to faulty operation of heating or cooking units if attached to chimneys, riot and hail.

OH MY! THERE GO MY WAR BONDS!
MILK

HOW MUCH "FAMILY LEGAL LIABILITY" PROTECTION WILL $10 BUY? $______

A good sample of today's insurance values is the protection $10 will buy your family against lawsuits. If your boy hurts a playmate—if your dog bites somebody—if a visitor, tradesman or employee gets hurt on your premises—if you hit somebody with a golf ball—what's the verdict? $................

One of these accidents might ruin you financially—yet $10 a year will give you (in most cases) up to $10,000 protection, and will allow up to $250 for medical payments (except to your family) even if there is no legal liability.



IF YOU HIT SOMEBODY WITH YOUR CAR—would the law...

☐ seize your home? ☐ seize your things? ☐ seize your income? What's your protection? $........

What's your protection if your car should be stolen? $................ Or burn? $..................

Protection is too inexpensive to neglect a minute or a mile.

OTHER BRASH QUESTIONS...

Have you ample insurance against burglary and other possible losses at home—on household goods, jewelry, furs, silverware, clothing, etc.?

☐ YES ☐ ER, AH, WELL—?

How about losses away from home—luggage, golf clubs, cameras, jewelry, furs and such?

☐ FULLY COVERED ☐ HADN'T THOUGHT OF IT

How much would you need per week if an accident kept you from working for 200 weeks? $..

How much of a lump sum if you were totally and permanently disabled? $............

I'm not trying to sadden your year-end—but to gladden 1948 or 1949 for you. If disaster should come next year or later, you'll thank me for needling you now to get yourself well protected.

Get an America Fore agent or broker to help you cover yourself like a tent . . . against trouble. Many coverages can now be included in one policy by an America Fore man. Today's America Fore insurance policies are so modern and are so adaptable to individual needs, that you can always profit by the advice of a local agent or broker.

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America Fore
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"But whose job is it to discipline the child?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"WHY IN THUNDERATION should anyone discipline a child who isn't old enough to hold his own bottle?" gasped Elmer, the bull.

"Dear," said Elsie, "it's just that I'm thinking ahead. The baby already looks and acts so much like *you,* I'm sure it won't be long until *somebody* will have to do something about keeping him in line."

"It's up to the *mother* to keep the kids in line," snapped Elmer.

"But, Elmer," persisted Elsie, "if I were to do all the disciplining of our son here, mightn't he grow up thinking his daddy was a bit—*soft?"*

"If he does, I'll knock his little horns back!" bellowed Elmer. "I'll show him who's boss."

"But you can't be boss once in a while and make it stick," said Elsie. "Discipline is a day-by-day, mother-and-father job. It really takes co-operation to develop anything worth while. Take *Borden's Hemo*—"

Borden's
Hemo
VITAMIN AND MINERAL FORTIFIED PREPARATION FOR MALTED DRINKS

"Go ahead and take it, Daddy!" urged Beulah. "It's really a *super* chocolaty drink. Simply heavenly smooth—hot or cold."

"Is it good discipline, Elsie," frowned Elmer, "to let your daughter interrupt you?"

"Now, sweet," smiled Elsie, "Beulah was only being *enthusiastic.* Everyone is — about Hemo. It now comes in *two* delicious forms, you know —powder and liquid. And just two glasses of luscious Hemo made with milk supply a full day's needs of Vitamins A, B$_1$, B$_2$ (G), D, Niacin, and those vital minerals—Iron, Calcium, Phosphorous. Hemo's—"

"Aw, forget Hemo," pleaded Elmer. "Forget the whole subject of discipline, too. Anyhow, let's put it off till after the holidays."

"There's one thing *no one* should put off, not even a day," chirped Elsie, "and that's trying new *Lady Borden Ice Cream.* You never tasted ice cream to *touch* it! Such smoothness! Such creaminess! Such richness! Such captivating flavors!"

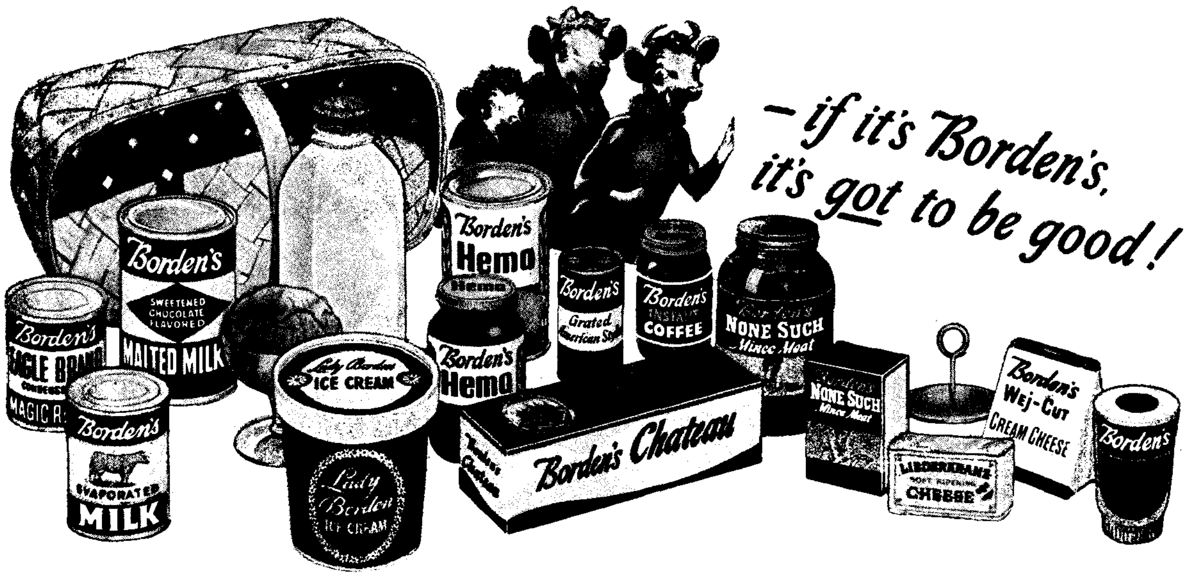
"Such a waste of words!" snorted Elmer. "Why don't you just tell folks it's *fit for a golden spoon* and let it go at that?"

"I'll do just that," agreed Elsie, "after I point out to *you* that Lady Borden Ice Cream is a fine example of what America's most accomplished ice cream makers can produce . . . sheer, heavenly, goodness! Now, if our son is to turn out *really* good—"

Lady Borden
ICE CREAM
Lady Borden
ICE CRE

"Good?" exploded Elmer. "With *our* discipline and *his* magnificent background, how can he miss?"

"You're so right, dear," laughed Elsie. "He'll follow in the Borden tradition—and, you know, *if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good."*



—if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!
Borden's EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MAGIC
Borden's SWEETENED CHOCOLATE FLAVORED MALTED MILK
Borden's EVAPORATED MILK
Borden's Hemo
Lady Borden ICE CREAM
Borden's Hemo
Borden's Grated American Style
Borden's INSTANT COFFEE
NONE SUCH Mince Meat
NONE SUCH Mince Meat
Borden's Chateau
LIEDERKRANZ SOFT RIPENING CHEESE
Borden's Wej-Cut CREAM CHEESE
Borden's

©The Borden Company

"And merely by turning the dial, I can make it sound louder than the biggest log in the jungle"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

ones. Here you are, Tom. The pink ones are best."

Tom munched happily and looked about him. He felt quite at home, because all these people were so kind and friendly, and they had such nice voices. Nevertheless, this tea party was nothing like the tea parties he had known before. No shining urns, only a silver teapot, with a tall, dark girl pouring out. They called her Angela, and she looked like an angel in a stained-glass window. No vicar—unless, indeed, the old gentleman with the bluish chin were some strange sort of vicar. And no plain cakes, but dozens of sugary ones, and you didn't have to start with bread and butter.

It was all very different from the parish teas, but Tom thought it was much more exciting. There were no women with shiny faces, no old people (except the blue-chinned gentleman), and all the men were good-looking, and all the girls were beautiful beyond dreams. It was like a fairy tale!

BILL, sitting next to Angela, watched Tom munching the cakes. He hummed softly:

"Rats and mice and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for many a year!"

"Who is he?" whispered Angela behind the teapot.

"Name of Tom. It's too good to be true!" Once more the irrepressible Bill broke into Edgar's whine:

"Pillicock sat on Pillicock's hill, Haloo, haloo, loo, loo."

"Bill," said Angela, "be quiet. You're behaving jolly badly. You've got no manners at all. For a punishment, and to teach you politeness to a fellow guest, you will go and sit by Tom and amuse him for ten minutes."

"Oh, dammit, Angela—I mean, honestly—it's such fun sitting by you," Bill said.

"D'you want to take me out on Saturday night?"

"Of course, I'm going to."

"Then do what I tell you, and be nice to Tom."

Bill sighed. "Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman!"

He left Angela's side and carried his chair across to Tom.

"Well, Tom, is this the sort of tea party you like?"

Tom swallowed the last piece of a pink cake.

"Please, it's very nice. But it's not like the other tea parties."

"Isn't it? Afraid I don't know much about tea parties. What are the others like?"

"Well, the vicar makes a speech."

"Oh, does he? But, you see, we haven't got a vicar."

"Then the vicar's daughter sings."

Bill smiled.

"We can do that, Tom. You see that lady sitting behind the teapot?"

"Yes. She's beautiful."

"She happens to be the most beautiful lady in the world. And she can sing much better than the vicar's daughter. She'll sing for us when she's finished her tea."

"Will she? Yes, I think she's more beautiful than anybody I've ever seen before."

"Of course, she is!" said Bill. "Haven't I told you?"

Tom looked eagerly at the cakes.

"Please, are the green ones nice?"

"I think I should stick to the pink ones, Tom. It's like mixing your drinks: Green after pink might make you sick."

"All right. Please, may I have the pink one?"

Tom demolished his seventh. Then he looked up suddenly and said:

"Generally there's a conjurer."

Bill shook his head.

"I'm awfully sorry. We haven't got a conjurer. But look here, I can stand on my head!"

"Honest?"

"Honest. For quite a long time."

"I'd like to see," said Tom.

And to this day it is stored safely away in a dozen memories—but most vividly, most unforgettably in Tom's—how a young dramatic critic stood on his head for four minutes in a Birmingham drawing room, and how the girl whom London's West End now knows and loves as "Angela" sang Ariel's song, Where the Bee Sucks, more beautifully than she had ever sung it before. . . .

WHEN the party was over and the guests were all gone, the old gentleman said:

"Now, Tom, you must tell me where you come from, and we must see about getting you home."

But this was a very difficult question, because Tom had never been away from his little town before, and now he could not for the life of him remember the name of it; nor did he think of looking at the return half of his railway ticket, which was safely tucked away in his breast pocket.

"Well, perhaps you can tell me how you got here?" said the old gentleman.

"Please, sir, I came by train."

The old gentleman sat down and lighted his pipe.

"Good," he said. "Now we're getting down to it. Did you come far by train?"

"A terrible long way, sir. I'd never been so far before."

"I see. Now think hard, Tom, and try to help me. Tell me something about the place you live in—something that will show me where it is."

Tom thought very hard. At last he said: "There's a swan there. I feed him."

"A swan? That's splendid. Then there must be a river?"

"Yes, sir. Please, there's two rivers. They meet."

"Good, good!" Arthur Montrose began to feel like Sherlock Holmes. He jumped up and fetched a map from the bookcase at the end of the room. He spread out the map and pored over it. Tom sat still, respectfully silent.

"Somewhere at the junction of two rivers—" murmured Mr. Montrose. "Longish train journey, but probably only two or three hours. Say forty or fifty miles. . . ."

While Mr. Montrose talked to himself, and did mysterious things with a ruler, there came to Tom through the open window a familiar and beloved sound: the chime of church bells. His eyes grew bright, and he sat very straight in his chair. He whispered delightedly:

"Tabby Bells!"

Mr. Montrose looked up. "What's that, Tom?"

"Tabby Bells."

Mr. Montrose wrinkled his forehead. "Tabby Bells? Tabby Bells—?" Then suddenly he clapped his hands and jumped to his feet. "Got it! Got it!" he exclaimed. "An abbey town where two rivers meet! What about that, my dear Watson, what about that for a bit of deduction!" Then he smiled at Tom.

"Come along, Tom, and we'll lend you a warm coat. I'm going to put you in my car and take you home!"

NEXT day Tom met Dick Dunnock in the street, and Dick Dunnock grinned at him and said, "Well, Tom, how did you enjoy the tea party?"

"Please," said Tom, "I enjoyed it so much."

Dick Dunnock's grin faded.

"Eh?"

"I enjoyed it very much."

"Tell me about it," said Dick, with a queer look on his face.

Tom stammered.

"It was so wonderful, it's difficult to tell. . . ."

How, indeed, could Tom explain about the old gentleman with the beautiful voice and the pink cakes, seven of them, and the green ones which he could have eaten but didn't, and the Loveliest Lady in the World who sang that song of which Tom remembered every word:

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie . . .

And the clever man who stood on his head, and the kind, golden-haired girl, and then the wonderful journey home, through the meadowsweet-scented evening, that was so swift and strange that it was like a journey on a Magic Carpet—how could Tom tell the story of all these things to Dick Dunnock? Instead he said politely, "Please, it was very kind of you to tell me about the tea party. Thank you very much."

Dick Dunnock shrugged his shoulders hopelessly and went on. He felt curiously ashamed. How fantastic were the dreams of the simple; and how strong was the faith that could create a tea party in Tom's mind, simply because he was told to go to one!

As for Tom, he went his separate way, listening happily to Tabby Bells, and hugging to himself his memories which were brighter far than dreams.

THE END

THIS WINTER BE WARMER
IN THE *Lightest Weight*
ULSTER YOU EVER WORE

The LABRADOR—water-repellent twill, Laskinlamb Collar, about $50

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Spun Sun*
MADE OF GLASS FIBERS
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With all types of outdoor clothing to choose from, Comdr. Finn Ronne chose Albert Richard coats and jackets lined with Spun Sun* for himself and his men! He reports from his Antarctic base, "On this expedition these garments have solved our cold weather problems beyond all expectations."

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ALBERT RICHARD, MILWAUKEE 4, WISCONSIN
Division of Fried, Ostermann Co.

A TASTE OF OLD GABRIEL

Continued from page 25

We crawled in the blind before daylight. I recollect Benny wiggled around like a dog finding a good place to lie, and the dry twigs broke under him, and when day began to break, he poked his gun out, removing the stick, and told me if I moved he'd knock me out.

Old Gabriel didn't gobble that morning. Benny posted me to watch east, and he'd watch west along the mountaintop. Suddenly I saw Old Gabriel light on the mountaintop. He flew from one of the tall pines down the mountainside a ways, and flew on a level and landed on top. He circled round and round a while. Benny turned and watched him, too, and then the old gobbler began to walk toward us. He was four hundred yards east of us. He came slow. He walked with a stately stride. Now and then he'd jump up on a log or rock and thrust his blue-white head into the air and turn it every direction and look and listen, and then he'd jump off and come on, and really, I thought my mother was wrong. Something told me Benny was going to get Old Gabriel this time. The ground was froze hard, and there was no mast, and only the white skeletons of the chestnut trees remained of the days when my mother said she'd seen Old Gabriel with his flock of fifty wild turkeys in that same cove.

The old gobbler came to a little rise. He was just about the same distance he was the day Benny shot at him, and Benny whispered again that if he came halfway from there, we'd have him for Thanksgiving.

But Old Gabriel didn't. The Lord only knows why, but he began to circle and thrust his head high, and get restless and uneasy, and Benny whispered: "Good Lord! He's fixing to fly—"

Benny barely had to move the breech of the rifle to have it to his cheek, and he took another long chance.

At the crack of the gun, I saw Old Gabriel bounce ten feet in the air. It was too far to tell if feathers came. The old gobbler came back down, but he was on his feet. He seemed bewildered. With a wide sweep of his arms, Benny Ames scattered the blind, and broke to run, but we'd no more than got started before Old Gabriel was in the air. He ran to the crest again, and rose and then floated. We watched him circle over the valley. He sailed clear down over our house, and then circled and came back to the top of Buckhorn a mile down the ridge.

I RAN after Benny. We saw feathers this time. Benny was nervous for the first time. He was down, raking and scattering leaves, and looking at feathers, and then he had in his hand a little clump of feathers, and a wad of white meat, nearly as big as a hen egg.

"I got part of him," Benny said, and we looked at the meat. Benny figured the bullet touched just under the fleshy part of the breastbone, and it seemed like the lump of meat had just peeled or rolled off; it hadn't hardly bled.

Benny held it in his hand and turned it and looked at it, and smelled it.

Then he laid it on a clean, rain-washed rock, and he began to gather twigs for a fire. He struck a match.

He stuck his knife blade in the little bite of meat and held it over the blaze and broiled it.

"Want to taste of Old Gabriel?" he said, and I did. Benny let me taste it first, and then he put the rest in his mouth. I watched how he rolled it on his tongue, tasting it, and then reluctantly swallowed it.

He gathered up every feather he could find and stuck them in his blue shirt pocket to show to Mother. I saw a little misery come up in her face when Benny explained that he had swallowed a bite of the flesh of Old Gabriel, and after Benny left, Mother talked about what a pity. She figured Old Gabriel would die, and nobody would have a Thanksgiving dinner out of him, and besides, she said it would be lonelier around our place with not a single turkey left to wake us of mornings roaring forth from the top of Buckhorn Mountain. She even said America would be short of something with the last wild turkey gone. She talked of it as a bigger loss than the death of the chestnut trees.

She took the feathers Benny brought and rubbed her cheek with them, and then put them away in an old cup on top of the pantry.

Benny Ames also came to worry about it. Old Gabriel hadn't gobbled from the mountain since that morning Benny shot him, and besides, Benny said, no man would ever get another shot at Old Gabriel, even if he was living.

THANKSGIVING came and passed and nobody heard from the old gobbler until one day when Mother came in from the mountain field.

Winter had set in a month before with a deep snow on the ground, and always when deep snows came, my mother had a habit of wandering in the high fields wherever she had calves or sheep, and she'd always carry her apron full of corn and wheat and the like to feed the stock or even the birds.

She didn't act a bit excited. She stamped around on the porch a while, and then got the broom and started sweeping the snow from her shoes.

"Go down to the creek and holler for Benny Ames," she said.

"What do you want with him?" I said.

"Old Gabriel's in the barn on the mountain," she said. "I figure that'll excite Benny."

I jumped up and down. "Mother! What? Him in the barn?"

"Uh-huh," she said. "He ain't dead—'bout to tear the barn down, though. I saw where Benny shot him—naked place on his breast."

I ran for Benny. He jumped the yard fence. He didn't take time to get his red sweater on.

Benny stood with his mouth half open when Mother told him, and after she finished, Benny said:

"Mis' Baxter, they ain't only one thing I ask. Let me go in and catch him. Let me get him alive in my hands—"

Mother smiled. "I knew you'd want to do that, Benny," she said. "Naturally, a hunter like you wouldn't want to shoot a wild turkey pinned up in a barn, but you can go in on him—"

Mother wouldn't even let us take the gun. She came with us to the barn on the mountain. We could hear the imprisoned old patriarch of the free mountains lunging against the sides of the barn. Benny peeped in and watched him a long time. Benny figured it all out after he got to the barn. Benny explained the gobbler had flown in at the window on the upper side where we threw in the hay and oats, and then had jumped down through the opening in the barn floor, and couldn't fly back up through the opening on account of his wing spread.

Benny made us latch the door behind him, and explained we could see him clinch the old gobbler better from the upper window.

Me and Mother went around and climbed the ladder where we could see down through the opening. It reminded me of ring history, and of bullfights. It was plain that two old masters had come together, but I could see Mother didn't like it. In her heart, she wanted to open

SHE'S SINGING MADAME BUTTERFLY TONIGHT!

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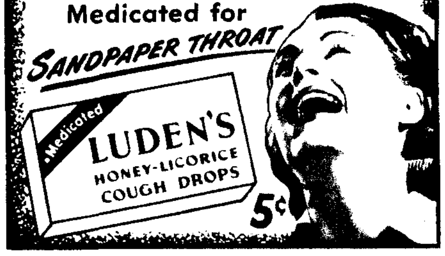


the door and give the old gobbler the kind of a fighting chance that the Lord intended him to have.

Benny and Old Gabriel sparred for five minutes. The old gobbler circled close against the barn wall, keeping his head close to the little light cracks between the logs, and Benny stalked him. Benny was half crouched, his fingers half clinched and ready for the grab. Once Benny spread both arms, and backed the great gobbler into a corner. But the old turkey danced and tramped, and there was fire in his keen red eyes, and he broke out of the corner. He jumped, and it seemed like the butt of his wing caught Benny on the right cheekbone when Benny grabbed, and a stream of red warm blood started down Benny's face.

The old gobbler circled, but Benny stopped. He rubbed his cheek, and then looked at his hand.

"Damn!" he said. "Who'd ever think a wild turkey would fight you?"

"You drawed his blood," I hollered at Benny in a kidding way.

Mother didn't like any of it.

"It ain't a fair fight," she said. "The Lord didn't make wild turkeys to be pinned in a barn to fight a man."

When Benny glanced up, I thought he had a curious look in his eyes. He seemed to be a little puzzled and not exactly proud of his doings.

But he crouched again. The old gobbler waited in his corner where the most light was. Benny half slid on the straw. He nailed Old Gabriel by one leg that time, and from the best I could tell, what with the flying of wings, arms, hands and feathers, Benny was holding one leg; but the old bird was punching his face off with the other leg, and Benny turned over and over, and Mother hollered:

"That turkey's flogging him to death!" She started to climb down. I don't know if she intended to open the door, or to get in and help Benny, but I held her, and in another instant, the old gobbler had beat Benny in the face until he had to turn loose the leg. Then the gobbler carried the fight to Benny. Benny put both hands over his eyes, and started circling the wall of the barn, and the old gobbler flying and jumping at him, and each time it seemed like it would catch him on the head with the butt of a wing or a foot.

But once more, when the old gobbler jumped for the opening in the floor Benny grabbed at it. The gobbler almost made it, and if he had, he would have knocked me and Mother out of the window, but he only got one foot up, and Benny grabbed the other leg, and then he kicked Benny in the face with the other foot, and they both went back down in the straw on the floor, the turkey kicking, pecking and punching Benny all over the head with his feet, wings and beak. Benny held both hands over his eyes, and he hollered.

"My eyeball's busted," Benny hollered, crawling toward the door. Mother almost fell off the ladder getting down. She seemed to lose all interest in whether we ever got the turkey. She unlatched the door while Benny was pounding at it, and I tried to shut the door as Benny staggered out in time to keep the gobbler in the barn, but I was too late. The old gobbler nearly knocked Benny down again as he dashed out.

Benny was reeling. He was groggy, and Mother grabbed up her apron and started wiping Benny's bloody face, but I watched Old Gabriel.

He made a few leaps to where a bank made off steep in the deep snow, and there he got the winter wind under his wings, and as he came up, he gave a defiant squall, and he was sailing again. He circled over the valley and then turned toward the tall pines on Buckhorn Mountain.

WE HAD to get Benny to the doctor. Mother thought his eyeballs were cut.

"Good Lord!" the doctor hollered when he saw Benny's bleeding face, "What kind of a fight you been into?"

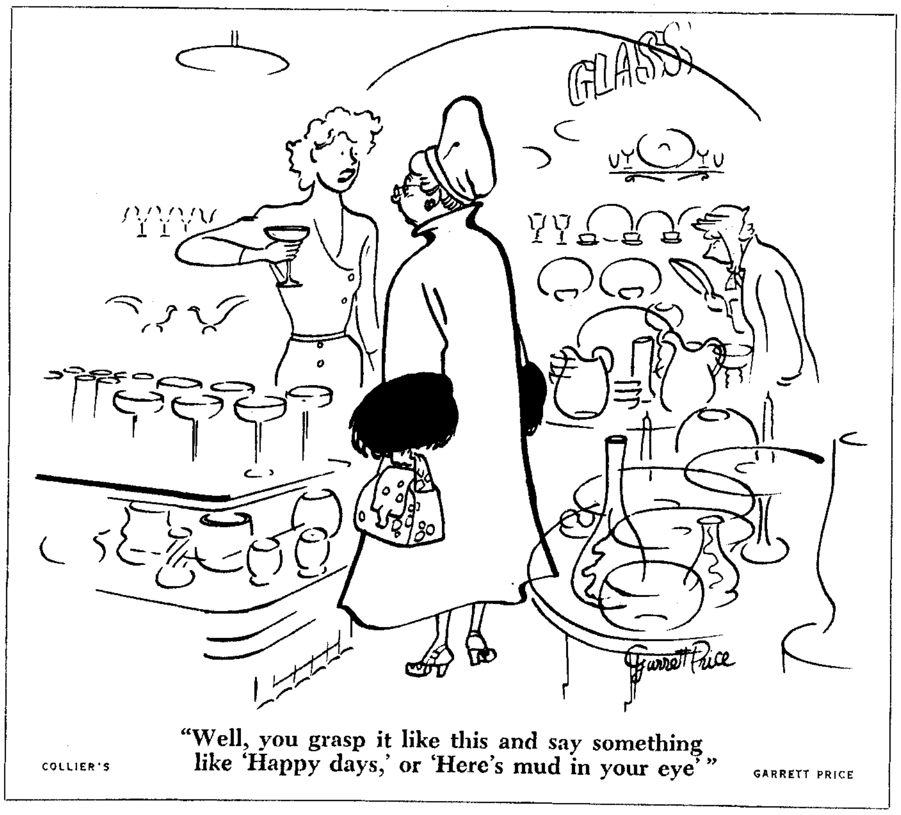
The doctor couldn't believe that a wild turkey could cut and bruise up a man's face and eyes like that. He was uneasy about Benny's eyes, and Benny had to wear patches over both eyes for a long time. And even though Benny didn't lose either eye, the hawklike keenness was gone.

That spring when the buds started swelling, Old Gabriel blew his trumpet again from the crest of Buckhorn Mountain. He strutted and roared forth his challenge, and it echoed in the valley. But Benny Ames didn't jump the fences any more. He'd only sit and listen.

"I don't reckon I can ever see to shoot much no more," he'd say, and it was plain that his spirit was low.

In the cunning of woods ways, Old Gabriel had whipped Benny Ames. In fist-and-skull combat, the old gobbler had won, and Benny knew it. He knew he'd been whipped in a fair fight, toe to toe.

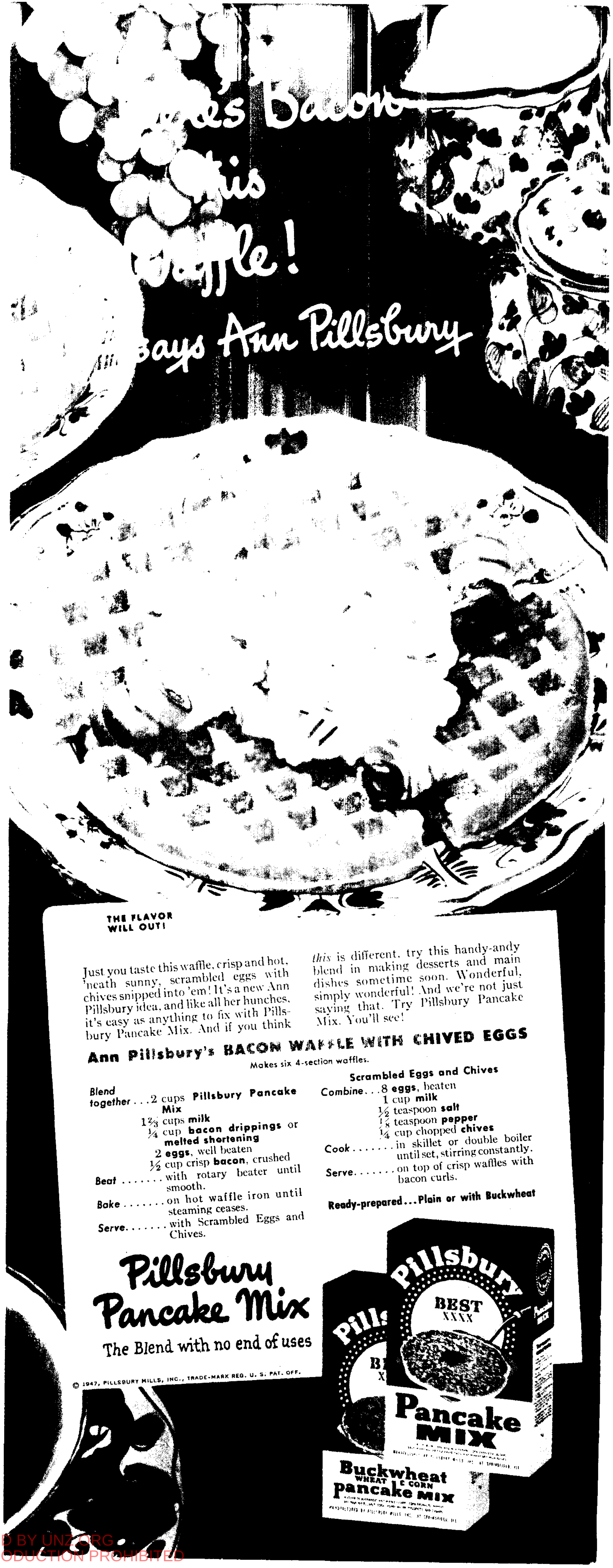
THE END



COLLIER'S

"Well, you grasp it like this and say something like 'Happy days,' or 'Here's mud in your eye'"

GARRETT PRICE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Just you taste this waffle, crisp and hot, 'neath sunny, scrambled eggs with chives snipped into 'em! It's a new Ann Pillsbury idea, and like all her hunches, it's easy as anything to fix with Pillsbury Pancake Mix. And if you think *this* is different, try this handy-andy blend in making desserts and main dishes sometime soon. Wonderful, simply wonderful! And we're not just saying that. Try Pillsbury Pancake Mix. You'll see!

Ann Pillsbury's BACON WAFFLE WITH CHIVED EGGS

Makes six 4-section waffles.

Blend together...2 cups **Pillsbury Pancake Mix**
1⅔ cups **milk**
¼ cup **bacon drippings** or **melted shortening**
2 **eggs**, well beaten
½ cup crisp **bacon**, crushed
Beat.......with rotary beater until smooth.
Bake.......on hot waffle iron until steaming ceases.
Serve.......with Scrambled Eggs and Chives.

Scrambled Eggs and Chives

Combine...8 **eggs**, beaten
1 cup **milk**
½ teaspoon **salt**
⅛ teaspoon **pepper**
¼ cup chopped **chives**
Cook.......in skillet or double boiler until set, stirring constantly.
Serve.......on top of crisp waffles with bacon curls.

Ready-prepared...Plain or with Buckwheat

Pillsbury Pancake Mix

The Blend with no end of uses

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HOW FIFTEEN YEARS

The First Completely

PRESTON TUCKER

President, Tucker Corporation. One of the nation's top designers and builders of special cars and inventor of many of the improvements in automotive design owned by Tucker Corporation—patents on which have either been issued or are pending.

The Success Story of the Year

YES, millions are already thrilling to the news of a *completely new* car. Not the conventional design with a few annual model changes such as you are being asked to accept as new this year, as in past years. Not just new-*looking*, but new in driving performance, too, with dozens of exciting engineering features never before seen in a volume production car.

TESTED ON THE SPEEDWAY

How Preston Tucker developed these new features in fifteen years of rigid tests is a story of rare vision and courage. During these years he was a partner of the late Harry Miller in building the famous Miller Special cars which won 11 out of 15 annual Speedway Classics at Indianapolis.

In these years Preston Tucker created designs so advanced that even now no conventional automotive plant could produce them in volume without scrapping tools worth millions.

Later, when war came, Preston Tucker went to Washington and developed engineering features for motorized vehicles and aircraft. These and all other war materials were needed in such quantities that the Government spared no expense to create new plants and new mass production techniques.

This is why Preston Tucker today can start from scratch in the largest and most modern plant in the world . . . why he can build a car at a medium price with engineering features which up to now have only been built expensively by hand.

ALL ATTENDANCE RECORDS BROKEN

More than a million and a half motorists have already thrilled to the sight of this exciting new car. In special showings in New York, Chicago, Toronto, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and Washington it has broken all attendance records.

When you see it, you will realize how fortunate you are if you're in the market for a new car. For before many months you can own the first completely new car in half a century . . . a car in the medium- not the high-priced field, yet years ahead in performance, comfort, and in safety, too.

The Facts About Tucker Financing and the Tucker Plant

THE WORLDWIDE response to the recent Tucker stock offering is proof of the confidence the public has in the Tucker Corporation policies. The completion of this financing program now gives the Tucker Corporation ample working capital from the sale of stock, and from dealer franchise sales.

As a result, the War Assets Administration has now given Tucker Corporation a long-term lease on the great former B-29 engine plant in Chicago with option to buy.

This plant—now the *Tucker Plant*—is the largest, most modern automotive plant in the world. It is ideally suited for making a completely new car. It was laid out by automotive men for the most economical volume production, built by the Government and equipped with the newest, finest, automatic machines for volume production.

Only a manufacturer starting fresh in a plant like this could build the Tucker '48. Only an executive with Preston Tucker's background and determination to build such a car could lead so many top automotive men to pool patents, talents and resources in a common cause.

Already production lines to turn out a thousand cars a day are being set up in this plant.

Fred Rockelman, Executive Vice President, Director of Sales. Formerly President Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corp. and General Sales Manager Ford Motor Co.

These men are the builders of the Tucker '48

Preston Tucker heads a group of executives who are honored names in the automotive industry. Each has left his imprint on the methods of manufacture and distribution of motor cars in use today.

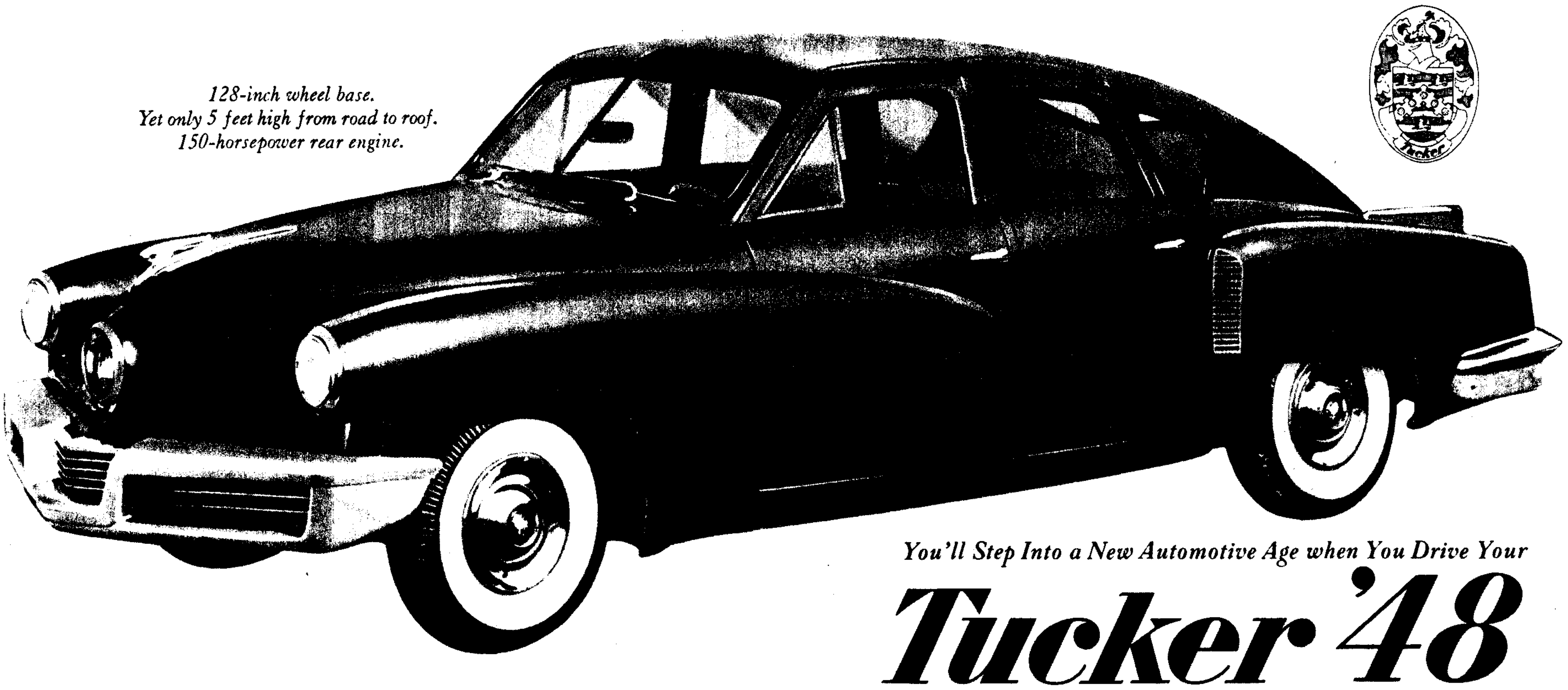
Now these men are making automotive history all over again, building a car that will be the inspiration of engineers for years to come.

Lee S. Treese, Vice President, Charge of Manufacturing. Formerly Production Executive of Ford Motor Co.

K. E. Lyman, Tech. Asst. to the President. Engineering consultant with long Borg Warner and Bendix experience.

OF TESTING PRODUCED

New Car in Fifty Years



128-inch wheel base.
Yet only 5 feet high from road to roof.
150-horsepower rear engine.

You'll Step Into a New Automotive Age when You Drive Your

Tucker '48

The Amazing SAFETY FEATURES of This Car Will Set a FUTURE PATTERN for the Industry

Entirely New Safety Features. Conventional instrument panel replaced by attractive sponge rubber crash-board cowl, under which is spacious safety chamber protected by steel bulkheads. Front seat occupants can drop into this space in a split second in case of unavoidable collision... The center "Cyclops Eye," located between special focussed-beam headlights, turns with the wheels to light way around curves and corners ... Rear-engine design has lower center of gravity than any other mass production car, making it virtually impossible to overturn.

Rear Engine. 150-horsepower, flat opposed 6-cylinder engine located below level of passengers. More power for weight of car than any automotive engine ever built. Prevents fumes, heat and noise from flowing back through the passenger compartment.

Electronic High Frequency Ignition delivers a hotter, more lasting spark. Gas in the cylinder is completely consumed, thus doing away with engine knocks. Assures all-weather push-button speed in starting.

Precision Balance. The unique Tucker design distributes weight to give maximum safety, maximum power transmission, hairline steering and driving control, and — for the first time — complete four-wheel traction in braking. Only a rear engine can achieve precision balance — for years the goal of automotive engineers.

Single Disc Brakes. There are no conventional brake bands to wear, no periodic adjustments. These new-type, air-cooled hydraulic brakes are 63% more effective, have 2½ times more braking surface than conventional brakes. Insure straight-line stopping (even on ice) without jostling passengers. The same type brakes that stop fast-landing military planes without skid or turn.

Individual Wheel Suspension. The new Tucker individual wheel suspension cushions each wheel by its own rubber torsional action arm, actually erasing shock instead of simply softening it. This unique suspension system also eliminates gyroscopic forces, thus preventing the Tucker '48 from veering with the wind and weaving or pitching at touring speeds.

M. W. Dulian, Sales Manager. Formerly Sales Executive Buick Div. of General Motors, with long experience at Dodge and Studebaker.

Herbert Morley, Vice President and Director of Procurement. Formerly Plant Manager Detroit manufacturing units of Norge Division, Borg Warner Corporation.

Ben Parsons, Vice President, Chief Engineer. Former consultant and internationally known authority on simplification and fuel injection.

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Yet with Engineering Principles Completely Proved

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Send export inquiries to Tucker Export Corp., 39 Pearl St., New York 4, N. Y.

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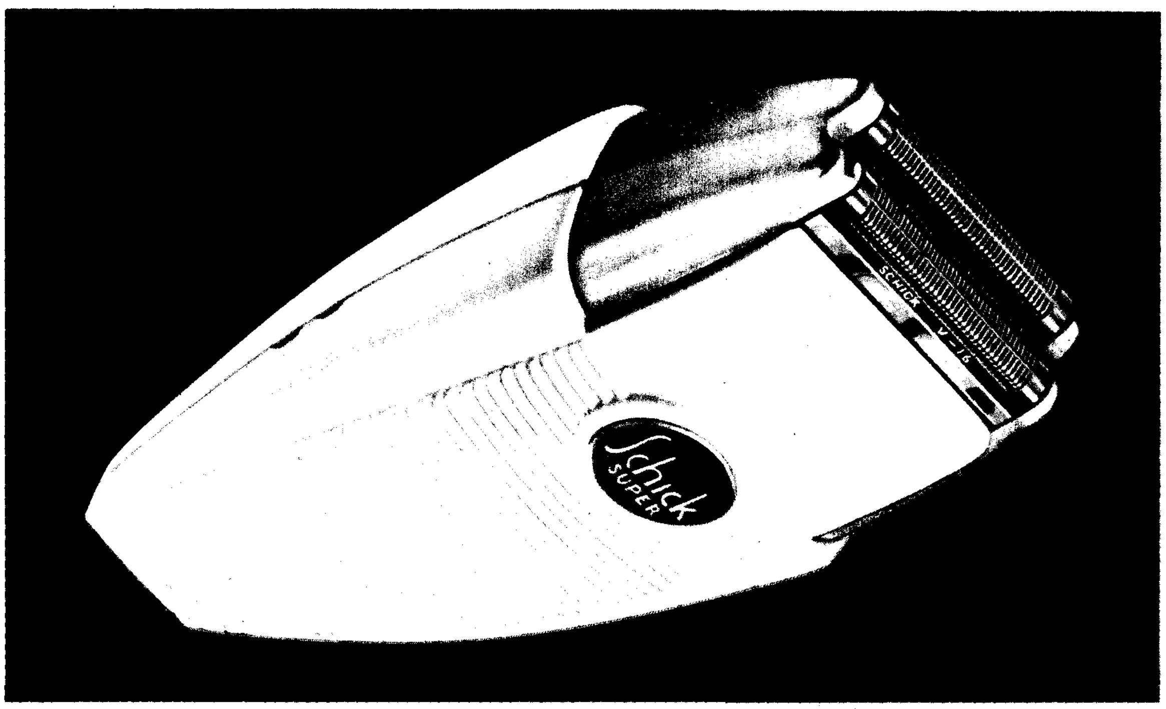
That's why we say—forget claims—see what a Schick Super will do on your own face! If you don't find it the finest shaving instrument ever—after ten days' trial—you can have every penny of your money back!



IO-DAY TRIAL BUY—Here's the Schick Super we're talking about. Tidy, neat, compact, with two close-cropping, non-nicking, fast-working heads that give you double shaving action on every stroke. Complete in handsome traveling case, ready to plug into any socket, AC or DC, at $18.00 Buy one—try it for 10 days—and if it's not the finest way to shave you ever found, *return it and get your money back in full.* Or—trial-buy the famous Schick Colonel for only $15.00.

We'll put it to you straight, shavers:

For seventeen years we've been working to make shaving simpler—easier—better.

To our way of thinking—and by every test we can make—this new Schick Super is tops when it comes to doing that.

But all the talk in the world won't prove that about our shaver—or any other shaving instrument. You've got to *try* them on your own face to find out!

So we say this:

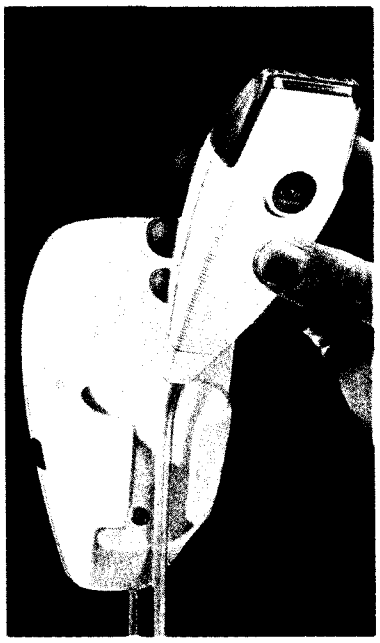
Go get a Schick Shaver. Make it prove itself *in action.* See how it fits your face—how its double-action shaving stroke whisks the whiskers off close and clean. How it saves time, trouble, fuss, muss—*and* your skin.

Do that for ten days—and then:

If you're not absolutely satisfied Schick Super is tops—take it back and have every penny of your money refunded.

Fair enough? Then how about going down and getting a Schick Super right now?

SCHICK INCORPORATED, STAMFORD, CONN.



FOR COMPLETE CONVENIENCE—THE SCHICK SHAVEREST

Handy automatic wall-holder, handsome in any bathroom. Fits any Schick ever built (Colonel shown here). Holds it safe, finger-tip handy next to mirror. Stops current automatically. Zips up the cord. $7.95

Shaverest—
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SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER

and SHAVEREST

THE BIG EYE

Continued from page 23

First thing Corning ran up against was a United States Bureau of Standards formula for cooling glass. If glass in any size cools too fast it cracks. According to the government formulas, the big mirror would have to cool for nine *years!*

Dr. George V. McCauley, who supervised the pouring of the glass, refigured the formula and decided that the 200-inch cast could be cooled in a year. He set to work to make smaller disks, to find out what he could before pouring the big one. Then started a series of disappointments.

The first 26-inch disk boiled away the brick mold in which it was poured. There started a hunt for new brick, lasting weeks. Finally it was found, and the disk poured. Then McCauley tried a 30-incher.

The first pour was a failure. The second pour worked, but the disk cracked in cooling. The third pour shrank too much, but the disk was salvaged.

Size of the Disks Increases

Then a 60-inch disk was started. The first pour failed, the second succeeded. McCauley went on to cast a 120-incher, at that time the biggest on earth. By now the glassmakers had learned a lot: the first pour was a success. Plans were made to pour the 200-inch. The mold was ready in February, 1934, and the first cast was poured March 25th. It was a partial failure, and the works got ready to try again. It was not until December 2d, the same year, that another pour was made. This one was okay and was stored away to cool in a cell surrounded by electric heaters that reduced the temperature less than one degree a day.

In about ten months, the great ribbed slab had cooled down enough to be shipped, but it was not until late in March that, mounted on a special well car, it started West.

That it started at all was another miracle. As it lay ready for loading outside the plant, the Chemung River started to rise, slowly, inexorably, creeping toward the boxed disk—thirty-seven tons of blood, sweat, brains and tears—years of work. Men fought for a week to stem the flood—and failed. Then, in the nick of time, the casting was moved, inch by inch, to higher ground. A few hours later the river flowed muddily over the spot it had occupied.

After a long, slow journey over the New York Central and the Santa Fe the casting arrived in Pasadena in April, 1936, was unpacked on Easter Sunday and started on its long grind April 22d. It weighed about twenty tons. About five and a quarter tons had to be ground away carefully until what remained formed a perfect parabola nearly seventeen feet in diameter.

To do this took years, and more than thirty-one tons of abrasives, including four and a half tons of rouge for the final precision work.

The grinding was done under the direction of Marcus H. Brown. At the end he was the only survivor of the crew that started the long job back in 1936. Brown had become interested in telescopes years before, driving trucks with telescope parts up near-by Mount Wilson, and he was largely self-taught. Other workers had drifted into the nerve-racking business from everything from truck driving to poultry raising. Finally twenty-one of them were at work, clad in spotless white in a dustless laboratory.

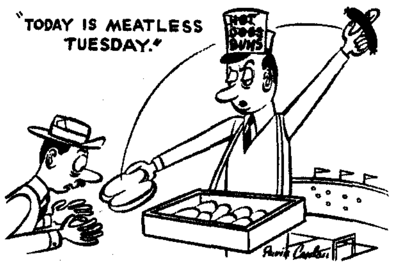
They, too, breathed a sigh of relief when Dr. Anderson and his fellow experts said, "Good enough!"

Finished, the mirror is about two feet thick at the edge, only about three and three-quarter inches thinner at the bottom of the curve in its center. It is the greatest mirror ever made.

One of the last bitter problems came when it was discovered that the mirror is much more elastic than was figured. The glass sagged here and there under its own weight, distorting the image. A complicated system of braces had to be invented, adjusted and tested before the sagging was compensated for. As the mirror is moved around in the observatory, subjected to varying strains, the pull of gravity will be compensated by automatically functioning machinery that will hold the parabola to its exact curve.

The final coating and polishing are to be done this winter atop Palomar. But even then, there may be new delays if it is found that any of the complicated apparatus needs improvement. The best the astronomers expect is that the first photos *may* be made early in the summer of 1948.

The telescope was built where it is because Palomar Mountain is one of the few solid places in southern California. It is a block of virgin granite about ten miles by thirty in area and its base is anchored twenty miles down. The top of Palomar used to be level with the coast plane; it now is five thousand feet above it, the lifting being accomplished by terrific pressures from beneath the east and west sides. The mountain lies between two earthquake faults, both of which are active, and like everything else in the territory, is shaken by temblors. But the granite minimizes shocks, and nothing serious is expected to occur.



SAVE FOOD !

In a country where bad quakes are as certain as death and taxes, Palomar is an island of comparative safety for $6,000,000 worth of space-probing apparatus.

Although the great glass will be primarily a fact finder, it is expected to ask more questions than it answers. This has been a habit of telescopes ever since Galileo peered through his little one; it has held true up to and including the 100-inch mirror on Mount Wilson.

What the Mirror Can Reveal

If telescopes pose more problems than they solve, it might be asked how they ever can solve the one great problem of the construction and operation of the universe. The answer is that somewhere along the line a mirror—maybe the new one, maybe not—will gather enough data to answer all or most of the questions telescopes have been asking for centuries.

The astronomer is like the prospector: He never knows whether he's a million miles from a fact or a mile from a million facts. In the sky, just a billion light-years more may solve everything; just as in prospecting, an inch or two more into the hole may strike the vein.

The Big Eye will not be overworked. Predictions are it will be used around fifty nights a year—four hundred hours of "seeing" may be the limit. The rest of the year the atmosphere will be too cloudy, too misty—or too bright. These "crisp, sparkling nights" when the stars twinkle brilliantly are of no use to astronomers. By the time that fascinating twinkle is magnified by the big mirror there's no chance to study the star.

The farther a telescope looks out into space, the larger area it covers, as anyone knows who has looked through a pair of binoculars. But the Palomar instrument will see, at one time, less than one twenty-five thousandth of the sky. It has been calculated that more than 27,000 photographs would have to be taken to complete the picture seen by the 200-incher. This would take so long—years, in fact—that the positions of millions of stars would have changed between the taking of the first and last photographs.

So the Big Boy will have two assistants—one already at work. These are the Schmidt cameras, eighteen-inch and forty-eight-inch affairs with wide-angle lenses. The Schmidts can photograph large areas of the sky very rapidly and can cover the entire universe in about a year. By studying the pictures from the Schmidts, the operators of the new mirror will be able to choose just where they wish to aim their new machine.

With photoelectric amplifiers, the present 100-incher on Mount Wilson can detect the light from one candle three thousand miles away. The new glass will be able to discover the same amount of light still more miles away . . . and incidentally the scientists have made heat detectors that will record the warmth of a man so far away he's invisible to the human eye! With these the temperatures of stars hitherto undiscovered will be measured.

For Long-Range Universe Study

Using the Palomar mirror to reach the moon or even one of our system planets would be like using a DC-6 to travel a city block. The big glass is not meant for city, or even interurban travel, but for long-distance work—the Trans-Universe Express. No one will "look through" it; the astronomer inside the cage, his back to the sky, will photograph what the camera sees in the mirror.

The photographic plate or film is better than any human eye because it can accumulate and store light. The eye can report only what it sees in a fraction of a second; the film can keep on accumulating light for days or weeks, if necessary—and then make a report not only vastly more accurate than that of the eye, but one capable of being filed away for reference.

It is possible, of course, that when light rays started out from suns a billion light-years away, there was no Earth. Our solar system may have been built only a few billion calendar years ago, long after many similar systems far out in the universe.

Billions of years ago, a star far away shot out a light ray into space. There was probably no earth, maybe no solar system. The ray sped onward at 186,000 miles every second, unfaltering, never slowing down. An explosion somewhere in the Milky Way created the sun and its attendant planets. Slowly they cooled. Life appeared. Painfully through millions of years, civilization developed. A thing called a telescope was invented. The ray still sped on.

Telescopes grew bigger and more perfect. Then, in the nick of time to catch the light ray that started billions of years ago, trillions of miles away, the biggest mirror on earth will be ready on Palomar Mountain. The light ray will hit it, bounce back a few feet through a lens and record its tremendous, incredible journey on a photographic plate.

THE END

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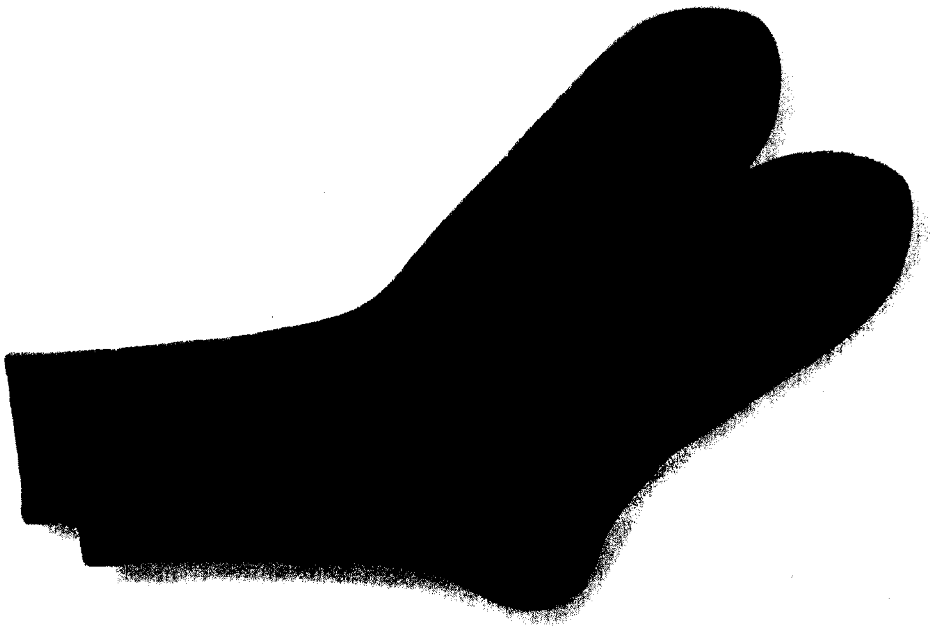

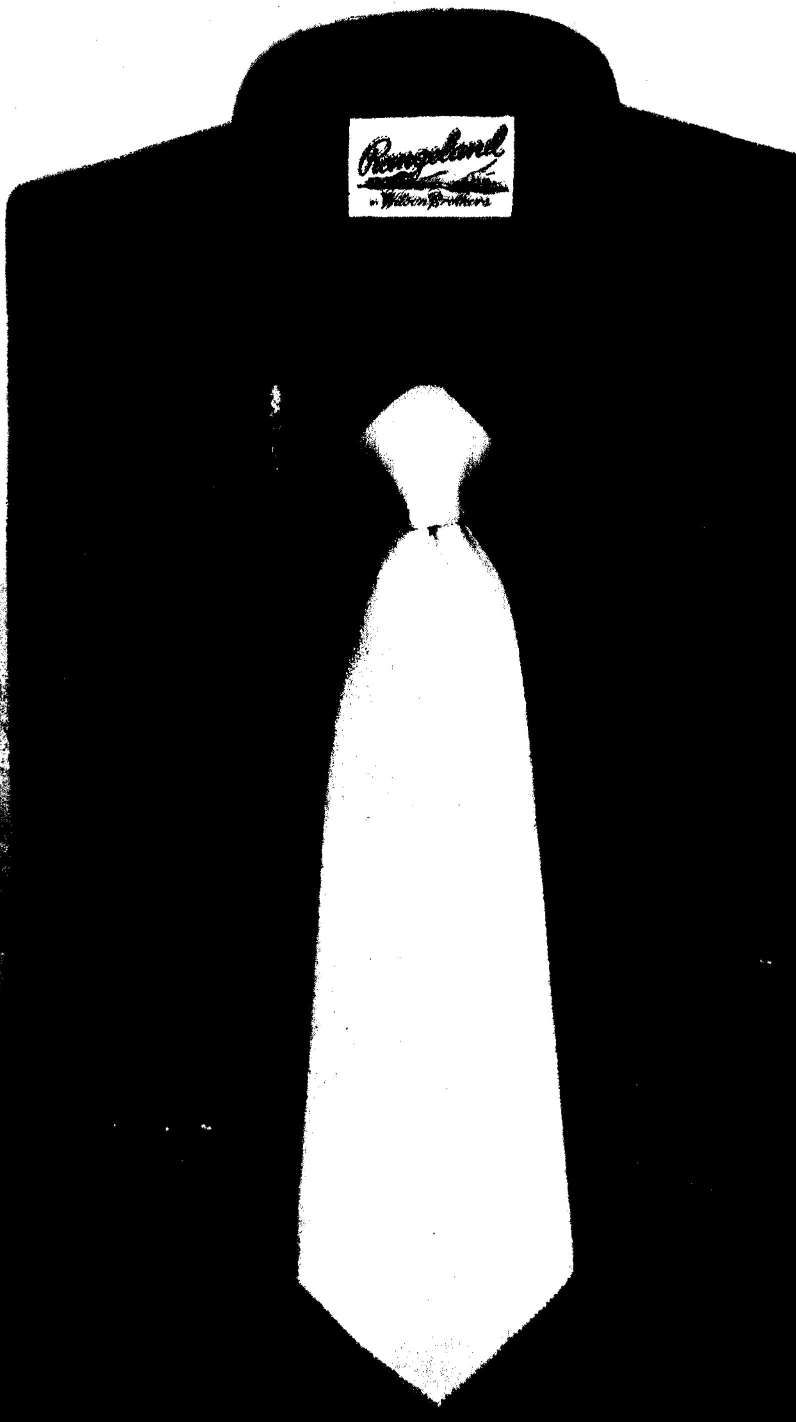

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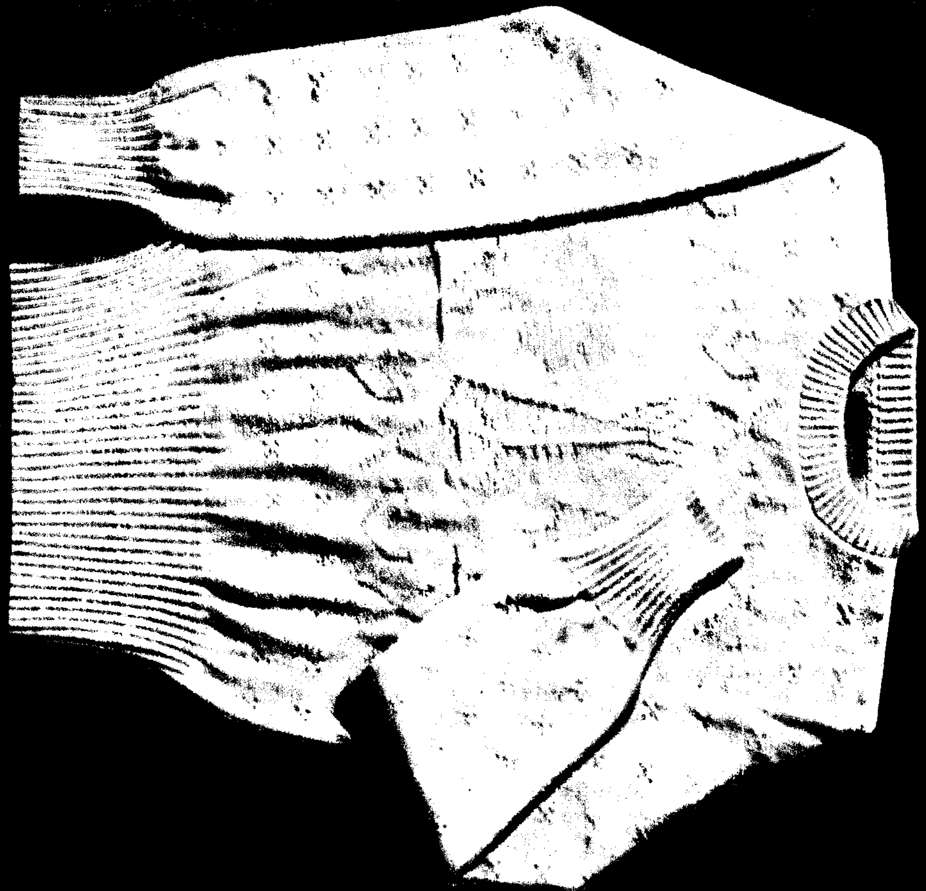


U. S. S. R.—WORKERS' INFERNO

Continued from page 19

breakdown of transportation is not an acceptable reason for a worker's tardiness unless he has a document to prove it—and where would the worker obtain such a document? So he gets either a reprimand or a fine.

One morning, the local commuting train from Zagorsk to Moscow was over two hours late. The passengers, aware of what they would be up against, demanded a statement from the stationmaster to the effect that the train was two hours off schedule. Even if the stationmaster had been willing to co-operate, it would have been a physical impossibility to write over a thousand such "documents." But since he was not willing, he wrote eighteen, yawned, looked over some papers, disappeared, and in due time returned to announce that the train would pull in in five minutes. Thus over a thousand commuters were left without any proof that their delay was not caused by an evil intent to sabotage Soviet industry.

Similar delays and stoppages are the curse of the worker all through the day and *every* day: defective materials, wrong materials, lack of materials, breakdown of machines—an incredible number of adverse conditions.

In addition, the incredible Soviet bureaucracy so often snarls up a project in a morass of red tape that the individual worker's satisfaction in seeing a job well done is almost never realized. Two examples should suffice to illustrate this. One concerned my friend, Y; the other, myself.

When the Poultry Combinat in Zagorsk had been organized, seed stock of Rhode Island Red and White Leghorn chickens had been imported from Massachusetts, and that stock had carried with it a guarantee of 215 eggs per year. But in four years the stock had so deteriorated that the egg yield per hen was now 85 per year. It was the job of the American poultry specialist Y to improve the stock and to raise egg production through selective breeding.

But as soon as he began to show practical results, his genetic breeding section was made a target for systematic sabotage. The methods used in increasing the egg yield too plainly pointed to the reasons why it had decreased, and the party-and-the-government is ever determined to wipe out any evidence against itself. So, poultry breeder Y's henhouses were broken into at night, the birds were mixed and shifted from one pen to another; their leg bands were removed; a rooster disappeared; strange roosters were brought into the pens; calcium chloride appeared in the feed hoppers, etc. This went on for so long that Y finally left the country in disgust after seeing his two years of work almost completely nullified.

My own experience with the inefficiency created by Soviet bureaucracy came on my first job in Russia—at Kondopogo, in Karelia. We were assigned to build log "apartment houses," actually barracks, near the Kondopogo Paper Mill. The work was, as all productive work in the Soviet Union is, piecework. The technical director explained that there was a plan: The building had to start on a certain date and be completed by a certain date. Yet the morning we went to work, there were just nine logs on the building site, and no definite knowledge when or from where additional material would be forthcoming.

Of that first workday in Karelia I remember the following facts: (1) The workday was from seven thirty in the morning to four in the afternoon with half an hour for lunch. (2) No plans or specifications were given our brigade, the excuse offered being that all plans are the secret of the party-and-the-government, and are not divulged to the masses. (3) When we suggested that each apartment have at least one clothes closet, the technical director demanded to know why. Since the apartment would be occupied by workers, who wore the same clothes day and night, free day and workday, a closet would be a useless luxury and a waste of space. Without the closet, one more person could be crowded into each room. (4) The *Politruk*—the political commissar who made sure that the party line was followed in all respects—came to tell us that it was our duty to subscribe to the State Loan, one hundred rubles being the smallest permissible amount. It was useless to argue that we wanted to earn that money before giving it away. He was there to give orders, and we were on the receiving end, so each of us signed for a hundred-ruble obligation.

After Two Days in Hospital

The foot of one of our crew members slipped while he was joining the house corner, and his hatchet made a nonserious flesh wound just above his right knee. Instead of being bandaged and sent home for a few days, he was rushed to the hospital. Two days later he was released in high fever, with the leg wound showing angry signs of blood poisoning. I helped him recover from the septicemia and a week later the man was back at work.

A chief technical director sent word that we were to remain on the job after 4 P.M. as he would arrive to give us a talk. We waited, but instead of the stipulated hour, he arrived at six thirty. That two-and-a-half-hour wait proved to be only a foretaste of how workers are treated in the Soviet Union, but already we had had enough. I told the director, through our interpreter, that since no boss in capitalist America would dare keep his workers on the job without pay for two and a half hours after quitting time, we certainly didn't propose to stand for such humiliating treatment in the Soviet Union. From that day on, I was a marked man.

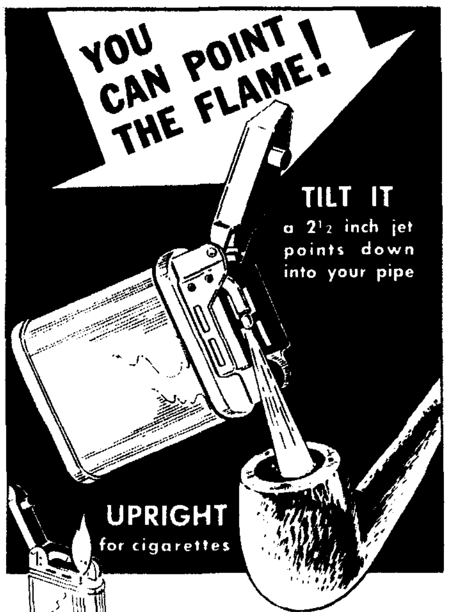
The party-and-the-government had a mania for "plans." The curse of these plans was that many of them were based on nonexisting materials and conditions. If the plan could not be fulfilled in reality, it was faked, but to fulfill and overfulfill was a must. I mention here the first instance that came to my notice, although it was a minor one. An older American brigade was just about finishing a large two-story barracks when they ran out of nails. The technical director ordered the men to use only two nails to each door casing and window casing, and to put the window sash in place without nails, by just wedging them on tight.

Then men protested that since there was such an acute shortage of window glass it would be much safer to leave the sash off until nails could be procured. It would be easy enough to install the sash any evening or free day.

To that the technical director said, "That won't do. If you put all the windows and doors on by tomorrow night, we can report to the party-and-the-government that the plan has been overfulfilled by so many per cent, and you will get your full pay, plus a bonus for having completed the job ahead of plan. Otherwise you must wait for your money until the building is considered finished."

The men did as they were told, received their pay, and news of another Stalinist victory appeared in the Soviet papers. The brigade naturally was sent on to another job, while the warmth of

COLLIER'S "I can't decide whether to have a drink or look chic!" JARO FABRY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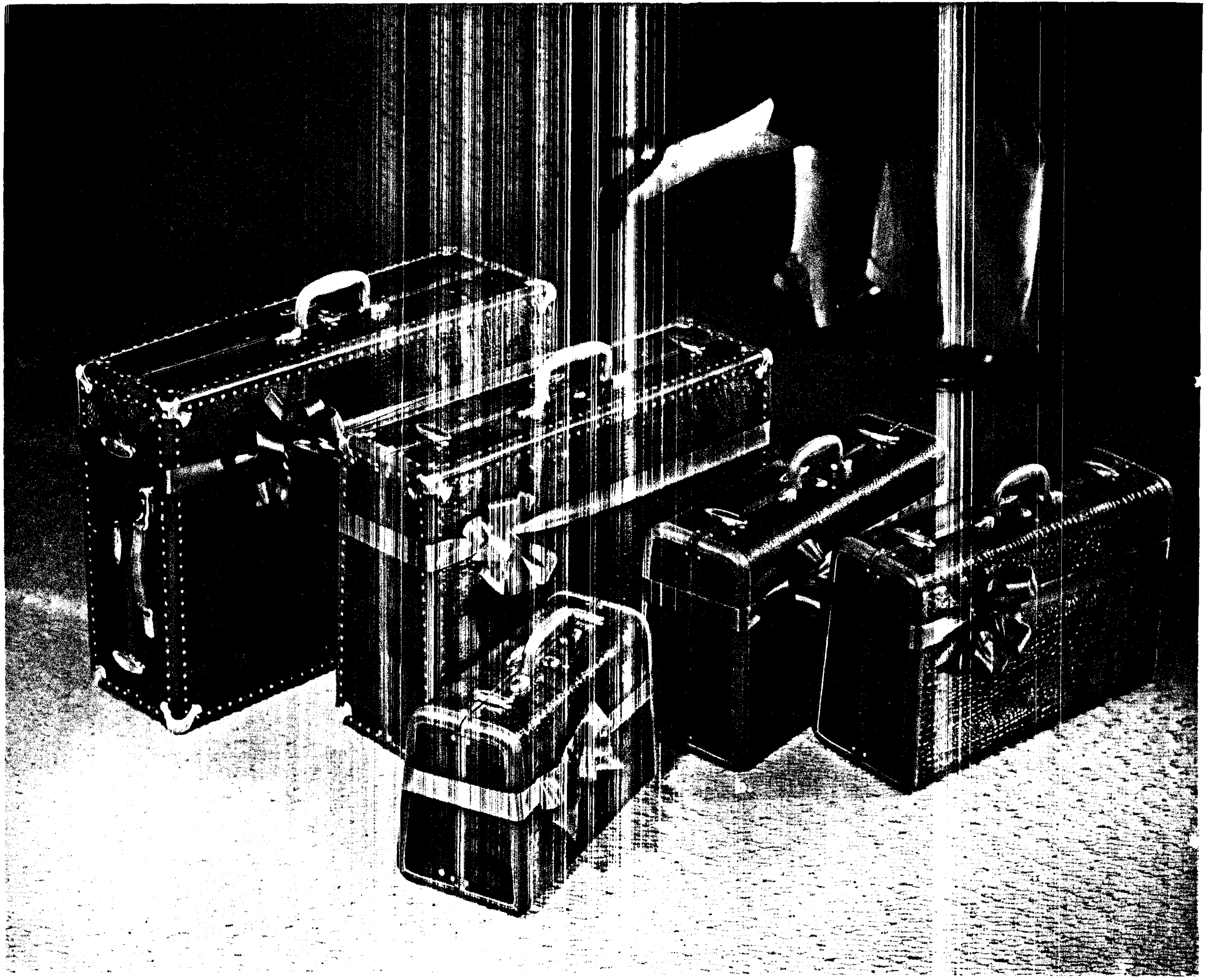

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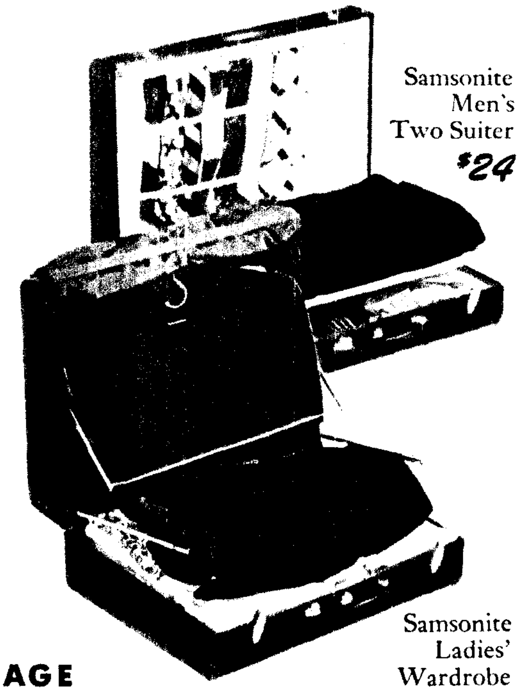

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the sunny August days began to dry and shrink the green window frames and sash on the newly completed building. Then came a heavy thunderstorm, which blew down every sash and shattered every pane of glass.

Overfulfilling a plan had again paid dividends.

This, as well as many other types of blundering, brought about an appalling wastefulness in the face of scarcity.

This waste is particularly noticeable and tragic on the state-owned farms, both *sovkhozes* (state farms) and *kolkhozes* (collective farms). Although there are differences between these types of farms, I shall treat them alike here, because the state directly owns and operates both, because the *sovkhoz* director and the *kolkhoz* chairman both hold their jobs by grace of the party-and-the-government, because both exploit and enslave the peasants with alike indifferences and, finally, because hunger is equally devastating on either type of farm.

An agronomist who had worked several years on the *Sovkhoz Gigant* (sometimes called Kommuna Gigant) told me in 1934, "Of the two, the *sovkhoz* is the more wasteful way of farming, and the Gigant is the most wasteful of all *sovkhozes*. They are too large to be worked efficiently even if completely mechanized, but as farming in our country is mainly by hand, the economic waste becomes really hurtful.

"Even in the best and most favorable seasons, 15 per cent of the crops remain unharvested, and in some years the loss is as high as 85 per cent.

Why Costly Mistakes Occur

"What makes the agricultural front so weak is the director who, having received his post from the party as a reward for his loyalty, knows nothing about farming. Then he hires his technical experts from among his relatives and friends, who often are as ignorant as the director himself. Then they go by the orders of the State Planning Commission, instead of by the advice of old experienced peasants. Thus costly mistakes occur in tilling, sowing, and harvesting."

Sometimes a *kolkhoz* is named after a certain factory. In such a case, the factory workers must exercise "patronage over the *kolkhoz*" by giving it an unlimited number of free days' work. In other instances, the *kolkhoz* is named after a great leader, and then it is the farm workers who have patronage over the physical welfare of that leader. The Molotov, Kirov, and Kaganovich *kolkhozes* were known to be perpetually taxed for the benefit of their lords in the Kremlin. The best horses and best steers were sent to them as gifts. I've heard many a *kolkhoz* worker sadly predict that someday these lords would take full possession of their *kolkhozes* as their private property.

Many *kolkhozes* ordering a tractor were forced to receive and pay for two tractors, one that was guaranteed to run, and one that was *brak* (spoilage). You see, in the ever-present desperate struggle to fulfill the plan, only 50 per cent of the tractors produced would actually run, but the factory had to get rid of the fake tractors at the full price, too.

"Oih, how we have struggled and how we have suffered," mourned a woman from the Pustoshinskii *sovkhoz*, out in the Udmurskaya Republic. "We all felt *khozyaina hozyaina nyet* (there is no boss) when the director gave such outright crazy orders and we had to obey them. That is why we had no hay when the winter came.

"Our *sovkhoz* had three big swineries with straw roofs, so the director ordered the straw removed, to feed the horses. The winter was very cold, and when the roofs were stripped of their straw, the snow came right down into the swineries. The sows had just been farrowing, so we had to keep the stoves red-hot day and night in order to keep the litters from freezing. The little pigs drew themselves close to the heat, and the nearest ones got squeezed tight against the stove and were burned alive. We lost over sixty pigs that way. Then, because of that, two workers were arrested for wrecking and sabotage. It is all so very hard."

Another curse imposed by the government on the *kolkhozes* is the MTS (Machine-Tracto Station). This outfit does the mechanized work on all *kolkhozes* in the district, plowing, cultivating, harvesting, etc. But since it is performed as piecework, so much per hectare, they cheat the *kolkhozes* outrageously. Thus, when supposed to plow, they run the furrows a meter apart, getting paid as though they had actually plowed the entire field. Then the poor *kolkhozniks* must turn the soil between the furrows with their spades and hoes, and for this work they receive no pay. Harrowing before the spring sowing is often done so late as to be out of season. The same is true of harvesting, and that is one reason for the frequent crop failures and harvest losses.

The last time I discussed this subject with a Russian was on my way to Kuibyshev, in August, 1943. My companion was an intelligent man who was familiar with the terrain from the prerevolutionary period to the present day, and as the train passed through the vast, unharvested hectares of overripe wheat, rye, and buckwheat, he shook his head sadly, and remarked, "The loss is going to be over 80 per cent again this year. What a pity! And just when the people need bread so badly. If only the government would let the peasants have one half the crop for their labor, hungry as they are, they would work day and night until the harvest was gathered in. But government wants *all* the grain; so it gets only 15 per cent, and the peasants themselves get nothing."

The government's disregard of the workers' comfort—and their rights—extended to others besides peasants. I have an interesting souvenir of this indifference: my trade-union membership book. On every page of that book is printed "Trade-Unions—a School of Communism." The slogan, coined by Lenin, is somewhat incomplete in its meaning. Factually, Soviet trade-unions are a whip in the hand of the government against the workers.

While with the Poultry Combinat, I made samples of feeding troughs which the technical director turned over to the carpenter shop for production in quantities. He set the price scale at 2.5 rubles a piece. The men would turn out from six to eight of those troughs a day, thus earning from 15 to 20 rubles.

Carpenters Protest Cut in Pay

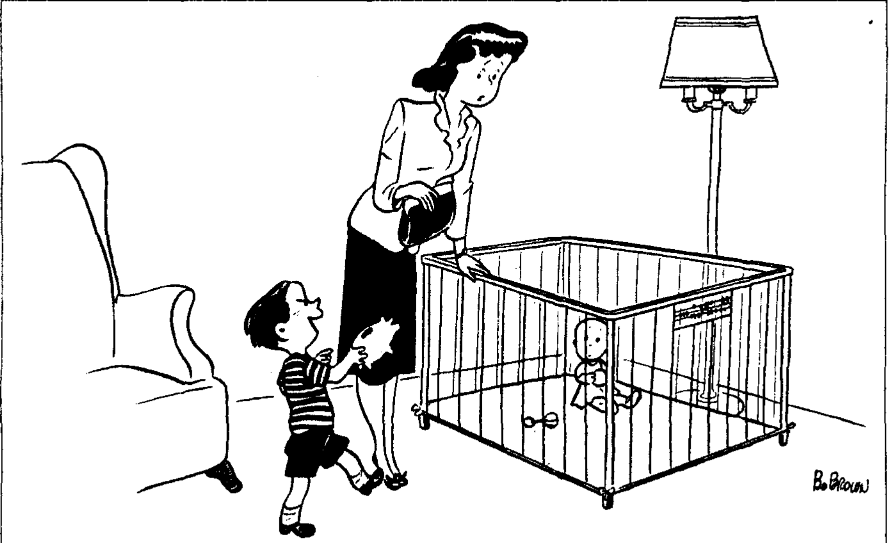
Suddenly, and without giving any reason for his action, the technical director cut the price down to only 75 kopecks per trough. The men appealed to the Shop Committee, also to the trade-union secretary, but were turned down by both. The carpenters were informed that work rating and price fixing were done by other government "organizations," and that the trade-union secretary's function was merely to see that dues were paid, and that the decisions of the party-and-the-government were carried out within the trade-union.

This left us completely at the mercy of the bosses in our wage dispute. The carpenters could not support their families on four to six rubles a day; so they began to work longer hours, from 6 A.M. to 8 and 9 P.M., thereby boosting the output to as much as twelve troughs per day. I protested to the trade-union secretary against such a flagrant violation of union rules, but he corrected me, saying that there was no union rule against longer hours of work. The law demanded eight hours of work a day from everybody, but if a man liked to work longer hours, he had a legal right to do so.

While the prostituted Soviet press covered its front pages with glorious accounts of Stalin surrounded by little children chanting, "Thank you, Comrade Stalin, for a Happy Life," tens of thousands of mothers clothed in thin rags trudged through the biting cold of the Moscow winter every morning, carrying their babies to some old woman's care, or to a day nursery. The babies cried from cold and hunger and disturbed sleep, the mothers from hunger and anxiety lest they be late for work. Comrades, if you can see happiness in such an existence, it is happiness standing on its head.

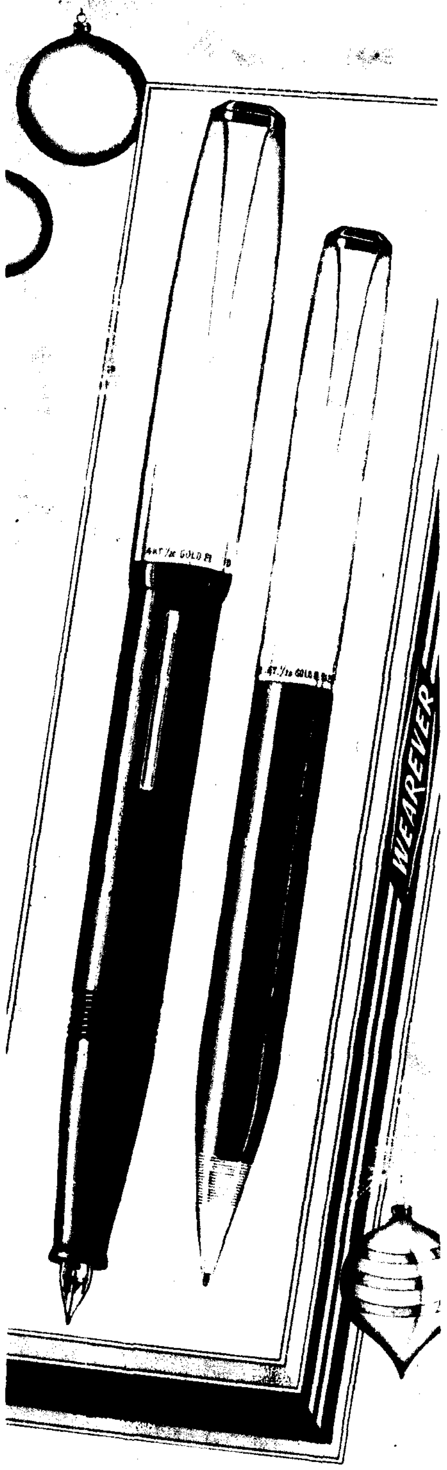
Every worker must belong to his trade-union. Skill carries no weight when one joins the union. As all work is divided into at least six categories, according to the skill required in its performance, six different pay scales are applied to the work. To which wage category each particular type of work belongs is decided by the industry management. The union is never consulted in establishing wage scales. At the frequent meetings which the workers are required to attend, they are informed of new decisions, but never asked how they like the decisions.

The bosses may, and often do, punish a skilled mechanic by paying him according to an unskilled laborer's wage rate. To my knowledge, in such instances the union has never risen to defend the worker. When a director really decides to economize, he requests the court or the NKVD to impose a year's prison sentence on a skilled man, thus compelling him to pursue his trade at his old workbench without pay. I know of sev-



COLLIER'S "Hey, Sis! Help your kid have a rich uncle!" BO BROWN

Smart Gift



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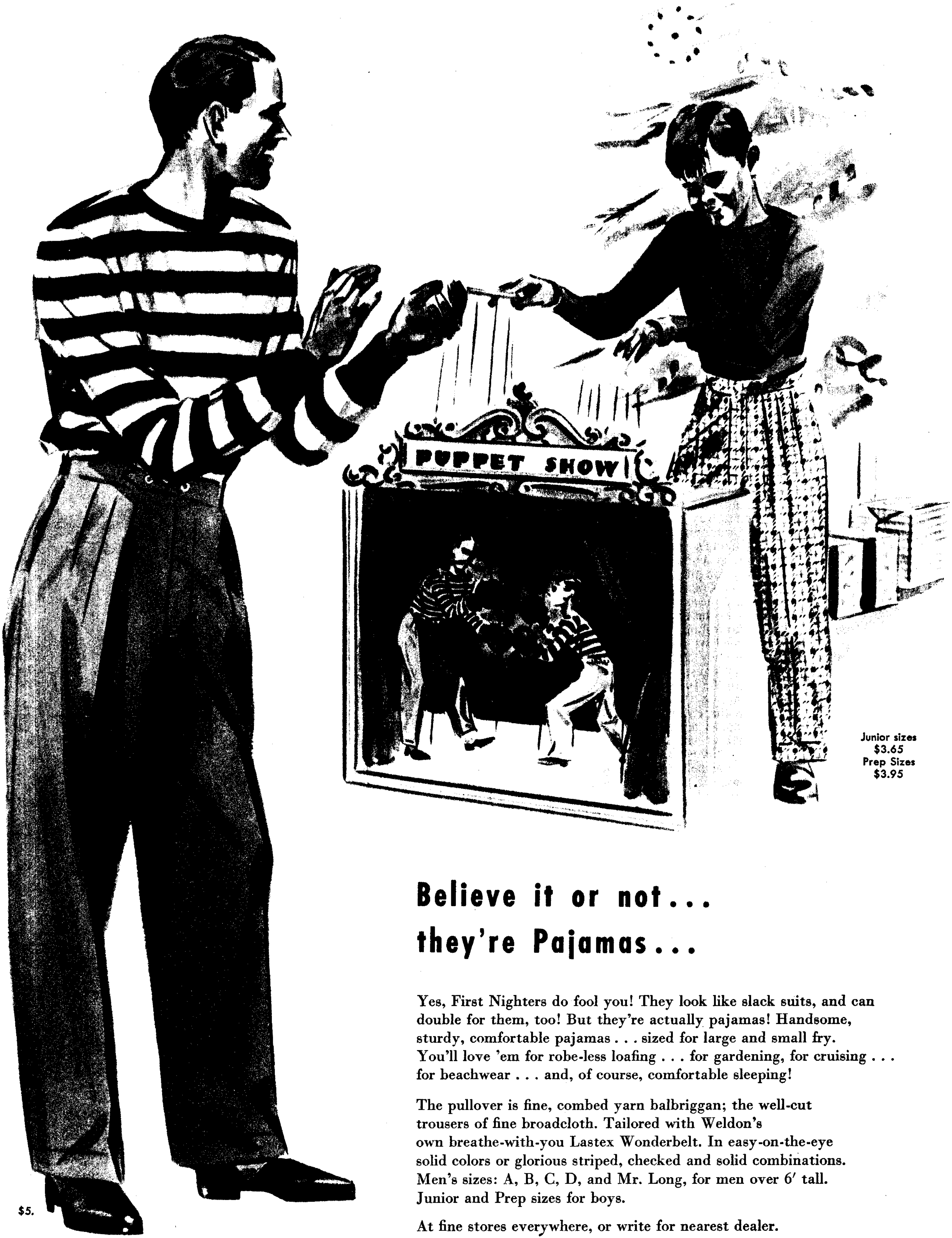

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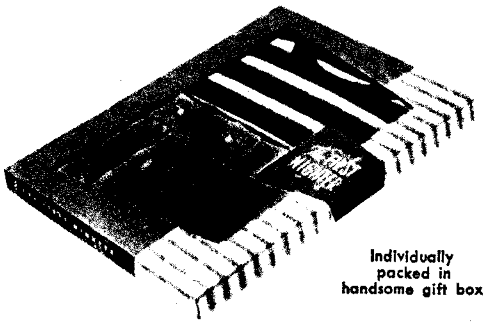
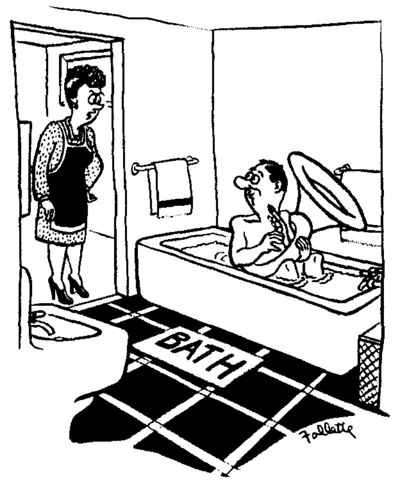


Individually
packed in
handsome gift box

eral such instances at the Stalin Auto Factory prior to 1940.

The worker member in the Shop Committee is supposed to represent the interest of the workers, and to bring their grievances before the management. But these grievances and suggestions are quickly voted down. A director can fire workers for any reason and for no reason. The worker is tied down to his job unconditionally and cannot resign except, in rare instances, under doctors' orders.

While hiking in Sokolniki Park one winter Sunday, I saw a boy who had caught a crow, tied a long string to its legs, and, still holding the string, let the bird go. Just as it reached the treetops, he pulled quickly on the string, the bird lost its balance, and fell on the snow with a dismal squawk. The youngster urged the bird on another flight but hardly had it got air under its wings, when he again yanked the string, and again the bird fell down. This process was repeated so many times that finally the crow lay exhausted and refused another try despite the boy's prodding.



"I don't know why you can't just sing in the bathtub, like other people!"

COLLIER'S LEW FOLLETTE

Of course, a Bolshevist-minded observer would argue that the pull on the string was only a means of controlling the crow, and that the tug did not really destroy its flight balance. In other words, that the bird could have flown if it had really tried. But why should it have tried, when it knew the futility of its flight?

Every Soviet worker is similarly tied down by the fetters of dictatorship. His undernourishment, lack of decent clothing, and wretched living conditions are all permanent bonds from which he has no hope of ever extricating himself. If, in spite of these deadening influences, he shows some ambition, the system itself will yank him down soon enough. If he makes an invention or suggests an improvement, he will be ridiculed with counterproposals, and the director or his hirelings will openly steal his invention. Thus the Soviet worker has nothing to look forward to, nothing to stir his creative impulse. *"Za Chem*—what for?" is the echo that greets his every attempt.

"But," the American Comrades may say, "the Soviet worker has the incentive of free rest homes during vacations, and the prospect of a pension when he gets too old to work."

There are, I grant you, some workers past sixty-five who do receive a small pension, finally obtained after kilometers of red tape and innumerable obstacles have been overcome. The first requisite is that he has worked 25 years at his trade, and that this trade is acceptable to the party-and-the-government. It is not enough that he has fulfilled these requirements, he must present a work record.

If, as was possible prior to 1934, he occasionally changed jobs, each time he did so the documents pertaining to the previous position were handed in and never returned. Thus the worker was left with no proof as to his earlier activities. Only a few were clever enough to realize that at least five copies of any document are needed in the Soviet Union—and still fewer were lucky enough to persuade their directors to prepare those copies. The unfortunate oldsters who can show no documents have only one alternative—work.

A "rest home during vacation" presents a very attractive picture, and so, in truth, it is—to the few who can get into one. I knew an old charwoman who for several years had tried to get into a rest home. She was an exceptional worker, and for a long time had been taking over the night watchman's job (without pay, of course) on his free day. She had passed all the preliminary tests and had been chosen to go to a rest home.

Elatedly, she spoke of the happy time she would have down south. Her elation died when she learned that the railroad fare was not included in the free vacation, and that she would have to pay it herself. Now, a charwoman's wage is some 85 rubles per month, barely enough for her bread norm, so travel was out of the question. It is no wonder then, that "rest homes for the workers" are for the most part filled with directors, secretaries, agitators and their relatives. Incentive to work? What do you think?

Planning—an Unknown Science

Not only in incentives does the Soviet system break down. Industrial-economic planning is done in such a haphazard and unscientific manner that no capitalist economist would ever think of calling it planning. Such factors as the availability of raw materials, transportation and skilled labor are all subordinated to the maxim, "There is no fort too strong for the Bolsheviks to conquer."

Spurred on by this fanatical edict, the State Planning Commission lays out production quotas that ignore every human limitation. An artificially achieved Stakhanovite record is made the basis for a daily production norm, which by its unattainability sets off a chain reaction of such evils as the undermining of quality and the faking of quantity. If the *kolkhozes* harvest a favorable crop one year, immediately the Planning Commission orders the yield per hectare to be doubled. The result is that the peasants are left without bread, and the last ounce of incentive is destroyed.

Because the chief motivating force behind a plan is its propaganda value, no effort is spared to make the most of it. Thus, very often costly insanities are carried out under the plan by top-ranking chiefs and directors of industry.

When the new steel bridge Bolshoi Kamennyi Most (Great Stone Bridge) was constructed over the Moscow River, extra pressure was put on the bridge-builders to finish the job before the May Day parade. But since conditions did not permit the completion of the work within the specified time, the finishing touches, such as the asphalt pavement and the streetcar tracks, were faked.

This "completion" permitted the Soviet press to announce another great Stalinist victory, the opening of the bridge ahead of plan. But after the May Day celebration, the working crews returned, tore up the fake asphalt top and the car tracks, removed the rubbish filler then began the task of laying the permanent concrete and repaving with asphalt. The bridge was opened for traffic three months later.

Considering all these things which I experienced or observed during my 14 years in the Soviet Union, I'd say that if the U.S.S.R. is a workers' paradise, I'll take "capitalist oppression."

THE END

sweater girl

...iceberg variety!

What a chill Jill I was! Believe me, those wintry winds weren't whistling "Dixie" through our walls. The furnace gobbled fuel . . . ate right through our budget. Not only that . . . you can't look pleasin' when you're freezin'.

Then an ad (something like this!) gave me a hot idea. Pronto I 'phoned the **CAREY** Approved Home Insulator . . . learned he has a neat system which actually blows Rock Wool into your walls without muss or fuss.

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You say your place is hard to heat . . . hard to keep cozy . . . hard on your pocketbook? Well, I certainly learned a lot from an ad like this; you could do the same thing. Remember, the name is **CAREY**.

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THE GIRL HE BROUGHT HOME

Continued from page 26

about this girl when he had met her—about the proud mother, the dignified grandmother, the house full of antiques.

Anton said, "I'm busy, Michael. You give her a good time. Show her the house and the garden. She'll like the place."

It was a lovely house, large and comfortable; such a house as Anton, even in his most ambitious dreams, had never expected to own. When he first came to America from his native Bohemia, nearly thirty years ago, no one would have believed, least of all Anton himself, that in less than thirty years he would be a rich man. He had arrived in New York shortly after the first World War with a hundred dollars, some old clothes tied up in a faded knapsack and five years' experience in a glassworks near Prague. He took a job in a small Connecticut glass factory, and in a few years he was foreman. At the end of ten years he was part owner and finally he was able to buy out the original owner.

NOT that everything had gone smoothly at first. In those early years he had been terribly poor; he had had to stint and scrape to get a few dollars together. He had married Rhetta when she worked in the factory beside him, and she had not lived to see him prosper. What would she think if she could see him now, he wondered, if she could see this fine house on one of the best streets, this breakfast table set with good linen and silver, but most of all, her son, Michael?

Probably, like Anton, she would never have gotten over the wonder of having a boy like Michael. He was so straight, so handsome, so American. Anton never understood how Michael had grown so much taller than his parents, just what it was that had turned Michael out in such a different mold. How proud Anton had been as the boy grew up, how often he had walked along the street holding Michael by the hand, just to see people smile at the fair, brown-eyed boy. When Michael came down to the glassworks during school vacations, Anton would show him around the busy factory, beaming as the men looked up from their work to grin at the boy. Michael always asked intelligent questions and the men would answer good-naturedly, telling Anton later what a smart boy he had.

At home, Anton would shyly tell of his own achievements. "We're way ahead of last year, Michael, by twenty per cent."

"Gee, Papa, that's wonderful!"

To Anton, the boy's words were sweeter than the praise of his best customers.

Not until Michael was home on vacation from college, did doubt begin to enter Anton's mind. Michael was down at the factory just before Christmas when Mr. Trevor, a Washington buyer, came into the office. When Mr. Trevor had asked Anton about an exhibit of Van Gogh prints at the local library, Anton hadn't known what he was talking about. Michael smoothly stepped in and told the man what paintings he would find there; Michael had even criticized the artist's work.

"His colors are brilliant, but he's weak on perspective," Michael had said.

Then he and Mr. Trevor began a discussion which Anton could not follow. At first Anton had been pleased, proud of his son's knowledge, until Pasco, his foreman, standing beside him, grumbled darkly:

"Sure, these kids too smart. Too smart for their parents. Too much education and soon they look down on their folks."

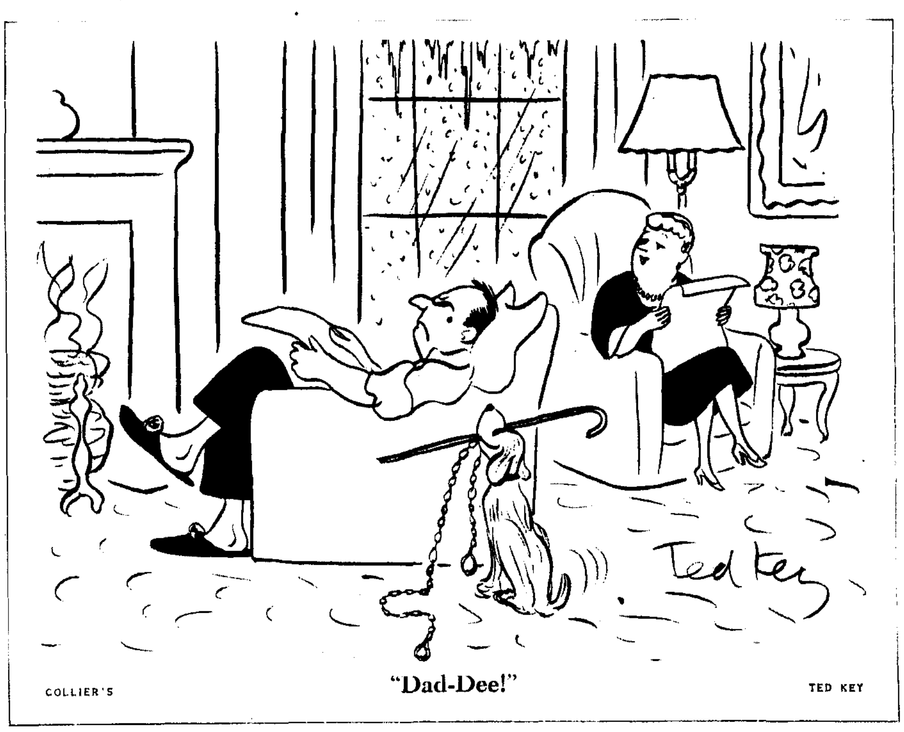
Michael would never feel that way, Anton had thought then. He could tell the way Michael felt about him just from the little things. They never said anything right out, but they both knew. He remembered the first night Michael was to drive his new car. Trying to hide his anxiety, Anton had said:

"You'll be careful, Michael. No crazy driving. Be careful." That was as articulate as Anton ever got, but he said silently: You're all I've got in the world. For God's sake, be careful.

"Gosh, Papa. You know I'm a careful driver." Michael had gripped Anton by the shoulder. He said in understanding, "Don't worry about me."

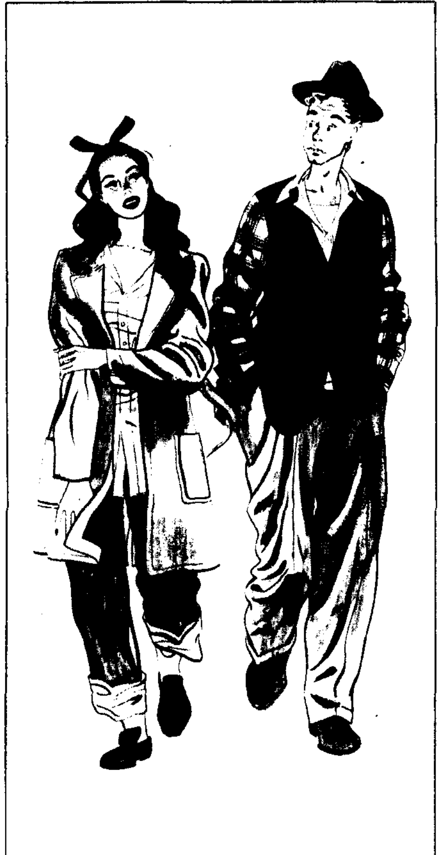
Michael's hands were strong and fine and tender, too, Anton thought. A woman would like the feel of those hands and that quick caress. A woman wouldn't be able to resist Michael, or at least not until she met his father.

No, he wasn't going to meet this girl, not for a long time. He wasn't going to stand in Michael's way. Anton picked up his paper, mumbling about some intricate details in the day's work. Not that Michael would understand him now. There was that other black day when his son had blurted out that he didn't want to work in the factory. Sure it was a wonderful business. Sure Anton deserved a lot of credit, but he, Michael, had desires and ambitions of his own. Well, you couldn't blame him for that,


COLLIER'S

"Dad-Dee!"

TED KEY



"That's nice of you to say, Roy, but you should see me sometime when I've had my hair done; when I'm made-up, and all dressed to go to a party or a dance"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

except that he'd only changed his plans after meeting the girl.

The place isn't good enough for him, thought Anton bitterly. After all, he had built up this business just for Michael; he had been happy enough when it was a small shop. Anton loved only the work itself, the almost magic process, and he looked upon every new thing that was turned out as a work of art. Each item required endless thought and planning, a fine combination of color, shape and proportion.

It was the girl who would change everything; no matter what happened today everything would be different. Either she will give Michael the cold shoulder and make him miserable, thought Anton unhappily, or she will marry him and take him away from me.

HE TRIED to console himself with the thought that all children draw apart from their parents when they marry, but he had never really believed it of Michael before. Instead he had envisioned Michael with a pretty wife and nice children, while he hovered somewhere in the background, loving them all, doing things for them, being loved.

Perhaps it would have been better, he thought, if he had never come to America. Maybe he should have stayed at home with his own parents, maybe he should not have been so ambitious. For the first time, he wondered what *his* father must have felt when he went so far away, even though there were many other children.

Actually, as things had turned out, it had been a blessing that Anton had left home. He had always sent back money and gifts, and his family had become the most respected one in their little village. He had visited them three times before the war. His father was dead now, but his old mother was still alive. Suddenly, it occurred to Anton that he ought to see her again. There was nothing to stop him now. Perhaps he should go at once; it would leave Michael free and he wouldn't have to meet this girl for a long time. When he came back in the spring, everything would be settled. He would arrange the work so that Pasco could handle it.

Today, he decided, he would work in the factory, not in the office. When a man was busy, he forgot his troubles, especially when he was busy with his hands. This morning he'd work on the colors for the new goblets; no one else could get the shadings so clear and true. He would work for hours to achieve a pure ruby red for glasses that flashed like fire when they held good wine.

Anton had always enjoyed working side by side with his men. There had never been any constrained feeling of worker and boss in his factory. He left his coat in the bright new office walled off with glass brick and hurried back to the factory, pulling on a leather apron as he went. At the fire-clay crucibles where the finer grades of glass were in preparation—for it was with these that he liked to work and experiment—he waited as the glass mixture went through several refining processes.

When all the impurities were removed, he filled the tubes with the clear liquid glass and carried them in a rack to his long table, where colored slabs were spread out row on row: bright reds and cobalt blue and golden yellow, the colors secured from copper and manganese and pure gold. Like an alchemist, Anton measured and tested and measured again. He added the last amount of metallic oxide and paused; he now had the shades of glowing color he wanted.

IT WAS noontime; Anton was hot and hungry and tired—too weary to go uptown for lunch and he would not go home. He was about to send a boy to the restaurant to get his food, but Pasco laughed and said:

"So eat with us. You worked like a laborer; so eat like one."

Anton laughed. More than once he had eaten outside with the men, sharing their bottles of beer and their huge sandwiches—loaves of bread cut lengthwise and filled with ground meat and onions and ketchup. It was a long time since Rhetta had made him sandwiches like that, and since then nothing had tasted quite so good.

Outside, the men divided their lunches and greeted him cheerfully, speaking a jargon of English and Czech and heaven knows what else. They joked with him, forgetting that the big factory with the wide windows and the long fluorescent lights belonged to him. And Anton tried to forget that at home, a proud, light-haired girl with a careful voice was looking over his house, his grounds, his son.

From where he sat he could see the undulating yellow hills covered with goldenrod and clumps of sumac bushes waving dark red cones, that looked for all the world like brimming wineglasses. Anton had often stolen his colors from nature: the wild purple grape, the brilliant blue cornflower, the amber sunshine.

It was quiet and peaceful in the open yard, and, their lunches finished, the men were relaxed and quiet. Anton looked up as a long, low convertible slid swiftly into the paved enclosure. How smoothly, almost arrogantly these young men drive, thought Anton, before he quite realized that it was, of course, Michael at the wheel of the car. And next to him, the girl.

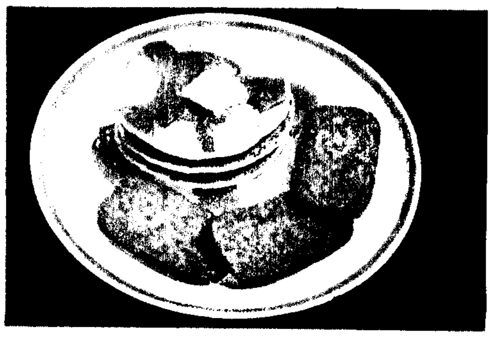
Anton got up hurriedly, aware of his leather apron, his sand-smeared hands, his preposterous lunch—but it was too late. Michael waved to him and turned to help the girl out of the car. Anton stood there, glued to the steps, as they came toward him. The workmen grinned at Michael with his girl, then edged away.

She was exactly as Anton had pictured her, almost as tall as Michael with long, fair hair, that curled up slightly just where it touched her shoulders. She had small, firm breasts and narrow hips and a tiny waist. Anton never knew how these slender females ever had babies. But she

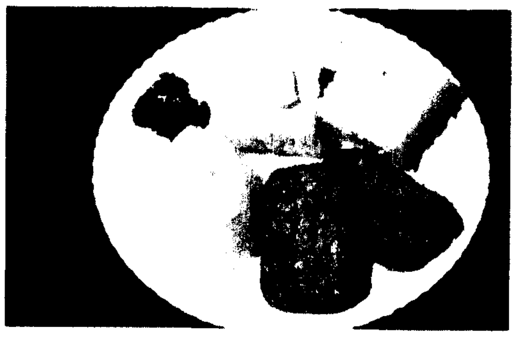
High spot of the day!
SPAM
'N' WAFFLES

SLICE SPAM ¼ inch thick; fry this juicy, tender, all-pork meat to a golden brown . CRISP WAFFLES: combine two cups sifted flour with ½ tsp. salt, 3 tsp. baking powder, 2 tsp. sugar . Add 2 well beaten egg yolks to 1¾ cups milk and stir into dry ingredients . Add ⅓ cup melted shortening, beat till smooth . Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites . Spoon about ½ cup batter in hot iron and bake . Makes six waffles.

SCRAMBLED EGGS sparked with good, flavorsome Spam—plus orange juice, toast, coffee. Delicious, easy to get.



PANCAKE HUNGRY! Bring out their goodness with crisp, meaty Spam. Start with tomato juice, end with coffee. Ah!



"DIFFERENT" BREAKFAST—hot corn bread with butter; sweet apple sauce; Spam for a delicious taste contrast; coffee.

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SPAM® HITS THE SPOT!

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Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves for 3 Men out of every 4
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BEARDS EASIER TO CUT—Said 79%
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And this way really works—
no matter how you shaved before!

THE PROOF! 1297 men tested the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way, and—*no matter how they shaved before*—3 out of 4 reported more comfortable, actually smoother shaves! Here's all you do:

1. Wash face with soap and water. Rinse!
2. Soap face again. Do not rinse!
3. Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream immediately, smoothing it upward into beard. *This way, you get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect!* Then, shave!

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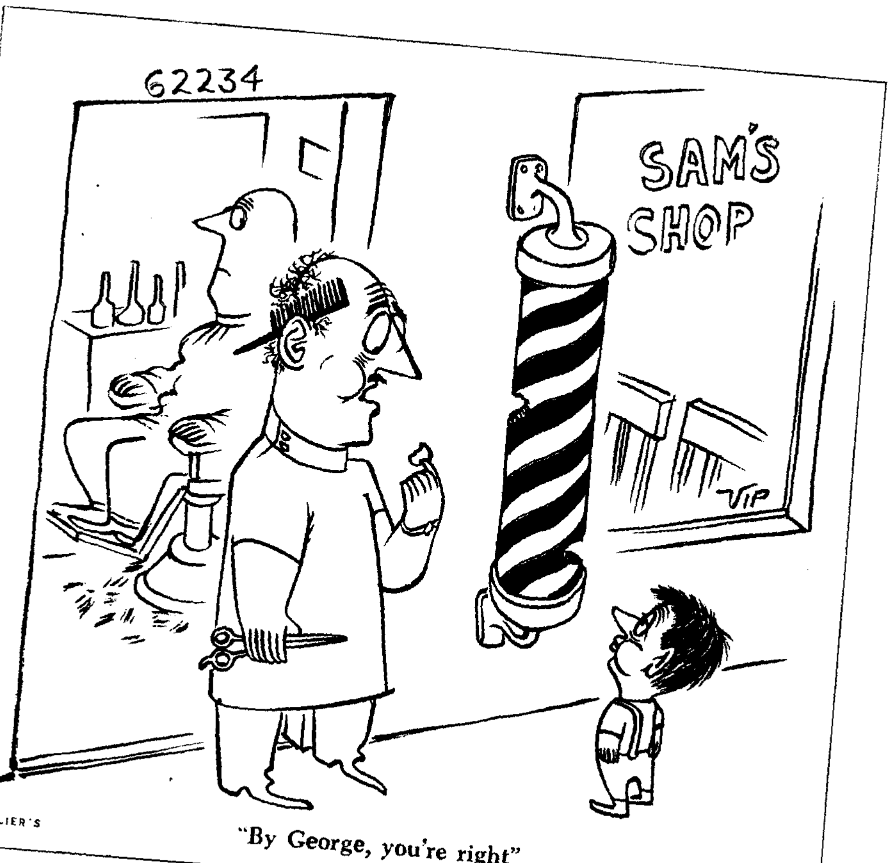

COLLIER'S

"By George, you're right"

VIRGIL PARTCH

had nice eyes, blue and friendly, and they did not change their expression as she looked at Anton.

Anton didn't know what to say, but the girl spoke first.

"Mr. Kapek, you're just as Michael described you," she said. She smiled. "I've been wanting to meet you. He told me so much about you."

"Pleased to meet you," said Anton. In his distress and confusion, his accent grew thicker than usual, and he held out a sticky hand. But he pulled it back quickly, apologizing for its condition.

"But, Mr. Kapek, I work, too," she said, holding out her hands. "I model with clay and I never get it all off." Sure enough, despite their slender shapeliness, there were signs of clay around her nails.

THEN Michael spoke for the first time, not looking at his father. There was a waiting, watchful look in his brown eyes which were so much like Rhetta's. "Maris wanted to see the factory. She wouldn't take no."

"That's nice," said Anton. "You take her around. You show her everything."

"Oh, Mr. Kapek, I thought you'd take me," Maris said. "Michael doesn't know a thing—he's a stuffy lawyer."

Again Anton did not know what to say. He liked to conduct visitors through his modern plant and then show them the finished products in his handsome display rooms. But he wanted to get away from this girl of Michael's. Perhaps he could whisk her around quickly, pretending to be very busy, not saying much.

But no, she wanted to see everything; she asked endless questions. What went into the huge furnaces, how high must the temperature be, how were the brilliant colors achieved and who made the patterns for the delicate, hand-blown vases? She could not believe that Anton had done all this. Over and over she said that she could not believe it, until Anton was almost angry. She must think him a very stupid man.

It was a long time before they were back in the display room where mirrored walls reflected the finished samples: clear crystal goblets; hand-cut bowls; spun-glass bottles; lamps and animals and flowers, all made of glass. And finally the girl turned to Anton, her eyes shining.

"You're a real craftsman, Mr. Kapek," she said simply. "A great artist. I'm fascinated by all these beautiful things."

It was nice of the girl to say this. She was very polite. But Anton had noticed something that frightened him terribly. The girl did not speak to Michael; she did not stand near him; she kept her eyes averted from his.

"I'd like to give you a little present," said Anton, his worried eyes racing along the shining shelves.

"A little keepsake," said Maris softly, and now she did steal a sidewise glance at Michael.

"No, you mustn't bother," she said. "I have to be going soon. It's all been wonderful. Why, if I lived here, I'd ask you to let me work here—try to design—" She stopped abruptly as if she had said the wrong thing, but suddenly Anton wanted very much to know something, and he spoke bluntly:

"Are you going to live here?"

A slow blush spread over the girl's face and she leaned back against the desk. Anton saw one small white hand fluttering over the polished surface.

"I haven't been asked," she said in a low voice.

Anton was embarrassed and silent, but, looking at the small, trembling hand, he saw Michael's fingers grope along the desk, then grasp hers firmly.

"I'm asking you," Michael said, his voice husky. "I wanted to ask you before, but I had to make sure that Papa would like you, too." He looked up to meet his father's eyes squarely for the first time that day.

Anton stood there, relief almost crowding out the joy he felt. He knew Michael was saying silently: I wanted to make sure she'd be nice to you. I had to know that everything would be all right.

Maris was smiling now; *she* understood. With her hand still in Michael's, she turned to Anton.

"You do like me, don't you?" she asked shyly, and her eyes were brighter than the clearest crystal. "I liked you even before I met you, just hearing Michael talk about you. It's all because of you that Michael's so fine."

Anton swallowed hard to keep from making a spectacle of himself. He was suddenly so happy he could hardly bear it. Happy that he had come to America, happy that he had built up this fine business, but most of all happy that he had a son like Michael. But he couldn't keep the tears from his voice as he said to Maris:

"I think you're the finest girl I ever met. I think Michael, he's lucky to find a girl like you."

THE END

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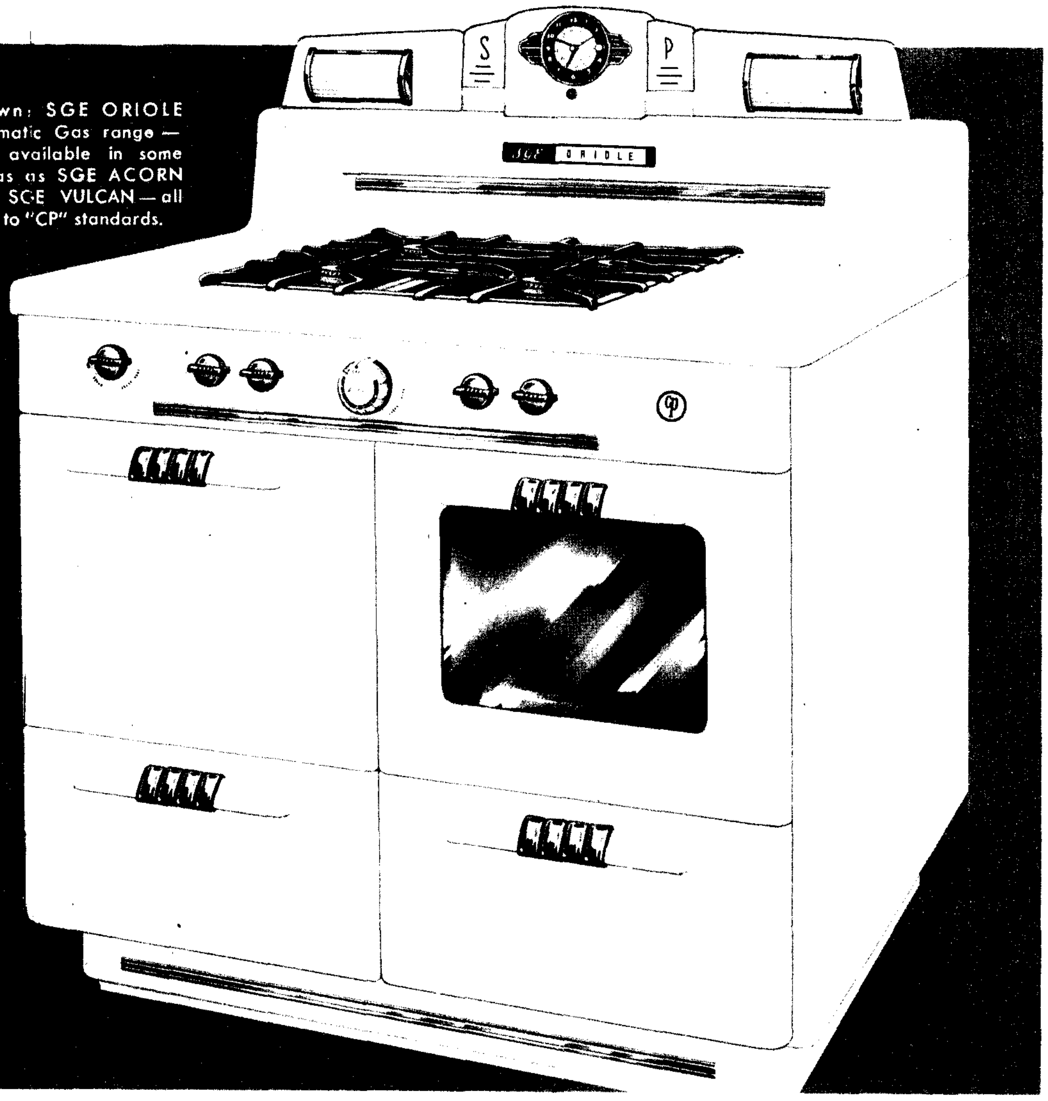
Shown: SGE ORIOLE Automatic Gas range—also available in some areas as SGE ACORN and SGE VULCAN—all built to "CP" standards.



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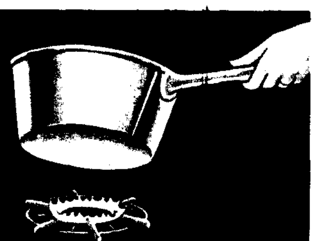

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THE KITCHEN'S NEVER BEEN COOLER!

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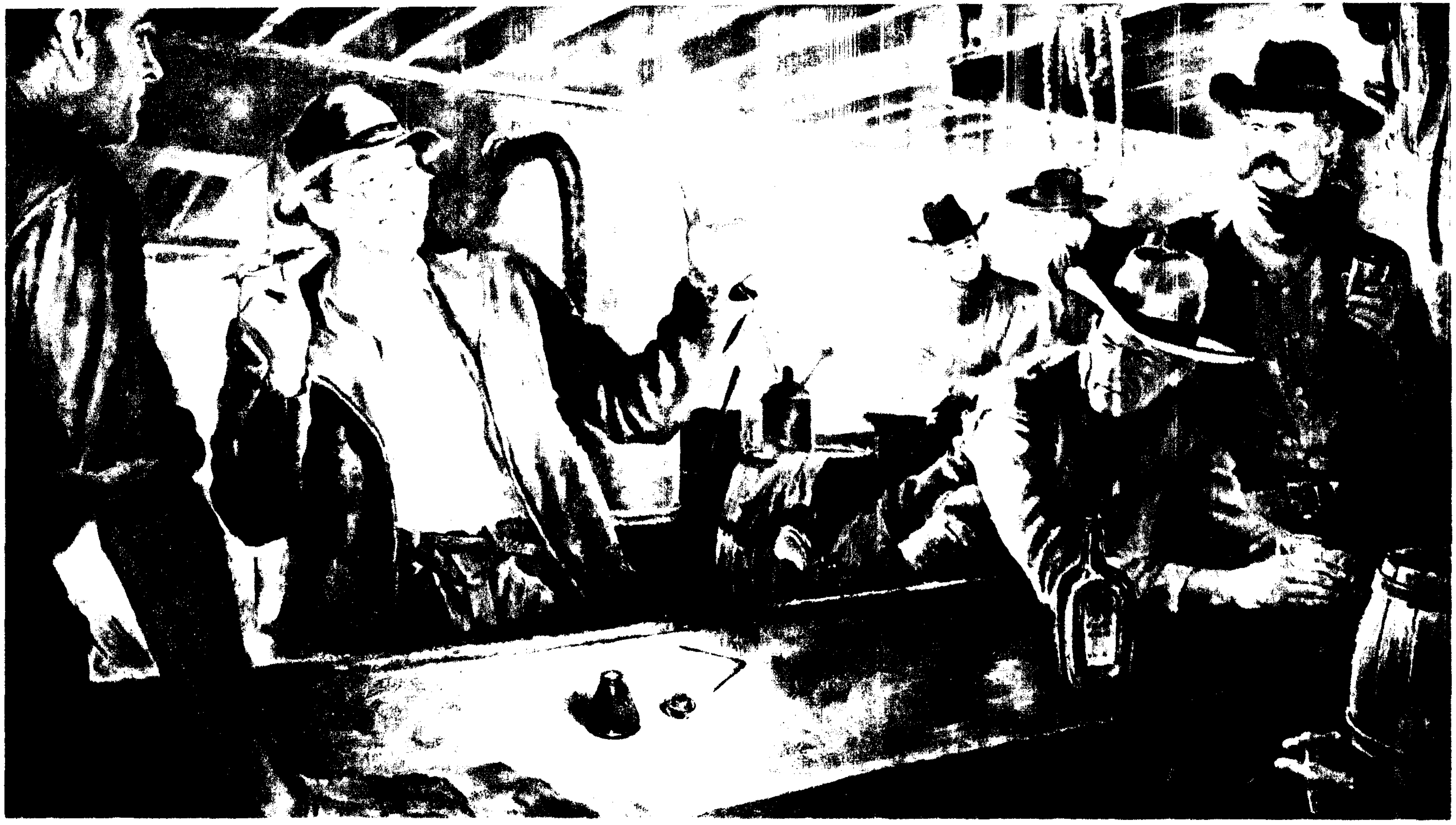


"See?" he said. "There you are. Nice and neat. Nail it on a board, put the board at the head of a grave . . . Saves the price of a tombstone"

WITH MAYBE A NICE WREATH

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

BY BENNETT FOSTER

SOL GANZ' pack weighed sixty pounds; too much for a little man. "I should have a mule, yet," Sol said as he unstrapped his load. "But who would feed a mule and Sol Ganz, too?" The question always brought a laugh, putting the customer in a good frame of mind.

The things the pack contained were small. Such articles as a husband is charged to bring from town and always forgets: needles, thread, darning cotton and the like; pens and ink, pencils and notebooks to cater to the men.

"Sixty, white?" said Sol. "Two spools, Mrs. Markhouse. Here you are. You hear about Stella Loftus' baby boy? Born day before yesterday."

Besides the pack, Sol carried still another load. All the gossip was stored within his head, small items such as a town-visiting husband would forget or never even hear.

"And here I got a barber's shears, Mrs. Markhouse. With such scissors you could cut Johnny's hair and save the barber bill."

"I don't know." Sarah Markhouse eyed the scissors thoughtfully. "Tom cuts the boy's hair. I did hear him say his scissors were no good, but you'd have to ask him, Mr. Ganz."

"Paw's at Twining's," Johnny said.

"Did he say when he'd be back?"

"He said he was goin' to see Dell Franks about our water gap."

"That water gap!" Sarah paled.

Sol Ganz walked down the Markhouse lane, remembering the gossip. There was trouble between Tom Markhouse and Dell Franks, difficulty over water. Franks had leased the Kelso place a month ago, bordering Markhouse on the south. A water gap in Kelso's fence gave Markhouse's cattle access to the creek, but Franks had closed the gap, and this was a serious thing. Denied the creek, the cattle could not use grass in the south pasture and grass was short. The pack rode Sol's shoulders; the gossip rode his mind. . . .

Tom Markhouse was a slow man, an easy man, a good neighbor and not given to anger, but he could be aroused. Dell Franks was small and vicious as a snapping dog. Once, Franks had killed a man, in self-defense, the coroner's report had said; but rumor had it otherwise. Rumor said that Franks had egged on the quarrel. Sol Ganz tramped on.

Twining's was at the crossroads: a store, a saloon, a blacksmith shop. Saddled horses stood at the hitch rack, and the smith's hammer made a cheerful sound. Sol put his pack on the floor, just by the door of the saloon.

"You got some cold beer, Mr. Twining?" Sol asked, knowing that Twining's only stock was whisky.

TWINING was behind the bar. Dave Darcy, rider for the Seven L, lounged by the wall. Glen Raider, Markhouse's neighbor to the west, and Narciso Sandoval who farmed down by the river, were clustered close. At the bar Tom Markhouse confronted Franks.

"Huh?" said Twining. "No. No beer, Sol." Generally Twining had a joking word concerning competition, but not today.

"A drink of water then?" said Sol.

Twining did not take his eyes from Markhouse as he filled the glass.

Tom Markhouse said, "Kelso always kept that gap open. I been usin' it for years." He was a little drunk.

"I closed it," Franks stated. "I leased it and it's goin' to stay closed."

Twining and the others waited. This was between Dell Franks and Tom Markhouse, their business, no one else's. Sol put down the empty glass.

"Some new things I got this trip," he announced cheerfully. "You want I should show you, Mr. Twining?" He hurried to his pack.

"That gap won't stay closed if I open it," Tom Markhouse said. "I got a right to the water."

"You won't open it," Franks said.

"Look, Mr. Twining." Sol placed objects on the bar: a bottle of ink, a pen, a small white card. "Here I got a new thing." He held up a small, clear envelope made of isinglass. "For marking graves, it is."

Despite himself, Twining half turned, scowling at the peddler. Markhouse and Franks glanced around.

"I'll show you how it works," said Sol. "Take now, a man dies. Say Mr. Markhouse, here." He pulled the cardboard to him, and wrote.

"See? Tom Markhouse's name at the top. Then underneath, the date." Sol wrote again. "And now, a nice sentiment, maybe: *'Kind Husband, Loving Father, Good Neighbor,'* and a motto like, *'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'* "

The pen scratched busily. Sol put it down and, having blown upon the card to dry it, slid it into the isinglass envelope.

"See," he said again. "There you are. Nice and neat. Nail it on a board, put the board at the head of the grave with maybe a nice wreath like I got in my catalogue. Saves the widow the price of a tombstone."

Silence, heavy and ponderous, broken only by the rhythmical clink of the blacksmith's hammer, filled the saloon. Tom Markhouse stared at the card and then, wordlessly, wheeled from the bar. His bootheels thumped the floor. There came the creak of saddle leather and the sounds of a departing horse.

"I thought Markhouse was tough," Dell Franks said, scornfully.

"You want I should make you out a card, Mr. Franks?" Sol's eyes were small and black as he peered over his glasses. "These transparent folders, they last a long time, and they're not expensive. Just fifty cents."

AGAIN there was silence in Twining's saloon as the men eyed Franks. Then Twining said, "Go ahead and write it out, Sol. I'll pay you for it. We'll keep his an' Tom's together in case we ever need 'em."

Glen Raider nodded confirmation. Dave Darcy gave a murmur of assent. *"Si,"* said Narciso. *"Yo creo que si."* They all looked at Dell Franks.

Under their eyes Franks toyed uneasily with his empty whisky glass. The glass slipped and fell, shattering on the floor.

"Well, hell!" Franks said. "You needn't be so hard about it. If you feel that way I'll open the damn' water gap. I ain't goin' to buck the whole country."

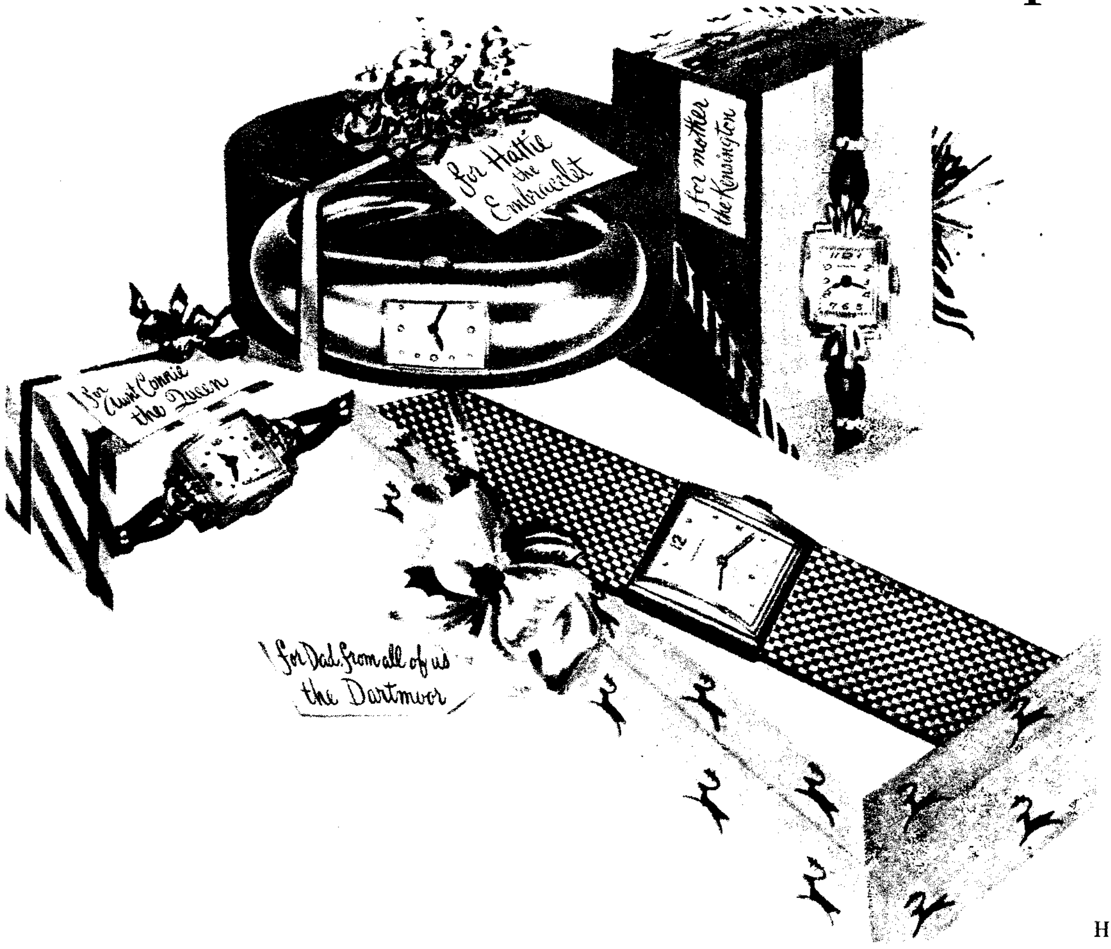
"An' that," said Twining softly, "is a good idea."

Sol Ganz returned pen and ink to his pack. He stowed isinglass envelopes and white cards carefully away and fastened the pack straps. It was a six-mile walk to the Markhouse place, but six miles was not far for a man who walked a hundred miles a month—and there would be a nice profit in a pair of barber shears.

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

for Tom & Prue
the Guardsman
and the Damsel

If we could see inside each package...


for Hattie
the Embracelet
for mother
the Kensington
for Aunt Connie
the Queen
for Dad from all of us
the Dartmoor

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE

Continued from page 15

German commander into the jeep and away. To see at first hand a vulnerable position in the American lines where he could strike quickly, make a glorious advance—and perhaps even come to Hitler's personal attention.

And so Sandy returned to our outfit with the German commander, very confused, beside him in the jeep. Whether the incident had anything to do with the outcome of the Battle of the Bulge I wouldn't know, but it's on the records that Sandy Carr received the Silver Star, a very nice medal awarded for extraordinary gallantry in connection with military operations against the enemy.

YOU see what I mean about the guardian angel. But as we sat in that little café at midnight, racking our brains to solve Sandy's charade with the chair, the jig, and the ditty, I felt that the poor angel had at last had a collapse from overwork.

Sandy put his chair down, discouraged. "Doesn't it mean anything to you, Red?"

"Let's have a cup of coffee. Maybe it'll come to you." I got him on a stool and he drank the scalding liquid in great gulps, not even noticing it was hot. "Who is she?" I asked helpfully. "Maybe if we talk it over. This girl who's been waiting for you since eight o'clock tonight. What's her name?"

Sandy groaned. "That's just it. I don't know her name."

"Why is she waiting for you?"

"I'm going to marry her."

The counterman said, "What?" and backed up a bit. Glancing at me significantly, he made a circular motion at his forehead with an index finger.

"So you're going to marry her," I said helpfully. "She's waiting at this address to marry you."

"Well, not exactly. I was going to propose tonight."

"But you don't know her name."

"What does a name matter if you love a girl!" Sandy cried. "Don't look at me that way, Red. I know I get a bit absent-minded at times, but let me tell you how it happened. I met her about eight months ago at a party. Somebody introduced us, and—well, you know how it is at a party. You don't pay any attention to names."

"Whose party? Who introduced you?"

"It was one of those deals, Red. You know the sort of night when everything happens? The wonderful sort of night you just walk into? You're at a night club. Just happen to drop in. No reason. And you get to talking with some nice people and they invite you someplace and you meet this gorgeous girl. She's part of the wonderful night. Too beautiful to be real. She's sweet and charming and lovely and her eyes—"

"Yes, yes; go on," the counterman said. "So you met her at this here party. Then what?"

"You never expect to see her again. She's just part of the wonderful night. You talk with her and dance with her. And tomorrow's a new day. You'll never see her again. And then," Sandy said, "you do."

"Where?" the counterman asked.

"The next day at noon she was right beside me at the lunch counter of the A and B. Right there on the next stool, big as life and twice as beautiful."

"You live right, Mac," the counterman said admiringly.

"That's the miracle of it," Sandy said softly. "All the people in the Bay area. The hundreds of thousands of people. All the places she might eat lunch. All the stools she might be sitting on. And she's right there beside me. And more than that, Red. *She* knows me. She remembers me. She even smiles, and says, 'Why, Doctor Carr! Meeting you again! How do you do?' She remembers me," Sandy said in an awed voice. "Even my name."

"You're a doctor?" the counterman said, perplexed.

"Ph.D.," I said. "Languages."

"Well, I could hardly ask *her* name," Sandy said. "I couldn't let her know I hadn't paid that much attention to her. I really had, of course, but you know how names are at a party."

"You could've asked her how she spelled it, Doc," the counterman said.

"And what if it was Ellen Jones?" Sandy retorted scathingly. "I couldn't risk it. I didn't want to do anything to spoil things. And above all I didn't want her to suspect—well, how I forget things at times."

"Mac, you had it bad," the counterman said. "I mean, Doc."

"You don't know how bad," Sandy admitted. "She was the one. It was her or nobody. So we talked there, during lunch, and I found out she worked in some office near by—"

"What office?" the counterman said.

"If she said, it slipped my mind. I didn't pay attention to that. You should see her eyes, and when she smiles— It was enough to find out she had lunch every day in the A and B.

"So it sort of grew. We had lunch together every day. And the longer I knew her the worse it got. Maybe I could have asked her name, at first, if I'd done it right. But when you've been seeing a girl every day for three months—five days a week, that is—and you're now taking the corner booth and holding hands—how are you going to ask her name? It got worse and worse."

"Didn't you ever date her?" the counterman asked.

"I COULDN'T. I lived in terror. She made some leading remarks I could have picked up. I knew she'd go out with me if I asked her. You don't know how bad I wanted to. Take her to dinner at the nice spots and have the headwaiter call me by name. Show her a good time and be proud of her and make her happy and proud of me. She must have thought I was a skinflint. The A and B. I ate lunch there because nobody else in the office did, and I like to read while I eat. I did before I met her."

"Why *didn't* you take her out?" the counterman asked.

"And run into somebody I knew? I know a lot of people, by sight at least. I even call them by name. One face is Joe, another Bill—or a redhead like you, Red, you're always Red to me. But I forget who they are. And what if I ran into somebody with her, and didn't know her name to make the introductions? Or introduced her to a waiter? And then she got to talking with him, and found out about me? I couldn't risk it."

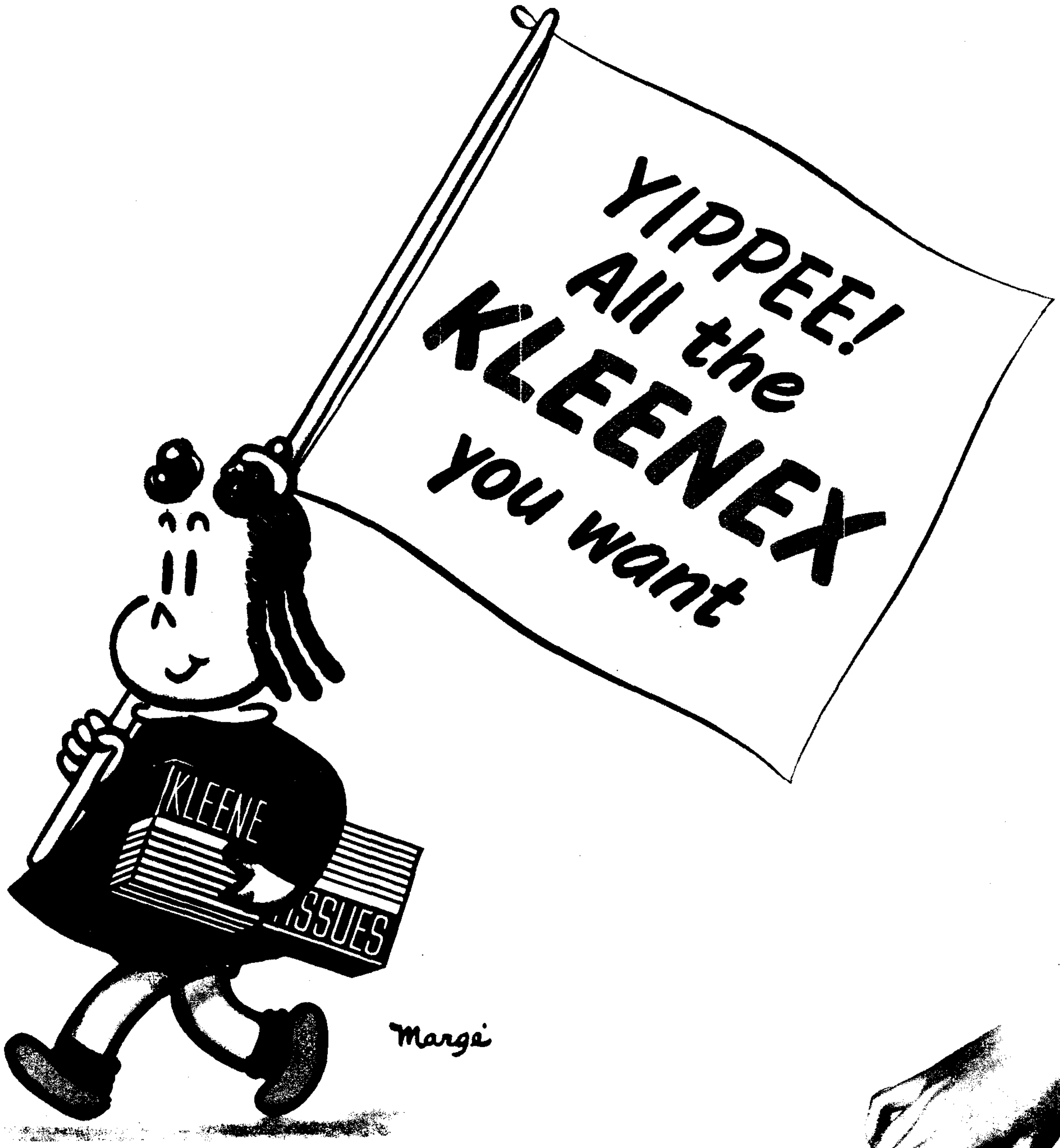
"But still you was going to marry her, and let her find out the full horror of things later," the counterman said. "That ain't very nice, Doc."

"I was going to tell her everything, when I proposed."

"Let's get on," I said. "You were at the A and B."

"Yes, five days a week. And then one day she didn't show up. Nor the next day. Nor the next week. She'd disappeared. I was wild. What could I do? You know how it is down there in the financial section. All those offices. Those thousands of offices. If I'd just known her name I would have gone from door to door. I would have started phoning from A to Z through the business directory. I would have found her if it took a million years. But I didn't; and what could I do?

"I got to hanging around the various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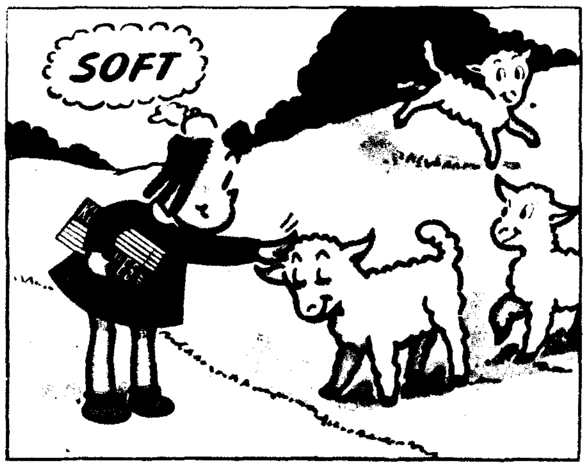

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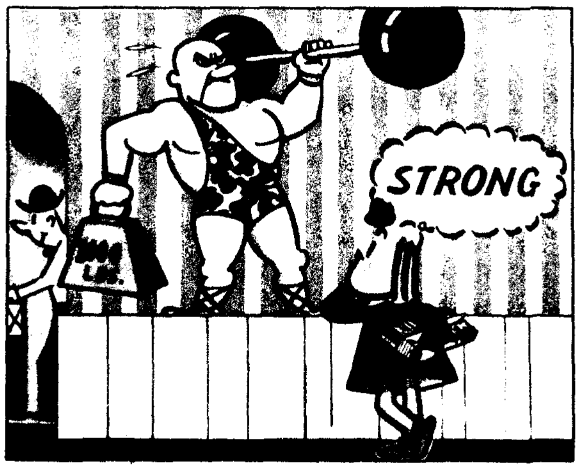
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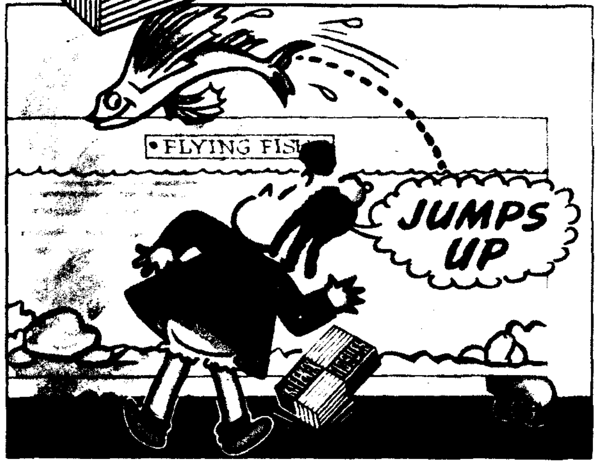
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business buildings, hoping to see her coming to work, or leaving. At noon I went from café to café. But she'd just dropped back into the hundreds of thousands of people in the Bay area. I took time off from work to tramp the streets, hoping to run into her. In the evenings I drove around the city until dark. At night I watched theater crowds and night spots and people coming out of sports events."

"What do you work at, Doc?" the counterman asked.

I SAID, "Norman and Norman. He's vice-president in charge of foreign sales. He can always hire a secretary to keep track of details and appointments. How did you find her again, Sandy?"

"I found her again today. Just this afternoon. After all those months. It was Saturday, you know—"

"Still is," the counterman said, glancing at the clock on the pie shelf. "For six minutes more."

Sandy said, "I was out at the park. Walking seemed to help. Among the trees and things. I'd given up ever finding her. And then I came around some bushes and there she was, sitting on a bench. She saw me and stood up slowly, and I—maybe I lost my head. I just took her up and kissed her."

"About time," the counterman said approvingly.

"I suppose so; for then she knew how I felt. Particularly after I'd told her I loved her."

"She'd get a rough idea," admitted the counterman.

"We had a long talk, and she told me everything. I can see how it looked to her. I'd never asked for a date. She knew nothing about me. She didn't even know if I was married or something. I hadn't ever told her who I was or what I did. She just knew my name. I'd been afraid she'd find out about me. About how I was. And what was she to think? There was some reason, she knew, why I didn't ask to see her in the evenings, and go places with her. And, she said, she'd grown to love me. The situation was impossible, she thought, so she just stopped coming to the A and B. And then, after a while, she went back to the A and B, wondering if we couldn't have a talk and find out what was what. But of course by that time I was going to other cafés looking for her.

"But all that was over now. She's wonderful. And I told her about myself."

"Everything?" the counterman asked.

"Well, not everything. I told her where I worked and what I did and about being in the Army and how I lived with my mother and all and wasn't married and loved her. Everything except how absent-minded I was. We were too happy, there on the park bench, being in love and finding each other again. I didn't want to spoil it. And I thought maybe—well, I thought this might help." He got a little box out of his pocket and opened it to reveal a diamond ring. It had a big diamond and a cluster of smaller ones; if it hadn't set him back fifteen hundred bucks I'll eat it.

"As a married man," the counterman said expertly, "I can assure you that that wouldn't hurt."

"I made a date with her for tonight. Our first date. Then went shopping for the ring. And I was planning the honeymoon and everything. It was so wonderful. And I was going to offer her the ring and propose and tell her everything. Every single thing. Gee, I was excited."

"So excited you forgot everything else, including her address," I said.

"Don't you *still* know her name?" the counterman asked.

"How could I ask a girl her name at a time like that?" Sandy demanded. "I figured when she signed the license—"

"And you was going to meet her tonight at eight o'clock. But you don't remember where. Just why the hell, Doc, with a mind like yours," the counterman demanded, "don't you make a habit of writing things down?"

"I do write things down," Sandy said indignantly. "I've got enough sense to realize I forget things. Of course my secretary relieves me of details at the office. But other things I *always* write down. I always carry a little book." Sandy produced a small leather-bound notebook from his breast pocket, as proof.

"Okay, Doc; then why *didn't* you write the address down?"

"I didn't have a pencil," Sandy admitted. "Anyhow, how would it look? You're in love with a girl, and can't even remember her address. It's not very complimentary to her. And I didn't want her to know I was that way, until I flashed the diamond."

"Me, Doc," the counterman said, "I would have carved that address on the skin of my belly with a pocketknife."

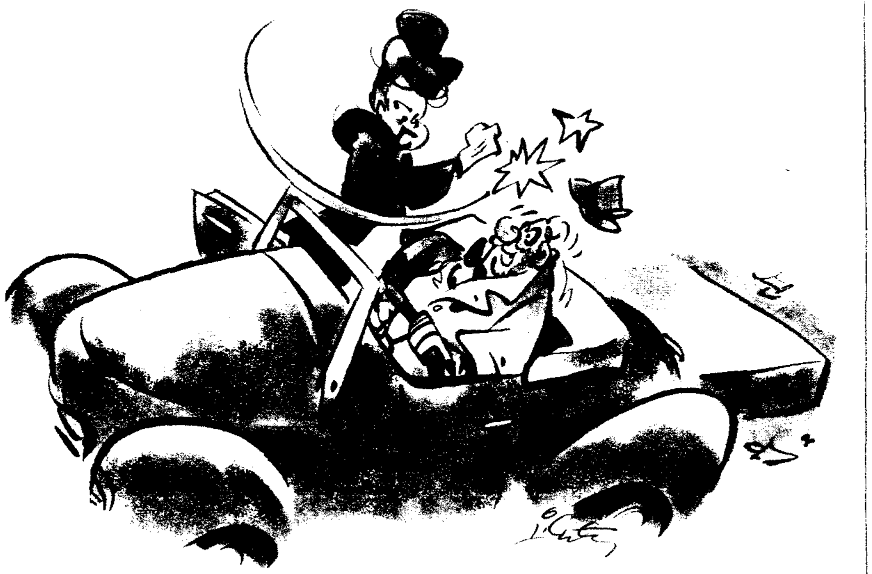
"I didn't have a pocketknife. And I don't think I like your attitude. I'm not an idiot. Anyhow, I was *going* to write it down, but by then I was buying the diamond and it slipped my mind."

"What mind, Doc?"

"The trouble with you, Mac, you don't know your limitations. I do. I knew I had to fix that address in my memory so I never would forget. So I did it by association. The park bench was there, and I associated it, and dancing a jig, and a little ditty about nuts in May, with the address. I'll never forget that association as long as I live. I've got it."

"Except you forgot what it associates with," the counterman said.

"That's why I'm here, trying to get a little help," said Sandy. "Tonight I drove around the streets, hoping something would give me a clue. Then I dropped in



COLLIER'S "I do appreciate the lift. This is for whistling at me!" GEORGE LICHTY here for a cup of coffee. Coffee sharpens the wits sometimes. And everybody who's come in, I've asked to help me. What beats me, it's such a simple little association, but nobody has brains enough to give me any help. Now, look, you guys: there's the chair—or the park bench—there's the jig, and there's the tune; wait, now, I'll do it again." And, picking up the chair, he began the little dance while he sang, "Here we go gathering nuts in May, nuts in May, nuts in May—"

A cop wandered in. "Anybody here owns that bottle-green sedan parked down the street?"

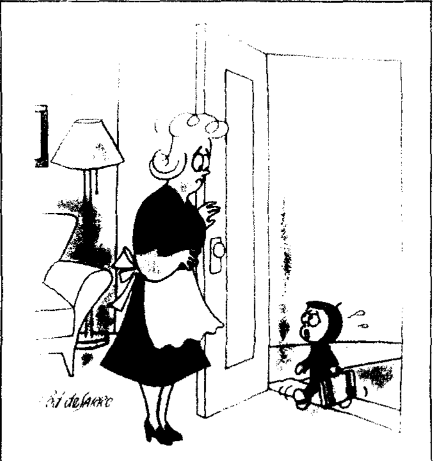
"What does this mean to you, Officer?" Sandy asked, and continued his dance. "Here we go gathering nuts in May, so early in the morning."

"What is this?" the cop asked.

"Here we go gathering nuts in May—"

"Pipe down!" the cop cried. "What's the matter around here? This nut got a screw loose?"

"Nut!" Sandy yelled. "Nut! That's it! Nuts in May. Double association—nuts in May—crazy—nut! Of course. Filbert! *Filbert Street!*"



"I had a bad day today at the principal's office!"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

"Huh?" the cop said. "Look, there's a place for guys like you."

"Jail!" Sandy cried happily. "Bars! Prison! *Leavenworth Apartments, on Leavenworth Street near Filbert.* Officer, I thank you. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I love you, Officer!"

"Say, what is this?" the cop asked.

"Charades," I explained.

"Okay, but it's pretty late for that," the cop growled. He went out, with a suspicious backward glance at Sandy.

"Thanks a million, fellows," Sandy said. "I'll be seeing you."

"And just where are you going?" the counterman asked. "Suppose any girl in her right mind is sitting there waiting at this time of night? You got funny once, Doc, then you got funny twice, and what kind of a girl will give you a chance to get funny maybe three times? Doc," he advised, "forget her. Have another cup of coffee."

Sandy sank upon a stool and stared forlornly at the clock on the pie shelf.

"The association," the counterman said, filling our cups, "was a darb. The slats on the park bench or the back of that chair are like the bars of a prison, and the ditty was about nuts. That makes Leavenworth and Filbert. I admire a man who can cook up an association like that right off the wrist while making love to a beautiful girl. But why the dance?"

"Two-step," Sandy said. "Apartment number two."

"Doc, you're a genius."

"Red," Sandy said, "do you think there's any use?"

The counterman said, "As a married man I'm telling you there ain't. But you might as well go down swinging. Give her a ring first. Don't go busting into a lady's apartment at twenty minutes past midnight, Pacific standard time, without phoning ahead. There's the phone booth."

Sandy went into the phone booth. He was in there several minutes. When he emerged, he walked slowly to the counter and hitched onto a stool. "She's gone."

"Or too sound asleep to hear the phone, which is worse," the counterman said. "If she cared about you, she'd be sitting up. She'd have the cops out looking for you."

"I'll never see her again," Sandy groaned.

"Wouldn't do you no good if you did. You was funny once. You was funny twice. And if you think—"

His voice trailed away. A girl had walked in. She was the sort of a girl to make a man's voice trail away. I don't know whether she walked in or flew in on invisible wings. She was that sort of a girl. "Sandy," she said quietly.

Sandy turned on the stool, and his eyes went big and soft.

"Nuts in May—Filbert," she said. "Bars, prison—Leavenworth." She shook her head slowly. "You need somebody to remember things for you."

"But, I—I—how did you—?"

"When you didn't show up, I called your mother. She said you'd probably forgotten the address. So I asked the police to find you. They located your car parked down the street, and I came to help search the area. And a cop just told me about running into a nut in here."

"You talked with Mother? Then you know—everything," Sandy said barrenly.

"You mean about being absent-minded?" The girl smiled softly. "I knew that from the first day at the A and B, when you walked out and I had to pay for your lunch. The man at the counter said you often did that, and they had to watch that you didn't take somebody else's hat."

SANDY'S face bloomed. It was somewhat embarrassing, the utter undefended ecstasy on that pan of his. "Then you don't care? It doesn't matter?"

She looked at me and the counterman, and then evidently decided not to demonstrate to Sandy how little it mattered. "It's getting late," she said. "And maybe I'd better remind you—there was something important you said you wanted to talk about tonight."

"Oh, gosh—yes!" Sandy cried, slapping the pocket in which he'd put the diamond. "I sure do!" And they went out.

See what I mean about the guardian angel?

"He lives right," the counterman said. "There ain't no other answer. He lives right."

I was on another cup of coffee when Sandy and the girl burst into the café. "I just wanted to tell you, fellows!" he cried. "I'm the happiest man in the world! I asked her, and she—oh gosh, that's right, you don't know each other. Honey, this is—er—"

"Harry Spinas," the counterman said.

"Martin Ross," I said.

"And this," Sandy said, "is—er Miss—uh—"

"It will soon be Mrs. Carr," the girl said, "and that's easy to remember."

"Say!" Sandy cried, leveling a finger at me. "Say, I know you! Red Ross! Hell, we went through a war together! Gee, it's good to see you again, fellow! Let's get together sometime, soon. What's your address?"

I told him.

"Bancroft Street," Sandy said. "Bancroft. The historian. Wild West. Indians. Wow-wow-wow-wow!" He patted his mouth with one hand and waved an imaginary tomahawk with the other. "I've got it. We've got to get together soon, Red."

Probably it slipped his mind, because I haven't seen Sandy Carr since. One of these days I'll have to remember to give him a ring.

THE END

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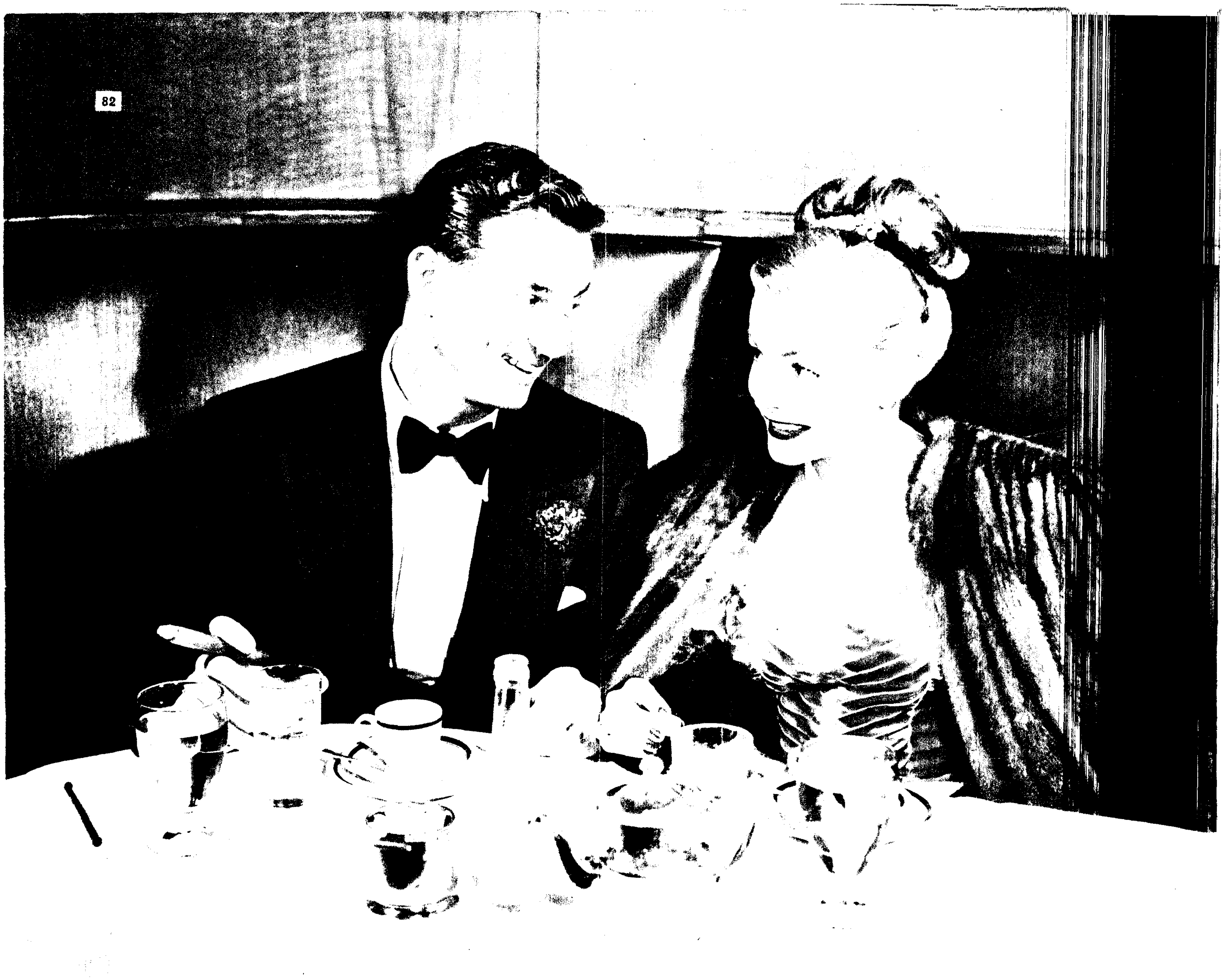
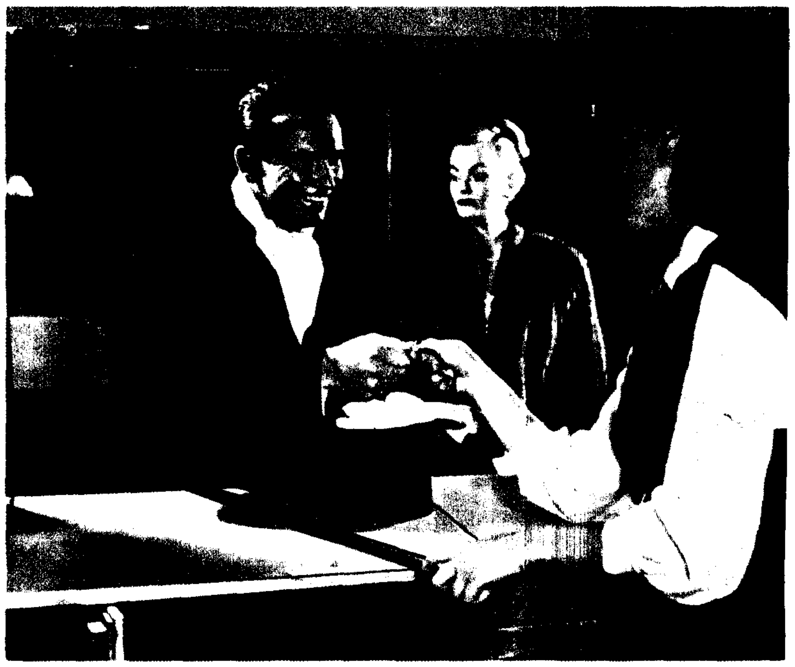


He's "correct"—peaked-lapel, single-breasted dinner jacket, black ribbed waistcoat, white dress shirt, black butterfly bow tie, dark red carnation and white **handkerchief**

Double-breasted dinner jacket, with peaked lapels; over it a camel's-hair polo coat, which is right aboard ship, for wear in the South and in the country, but is not correct in town



For wear in town, over the dinner jacket: a double-breasted navy blue overcoat, white muffler, collapsible opera hat and light-color gloves

BLACK TIE

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

When a man dons a dinner jacket, he may or may not be well dressed. Here's the latest dope on the subject, prepared by one of the greatest authorities on men's clothes

SUPPOSE you're invited to a dinner party or other social function and your hostess says, "Black tie, please." That means, as you probably know, that the affair isn't formal enough to call for a tailcoat, or, as some say, "a full-dress evening suit." You are expected to show up wearing a tuxedo, or dinner coat, with a black bow tie and all the proper accessories, including black shoes and socks.

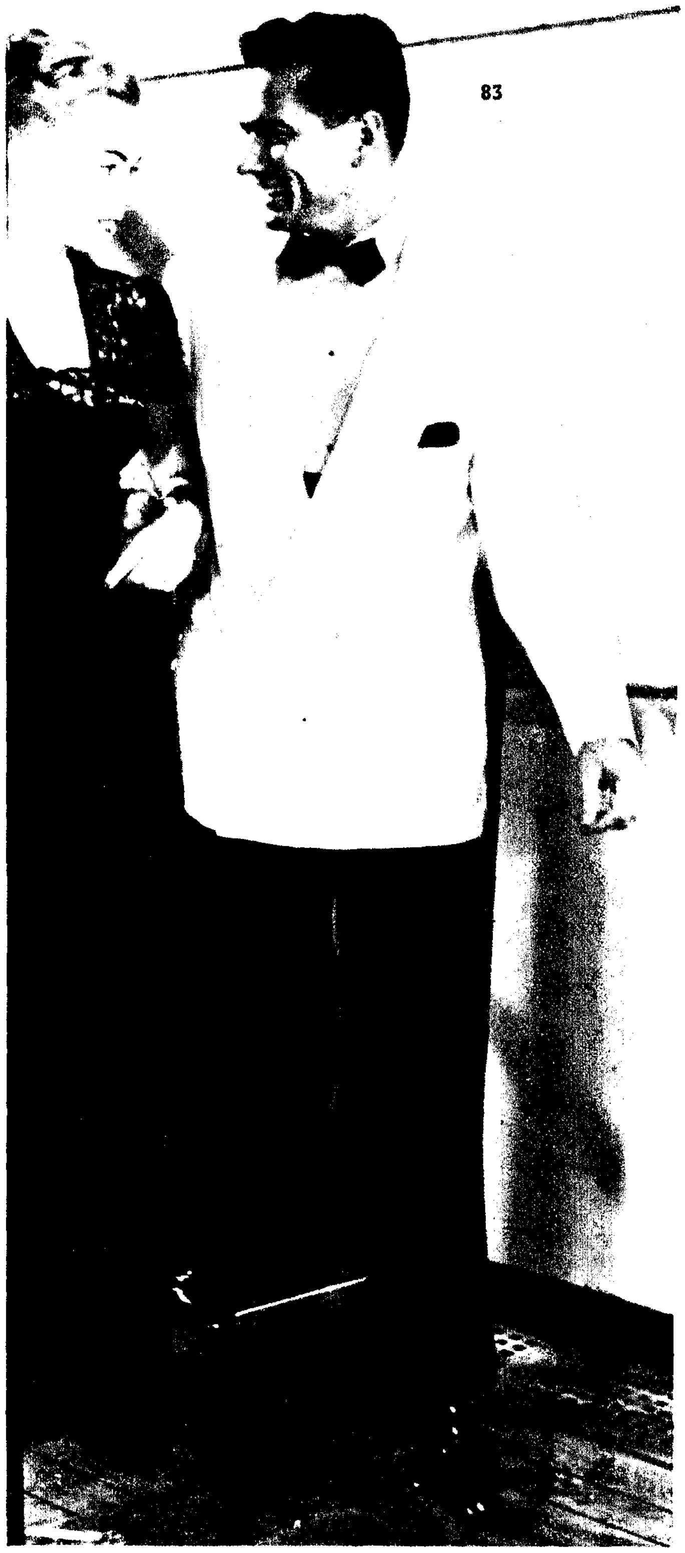
Dinner coats, among the most popular men's garments, were scarce during the war, because manufacturers were forbidden to make them. But there are plenty of them in the stores now, and you'll need one if you get around much. A dinner coat is definitely required for dining and dancing, at the theater, aboard a cruise ship, when sailing for Europe, at bachelor dinners, at stag affairs, fraternity dances, and when the woman you're escorting wears a dinner dress. In general, a long dress on a lady means a dinner coat on her escort. But it is never worn on Sunday night. Never! Nobody knows why.

It used to be that all dinner jackets were black; those worn in the city, that is, for white jackets are properly for resort wear only. But midnight blue is fast replacing the black outfit, and the double-breasted jacket is becoming more popular than the single-breasted. A waistcoat—vest to you, maybe—is not worn with a double-breasted jacket, but a cummerbund—a pleated, sashlike affair which is wrapped around the waist—is okay. Don't wear a white waistcoat. Outdated.

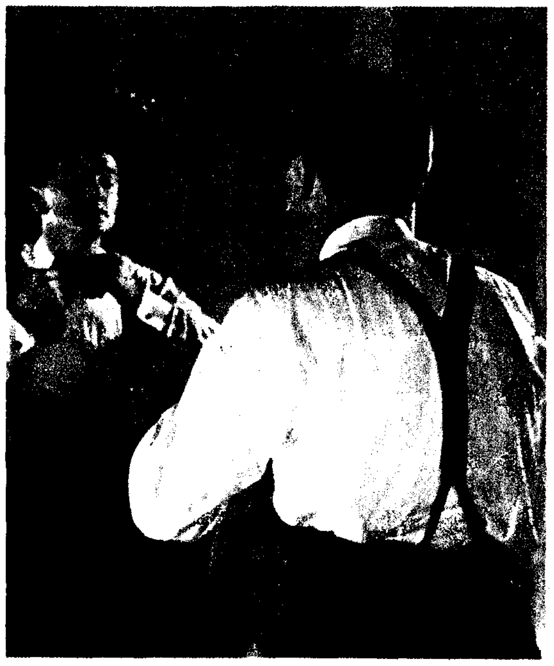
Nearly all evening dress shirts for wear with a dinner jacket now come with attached collars, and a soft or pleated bosom in ribbed or waffle piqué. For buttons wear colored stones; precious jewelry is proper only with full dress. The black tie should match the facing of the dinner jacket, of satin or ribbed grosgrain. Available tie models include the pointed-end, the square-end and a small butterfly shape, which is the most fashionable. On your head wear a black Homburg or a collapsible opera hat, but not a derby. Too informal.

Once you're dressed in your dinner coat there are a few finishing touches that might add a well-groomed look. Put a dark red carnation in your buttonhole. Let a half inch of white collar show at back of your neck which, of course, should be clean. Let an inch or two of white shirt cuff extend beyond the sleeves of your jacket. Display a white linen handkerchief with rolled edge. But don't let your monogram show. That's bad. ★★★

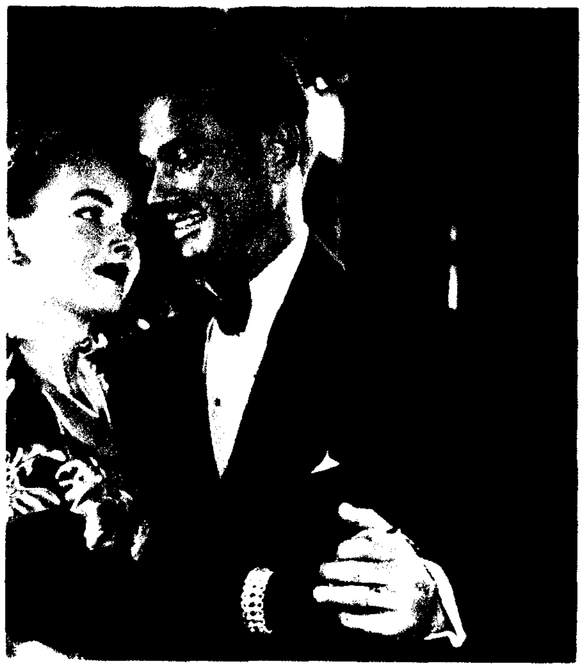
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MAURY HAMMOND



For cruise and Southern wear: white dinner jacket, pointed-end tie, blue trousers, patent leather shoes



ship and in the South: maroon suspenders, bow and cummerbund, red stone studs and cuff links



About town: the fashionable satin shawl-collared dinner jacket and black satin square-end bow tie

Midnight-blue or black Homburg (correct in town with dinner jacket) blue overcoat and light gloves

. . . may I suggest you ask for this precious pre-war Bottled in Bond Kentucky bourbon now?
I. W. Harper
bottled in bond
Distilled before the war and bottled in bond under the supervision of the U.S. Government.
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I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
it's always a pleasure
I.W. HARPER
the gold medal whiskey

GREENWICH VILLAGE: TOURIST TRAP

Continued from page 12

"the Prince of Poverty," to make a really paying proposition out of the Village show. He gets the tourists to visit him in his studio, charging them whatever they think the sight and spiel are worth. He has acquired three apartments and a farm in Vermont.

Here is the spiel he uses to get the cash:

"I am the Prince of Poverty. Everything I have was given me. I used to beg all day on the street. Now I am a rich man. I don't have to beg any more. But I beg for an hour every day just for the pleasure.

"I fear nothing. I live outside society and all its rules and conventions. There is no circumstance which can frighten me. Society cannot touch me. I get richer every year. My idea is that to be really free you must live out your life without commercial work of any kind."

Most of the younger artists have no studios. They live in cold-water flats. High rents are forcing the artists to move farther and farther away from Washington Square. Many are deserting the Village for the East Side tenements.

Skyscrapers Not Wanted

The Village's landlords were among the first to realize people will pay for Village atmosphere, but it was not until 1935 that they began concerted efforts to preserve the quaint architectural character of the area. In this they have been able to enlist the sympathies of thousands of Villagers.

Two years ago, when plans were announced to tear down MacDougal Alley and the fashionable old houses of Washington Square North to erect a modern apartment skyscraper, the Villagers reacted as though the end of the world was at hand. They staged protest meetings and yelled bloody murder. The sale of the land was consummated, but the Villagers, resourceful people, got a ruling put through the zoning board preventing the erection of anything over 12 stories in the area.

This nixed the whole project because it would be uneconomical to build anything less than 20 stories.

Today a similar battle is going on to "protect" the ancient buildings and studios of Washington Square South from the encroachment of civilization. The residents of that block, joined by other Villagers who dote upon old buildings and Village "independence," are up in arms because New York University plans to tear down their homes and erect a new law school on the site.

This threatens the "House of Genius" at 61 Washington Square South. Each protest meeting is fairly orderly until someone mentions this ancient spawning ground of American culture. Then everyone jumps up and starts shouting the names of all who used to live there.

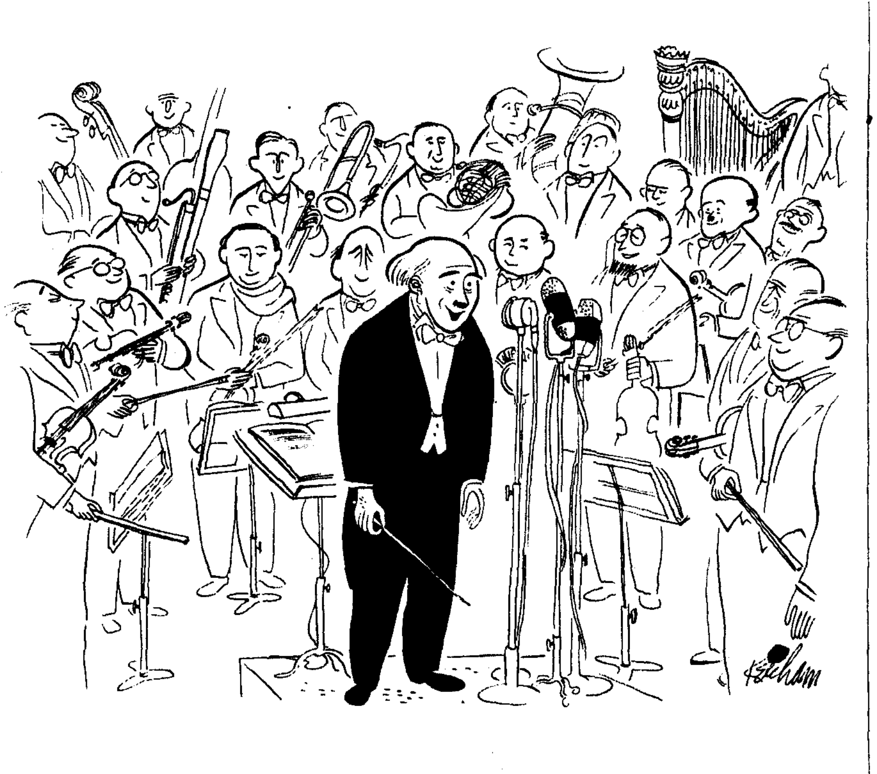
The House of Genius for 50 years was a cheap boardinghouse run by a motherly Frenchwoman, Mme. Catherine Branchard. In it have lived, at various times, many writers who later became famous. The late Willa Cather and O. Henry lived there for a while and so did Gelett Burgess. Stephen Crane wrote part of his famous The Red Badge of Courage within its old walls. In 1915, Dreiser, downcast because his publisher's wife had had her husband burn thousands of copies of his now classic Jennie Gerhardt, moved in. Frank Norris wrote McTeague there.

Mme. Branchard died a few years ago. The House of Genius is now occupied by a miscellaneous collection of people, including graying Reuben Nakian, a sculptor who fifteen years ago was much talked about because, instead of a classical figure, he did a huge statue of Babe Ruth swatting out a home run.

Landlords have their eccentricities. When Sherry Martinelli, a pretty Virginia girl who came to the Village to paint two years ago, complained to her landlord recently about rats, he shook a warning finger at her. "If you're keeping rats in here," he said, "I'll have to raise the rent."

Albert Strunsky, dead five years now, was famous enough to have already become a legend. For 17 years Papa Strunsky was landlord of the block on Washington Square South bounded by MacDougal, Sullivan and Third streets. The stories of his tenderness of heart toward poor artists are endless.

A Russian immigrant who had made a



"Me an' the boys cert'n'y enjoy these weekly visits wit' ya"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

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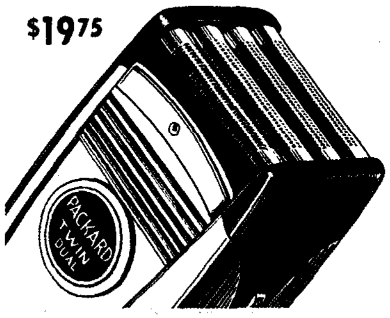

PACKARD
ELECTRIC SHAVER
LEKTRO PRODUCTS, INC., MILFORD, CONN.

sizable fortune exporting California wines, Papa became a landlord when prohibition began. He leased the block of dilapidated buildings from their owner, Columbia University, and in turn rented them to artists. From the start his sympathies were with his poor tenants rather than with himself. Often, after putting on a tough face and demanding rent in advance, he would hand it back if he felt the artist didn't have enough with which to eat. He bought occasional meals for hundreds of them. But what he did most frequently was put rent off for months. Then both he and his artist tenant would recognize the impossibility of the rent ever being paid and they would part friends.

Sometimes, in a frantic, short-winded effort to catch up with the dissipation of his fortune—for he wasn't artist enough to convince Columbia University he shouldn't pay—he would insist on tenants getting out. Even then, he often paid a month's rent in advance for them elsewhere.

Telling It to the Judge

He once started to evict a young girl artist who hadn't paid him anything for a long period. He had her haled into court where a pompous judge unleashed a long harangue about landlords being the backbone of America, taxpayers and thrifty, while she, an idle, loafing artist, dillydallied her time away.

Papa interrupted this harangue by jumping up and withdrawing his complaint.

"You can't say things like that," he said, shaking his finger at the astonished judge and putting his arm around his tearful tenant. "This girl is a good girl. She works hard, night and day, and often goes without food. So don't you call her a loafer. All she did was fail to pay her rent, and for that I forgive her."

With that he marched out and bought his tenant lunch.

For a while Strunsky tried to organize his charities by moving everyone who couldn't pay rent into a rickety tenement which did not bring in much money anyway. This was known, among the artists, as "Strunsky's Siberia" because it was cold, damp and filled with rent exiles.

Among the artists, actors and writers who lived in his buildings were John Steinbeck, Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullavan, Thomas Wolfê, Lionel Stander and Ivan Black, now a highly successful theatrical publicity man.

In 1939, his fortune gone, Papa Strunsky lost his lease on the buildings, and when he died two years later he was virtually penniless.

Strunsky's memory is toasted most frequently in the San Remo Café, not far from his old buildings. Until the artists and the bearded ones pushed them out, the San Remo was filled with neighborhood Italians. John the waiter has been so affected by the change of clientele that now he, too, is writing a book. The San Remo and Lee Chumley's, a hangout for writers and newspapermen for several decades, are centers of the younger Villagers' social life. The shouting and screaming over Art, Being, Freud, Decadence, Henry Miller, Expressionism and Life sometimes assume volcanic proportions.

Among the shouters are bearded Eugene O'Neill, Jr., and Shane O'Neill, sons of the famous playwright. With them the Village has turned a full cycle. They are angry, bitter young men, possessed with the fear that they are accepted only because they are their father's sons.

Next week the second and last article of this series by Henderson and Shaw will tell what happens to the newcomers to the Village, describe the "Work is Death" theory, and show how fashions in talk have changed.

Super-safe

SCHOOL CROSSING SLOW
hoff

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WOLVERINE

BY KYLE CRICHTON

With Fritz Crisler at the throttle, the little boys from Michigan highball through on the road to a Big Nine title and the Rose Bowl—they hope

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

AT THE beginning of October a strange moral crisis afflicted Ann Arbor, Michigan. It was possible to drink, carouse and blaspheme but two certain words must absolutely not be uttered. These were *Rose Bowl.* While every citizen down to the last sniffling infant was convinced that Michigan's football team would win the Western Conference championship and murder anybody met in Pasadena, it was not considered *de rigeur* to mention this publicly lest the evil spirits react in a way that has often saddened the town.

By the time the Pitt game was reached, however, the pressure was too great and the obscene words were spoken aloud and everybody felt better. There were cautious souls on hand to observe that Michigan had still not met a conference rival but these were pushed rudely into a corner and asked to subside. After beating Michigan State, 55-0, Stanford, 49-13 and Pitt, 69-0 the burghers were in a mood to defy the whammy, the witches of Endor and any group of eleven men who thought they belonged in the same universe with Mr. H. O. Crisler's boys.

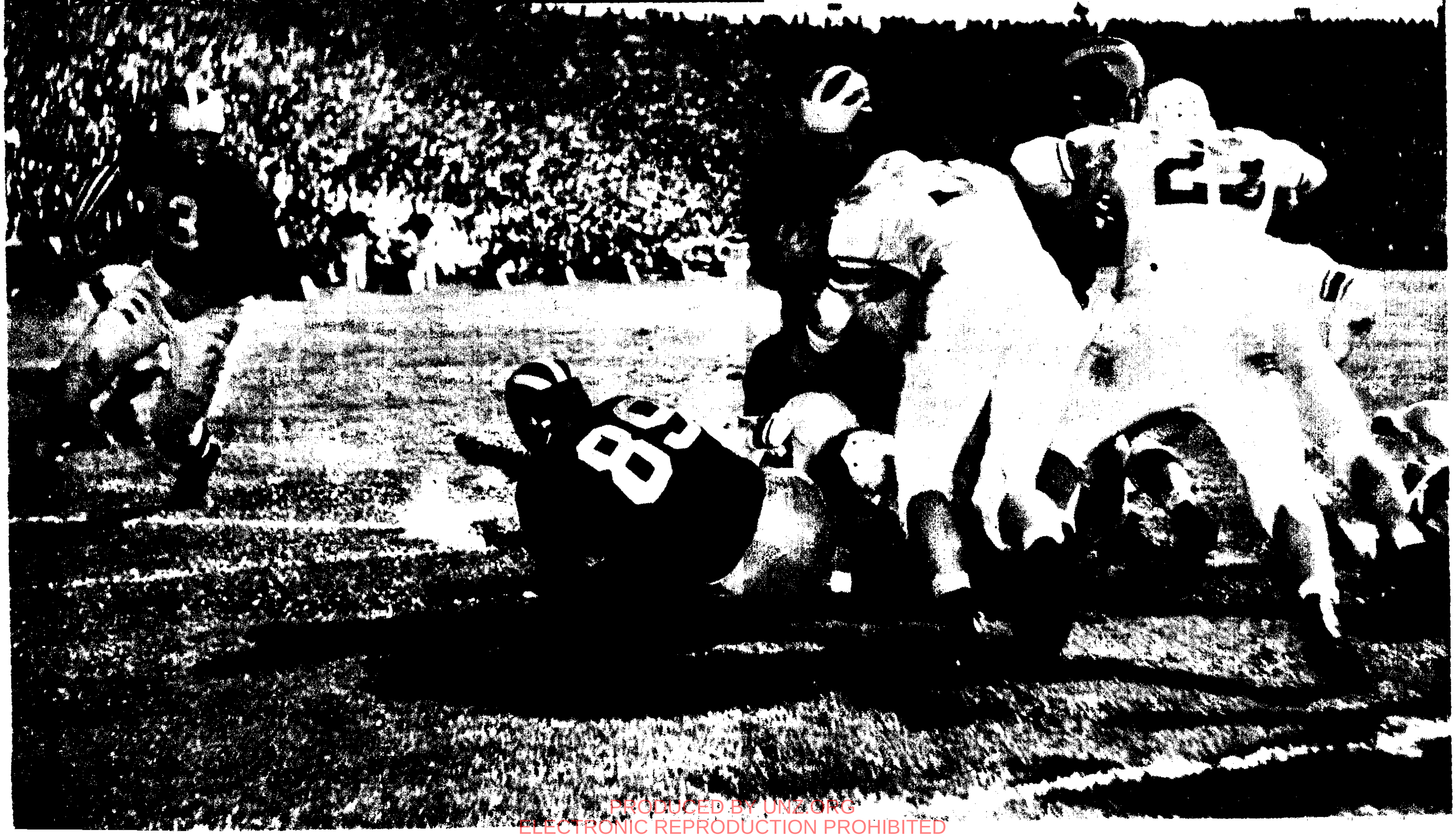
It must be admitted that never in the history of the world had a team looked better than the Wolverines in the afore-mentioned three games. The attack had been bewildering and devastating; the defense had merely been brutal. Stanford managed to score twice against a group of fourth-string individuals made up almost exclusively of track men, stadium attendants and unknown soldiers. This gave them no consolation and they mattered their way back to Palo Alto in a state of shock and bemusement. If by some miracle Stanford should win the Pacific Coast Conference and be delegated to face Michigan on the Rose Bowl gridiron, we might witness for the first time a contending team being brought to the arena in chains.

At this point it is proper to ask what miracle has produced these monsters. Apparently nothing at all but coaching. With the exception of Bob Chappuis, Michigan's best back and a potential all-America, who had a modest local reputation at DeVilbiss High in Toledo, there is nobody on the team who could conceivably have attracted the attention of a Southern scout. Dick Kempthorn, the defensive fullback from Canton, Ohio, had a fine press as a schoolboy and has been touted rather excessively at Michigan but there is grave doubt that he will ever be a satisfactory offensive fullback for the team because that entails a lot of fancy spinning which Kempthorn seems unfitted for. However, he kills them on defense.

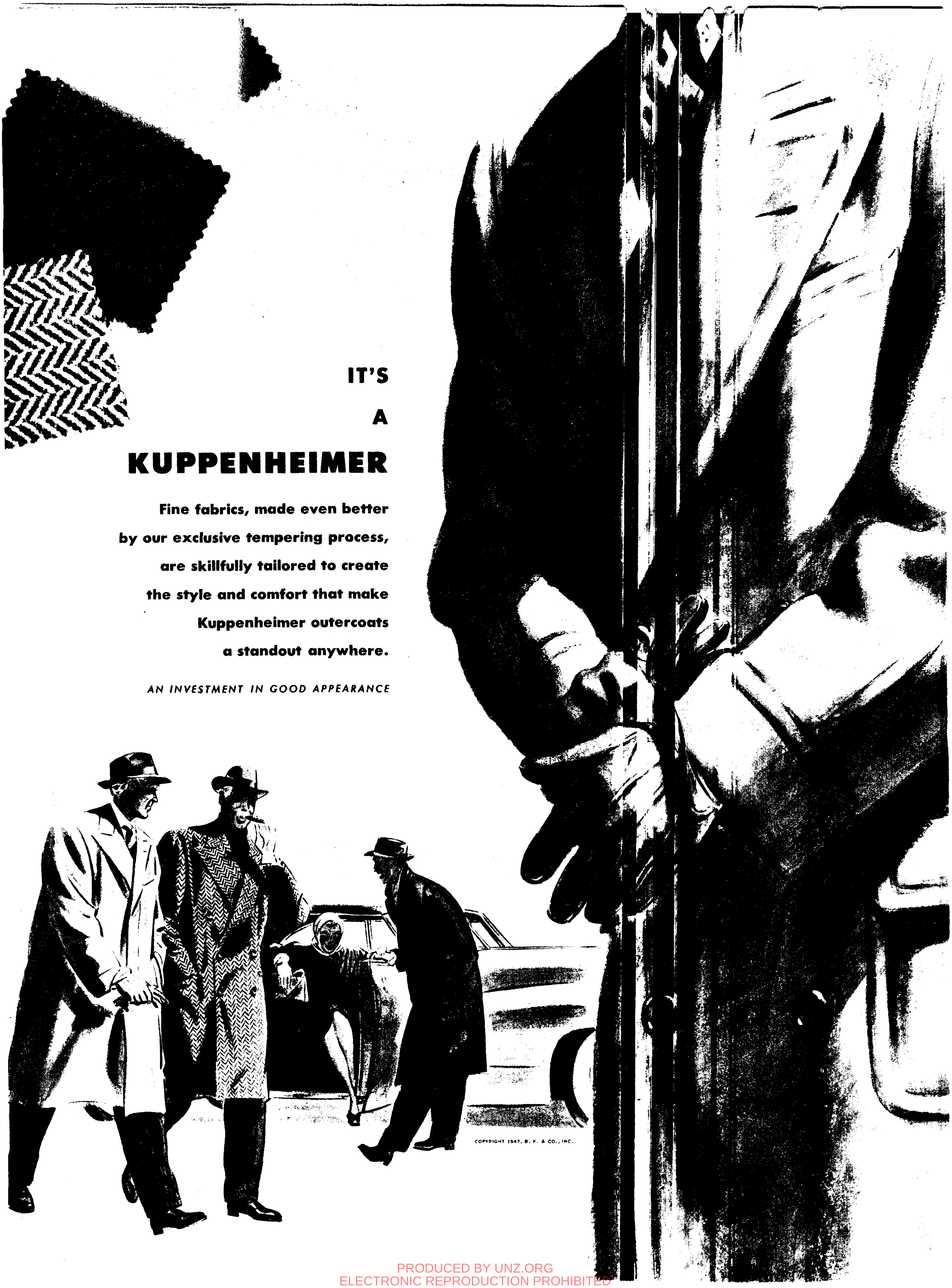
When we first saw the Michigan squad in practice we were shocked.

"Looks like a high-school squad, eh?" said Mr. Crisler, and that is exactly what we had been thinking and keeping quiet about out of good manners. Their great pass-catching end, Bob Mann, is a Negro from New Bern, North Carolina, weighing 167 pounds and looking like somebody who could be twisted like a pretzel at will.

Dominic Tomasi, the demoniacal explosive charge at guard, resembles a



Fritz Crisler (at left) watches his Wolverines romp to an easy victory over Michigan State. With him are Leonard Ford (87), Bruce Hilkene (75) and Robert Chappuis (49). Below, Bob Chappuis plunges over for Michigan's second touchdown. Also shown in the play are Thomas Peterson (33), Richard Rifenburg (89), and Michigan State's James Blenkhorn (31) and Eugene Glick (23)



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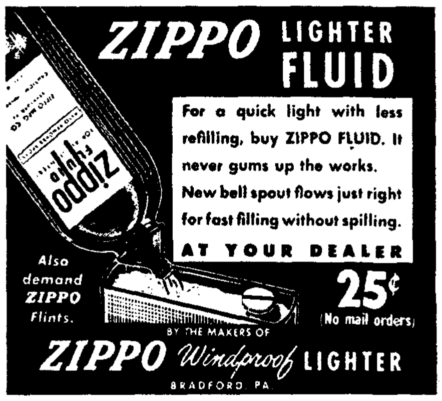

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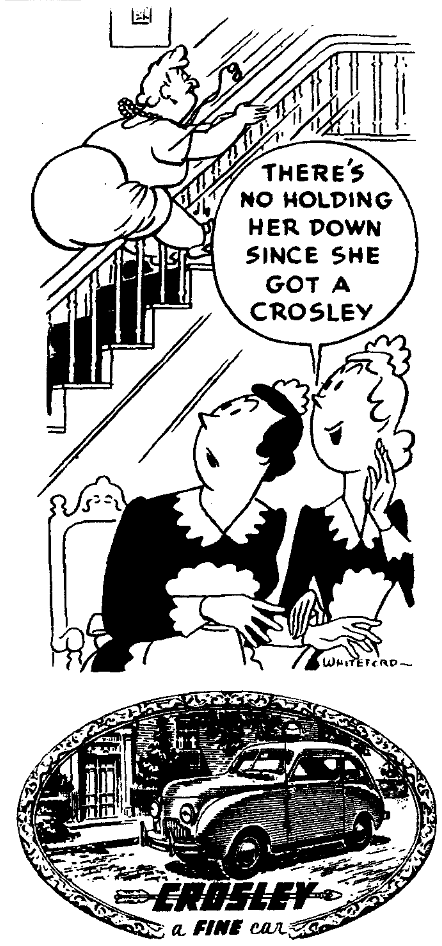

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football player less than you do and eats voraciously to get up to 180 pounds. The equally explosive Stu Wilkins weighs in at 186. Tackles Bill Pritula and Captain Bruce Hilkene scale 189 and 192 respectively, which is pretty light for Big Nine competition. Jack Weisenburger, the fullback, comes in at 178 pounds, and Jack White, the center, manages 185 pounds. Bump Elliott is 168; Gene Derricotte, 175; Hank Fonde, 158.

In a league where beef and speed are legendary, the Michiganders are gnomes who should know enough to keep their place.

There is a good possibility that Michigan will end as national champions and still present a line-up that will not possess one player who would tempt a professional team coach. The exception could be Chappuis. He is a six-footer who weighs 184 pounds and runs hard but is not particularly fast. However, when he passes out of one of the befuddling Michigan formations he can be a great player and he is unquestionably the key man of the team.

Long Passes Cause Two Disasters

Chappuis ruined Stanford in the first forty-eight seconds with a sixty-yard pass to Bob Mann for a touchdown. He did the same to Pitt the following week. Pitt turned out to be a weak team but they were resolutely setting the Michigan runners back on their pants during the first quarter. There was another Chappuis-Mann production, this one covering eighty yards—and it was all over for the Panthers. When Pitt spread out to guard against these cobra bursts, it gave Michigan a chance to run and only the high tiers of seats kept Pitt from being chased right out of the stadium.

They had doubts about Chappuis (pronounced, for some reason, Chapp-ee-us) last year when he came out of the Army but he kept getting better as the season advanced and ended with a Western Conference record for ground gaining. His total for passing and running was 1,039 yards, beating the mark formerly held by Otto Graham of Northwestern of 864 yards made in 1942. Chappuis averaged 148.1 yards a game, passing and rushing. He topped the conference with 443 yards rushing for a 5.3 average. He hit thirty-six of sixty-four passes for 596 yards, or a completions average of .563, also a new conference mark.

The fears about Chappuis were based on his war record, in which he was a radio operator of a B-25 and was shot down over Brenner Pass on his twenty-first mission. Luckily he fell into the hands of Italian Partisans and was handed about and hidden for three months until the armistice.

"They hid three of us up in the attic of a tailor's shop in Asola and there was a German drill grounds right across the street," says Chappuis. "German officers used to come in for alterations on their uniforms and why they couldn't hear our breathing up there is still beyond me."

Chappuis went into baseball as soon as he came back and then took up where he had left off in football. As a sophomore in 1942 he had been understudy to Tom Kuzma, which meant he did little running while the great man was around. His passing against Great Lakes, however, brought a 9-0 victory over that collection of college stars and professionals and it was clear that where Kuzma left off Chappuis would follow. Instead he went into the Army. His first important game last year was the thriller against Army, in which Chappuis did sensational running in a losing cause.

"Yeah," they say in Ann Arbor, "and that Army game cost us the conference title. The next week we were lucky to tie Northwestern and the second week after, we fumbled twelve times and gave a 13-9 game to Illinois. That did it. We got going after that but it was too late."

By the time they had creamed Iowa, Indiana and Minnesota they were traveling high and the last game of the year against Ohio State was a shambles. They walloped the Columbus gentry, 58-6, and there are men now living in the Middle West who will die convinced that Michigan should have had the pleasure of massacring UCLA last year at Pasadena.

During the summer Chappuis had an operation to remove a floating bone from his wrist and missed baseball as a consequence. The Michigan State opener of this year was enough to assure him and everybody else that he was starting a great year.

The experts maintain that Michigan is merely taking over where they left off last year with Ohio State. They have an offensive that is a miracle of resourcefulness and magic. Crisler operates a mongrel T which turns into a single wing—sometimes. They line up in the T with the quarterback behind the center and then shift to the single wing. In the latter the fullback is the important gentleman who takes the ball, fakes, spins, hand-offs and laterals.

Young Weisenburger, still only twenty years old after four years of varsity competition, is a master at spinning and deception. Only the keenest-eyed spectator can tell who has the ball and that doesn't give much time for the opposition to spot the culprit. Weisenburger will fake, spin and hand-off to Howard Yerges, the quarterback, who will also fake and lateral to Chappuis, who will then throw it a mile downfield to where Mann has outrun the secondary.

Since Mann resolutely refuses to drop any ball he gets near and in addition is a track sprinter, you can start putting the "6" up on the board when this set of circumstances occurs. They are murder, gentlemen, plain murder and just when you think you've got Chappuis covered you will find that every other back on the Michigan squad can pass and does so successfully.

When Marchmont Schwartz, Stanford coach, got back to the Coast he said, "Michigan has four great ends—Mann, Ford, Hershberger, McNeill and Rifenburg."

"That's five," somebody remarked.

"Oh, hell," said Schwartz in disgust. "They got dozens of them."

Ford, another great Negro end, takes Mann's place on defense and is a demon. In the line, of course, Michigan has a Wistert at tackle. They always have one, and Al Wistert, the 31-year-old present representative, is expected to be as effective as his two brothers who preceded him.

The two greatest exponents of football legerdemain this country has produced are Fritz Crisler and Wally Steffen, who used to produce miracles with pigskin delinquents at Carnegie Tech. This was before the great days at Tech and Steffen was playing big teams with material that could never have made good old Jones Junior High of Toledo. When Tech had the ball these little jaspers would start milling around behind the line and suddenly the startled spectators would see a pygmy running nonchalantly down the field about thirty yards from anybody. Also, he had the ball.

Crisler's teams are not as eerie as this because they don't have to be, but they are the slickest ball handlers around and that is good enough. Both coaches came from the University of Chicago and maybe the credit for everything belongs to their old coach, Alonzo Stagg.

But if Stagg is Crisler's mentor, Fielding Yost is his predecessor at Michigan and never has a man's memory been more warmly cherished. He built the stadium now used for the big games (86,000 capacity) and so imprinted his mark on the institution that no discussion of Michigan football ever ends without a recital of Yost foibles and triumphs. He launched the point-a-minute teams of 1901-05 and turned out the two greatest players in Michigan history, Germany Schultz and Willie Heston. Yost insisted Heston was the greatest player of all time.

"With no forward pass and little deception of any kind to spread out the defense," said Yost, "that 1901 team scored 550 points to nothing for all opponents. In this modern game Heston would wear out four scorekeepers every time he stepped on a field."

They thought Yost was crazy when he outlined a $3,000,000 improvement program in 1926 that included the stadium, but the bonds sold overnight and the stadium is now paid off and the Michigan athletic treasury is floating up to here in handsome securities and cash. It is a handsome structure, the stadium, which was made for football and nothing else. There is no running track, no temporary stands on the field—in fact so little space between the side lines and the first rows of seats that the substitutes sit in a niche in the wall. It is used six times a year and wrapped in moth balls for the rest of the time. Yost used to walk up around it in the off months just to look at it.

"And they used to think gold mining was exciting," they report that Yost invariably remarked.

Michigan has gone through a cycle of football styles. The early Yost teams had a devastating attack. When he lost his great material he went in for the punt-pass-prayer technique. His team took no chances and bided its time. In its own territory it kicked. ("What's the use of killing yourself getting sixty yards when you can kick it that far?"—Yost.) Sooner or later the break would come. The other team would fumble or get dumb and Michigan would seize the opportunity. A run or two, a pass, a touchdown—and then hold on grimly to the lead.

Dark Days at Ann Arbor

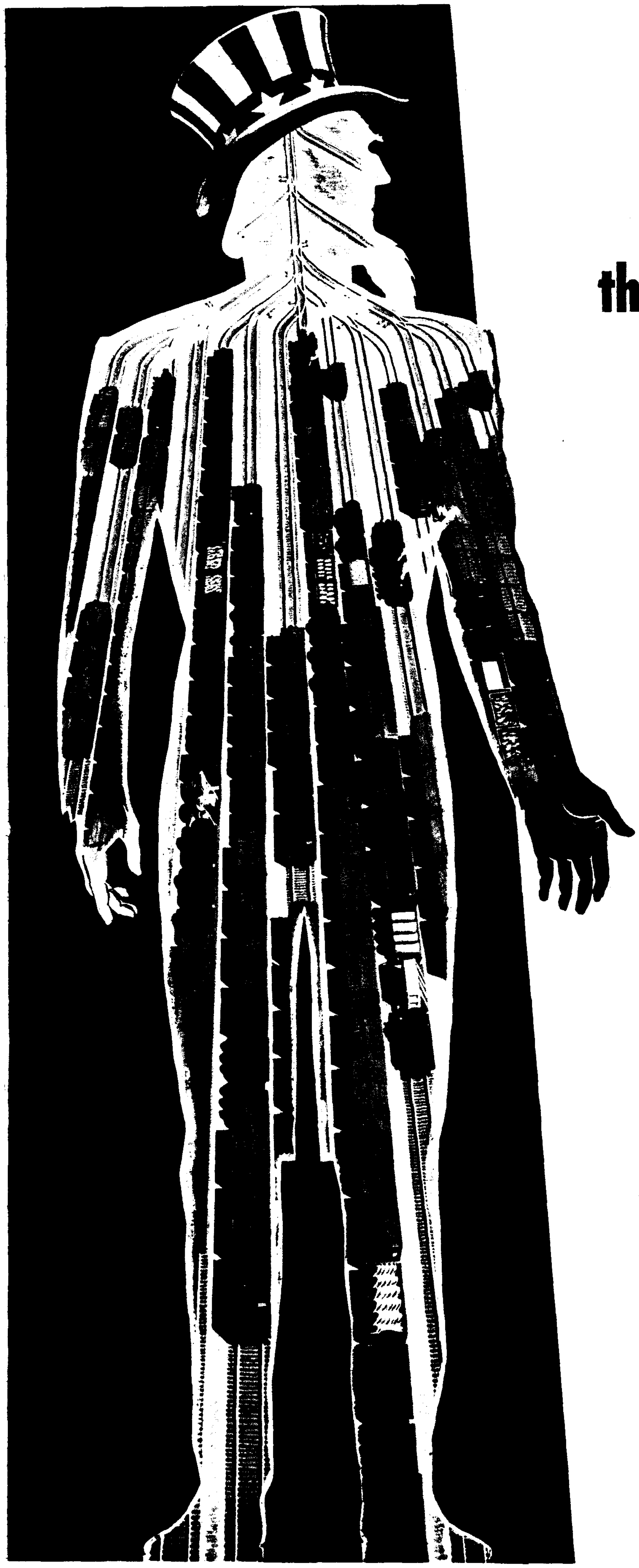
After Yost came Harry Kipke's championship teams when he had Benny Friedman, Harry Newman and Bennie Oosterbaan, the great All-America pass catcher. The material ran out again and Kipke came upon bad days, so bad that they killed him with an Ann Arbor gag that went: "Point-a-minute, point-after-touchdown, ap-point a new coach." He left, Crisler arrived and Michigan went back to the running game. Now they've become primarily a passing team, with enough running added to ruin the opposition.

What must concern Mr. Crisler these days is that he has often been a bridesmaid but seldom a bride. He has finished second in the conference six times and usually it has been by the toughest kind of luck. Minnesota had a habit a few years back of squeezing through by such scores as 7-6, 7-0 and 16-14. They almost did it again this season. Crisler is gray-haired from such mishaps as this.

In addition to being coach, Crisler is athletic director at Michigan and one can only conjecture at his desire to keep taking punishment. When Major Griffith died, he could have had the job as commissioner of the Big Nine, a lovely snap but he turned it down. ("He's crazy," Yost is reported to have said.) As an indication of how secure a football coach feels, it may be reported that Crisler has only now bought a house at Ann Arbor and succumbed at this late date solely because it was about to be jerked out from under him.

But there must be something to the excitement of coaching that keeps a man interested and it won't be hard for Crisler to stay awake this year if his boys continue to gallop at the early-season pace.

There will be broken hearts at Ann Arbor if Michigan doesn't make the Bowl this year but there is no indication



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This year railroads expect to average less than 3% on their investment. But even this will not be clear profit. Out of it railroads must pay interest on borrowed money, rentals of property and equipment, and must provide for needed improvements. Most people think a return of 6% would be no more than fair—and experience has shown that railroads need 6% to keep their plants and equipment abreast of the times.

Why are railroads faced with this situation? Here's why. Since 1939 railroad wage rates are up more than 67% . . . costs of materials and supplies are up 87%. But increases in freight and passenger charges authorized by the Interstate Commerce Commission have not come anywhere near offsetting these skyrocketing costs.

So, in spite of handling a record-breaking peacetime traffic with an efficiency which has set new transportation records, railroads are faced with the grim reality that their earnings are far short of their needs.

The plain fact is that in order to continue to give the nation the transportation service it demands, railroads must be allowed to charge enough for their freight and passenger services to enable them to earn a return comparable to that earned by other progressive, self-supporting private enterprises.

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that football insanity will grow any less menacing if this happens. The big games are sold out months in advance and will continue to be as long as Michigan is even remotely a Big Nine contender. Michigan has been beaten in the past but the Crisler teams are always well coached and look good. His offensive line is small but wonderful; his defensive line is larger and deadly.

Credit for this goes to Jack Blott, a former great Michigan center. Bennie Oosterbaan, although among the greatest of all ends, now coaches the backfield and if all that trickiness is a result of his work he has our vote for something. Arthur Valpey coaches the ends, and the multitongued Wally Weber coaches the freshmen and astounds the banquet belt with his flow of hyperbole. Weber has never been known to use one word when twelve would do and lately has been digging into ancient Assyrian in an attempt to keep up with his wonderment.

The Rose Bowl has seen some good and some awful teams in the past but if Michigan lands there they will see an outfit that is perfect for Hollywood. About the only thing that can detect what is going on in that Michigan backfield is a camera. Chappuis is the great player and will get the headlines but the backfield is full of pervasive shadows that flit about like wraiths. The first-team backfield averages 177 pounds; the offensive line averages 185 pounds. When the backfield gets Hank Fonde, the 158-pound Knoxville, Tennessee, flash in there, the outfit looks like nothing—and nothing is what the other side generally sees. The referee knows that it's a touchdown when he sees a little punk sitting on the ball behind the goal posts.

What really characterizes Michigan is their opportunism. When Michigan intercepts a pass the team immediately turns around and starts knocking down everybody in sight. They seem to be prepared for everything. When you tackle a Michigan runner, don't be foolish enough to think the play is stopped. There is invariably a teammate close behind to take a lateral and go the whole way. Howard Yerges must be a great quarterback because the team never runs two plays the same way. If the opposing ends hang back for the runs, they get passed dizzy. If they crash in, Michigan laterals off to the side and that man runs a mile unescorted.

Chappuis operates on the optional pass-and-run basis. On the passes they give him such protection that he could enjoy a brief nap without being molested. Just when you think you have all the pass receivers covered, he takes off on a run. By the time you get him corraled, he laterals off to a teammate. Murder, gentlemen, as we warned you!

Getting to the Rose Bowl is even simpler this year because Illinois, as the winner last year, isn't eligible to go until three years are up. That is the conference rule. To make it even daintier, the money earned in the Bowl is spread around all the Big Nine colleges. All the players get are a look at the Hollywood stars, a long trip and a chance to push Western noses in the dirt.

The little Michigan boys really shouldn't ought to get there—but everybody is going to be mighty surprised if they don't.

THE END

SAY THE WORD, IKE!

Continued from page 17

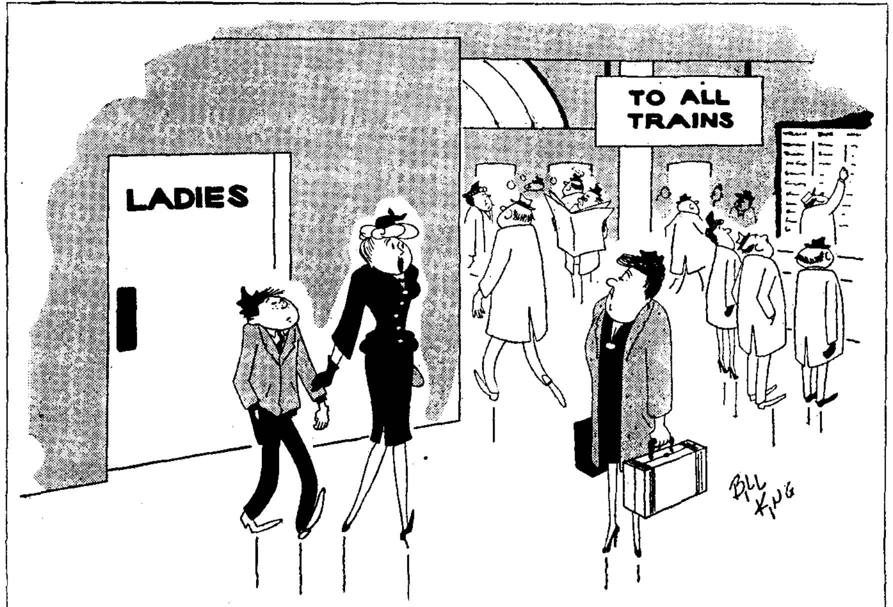
elected, Eisenhower would be on the G.O.P. ticket.

This was true in that region between the Ohio and the Missouri where Minnesota's Harold Stassen draws most of his support and in those Western states where California's Governor Earl Warren is strong. Stassen is openly seeking the nomination, but as this was written Warren had not yet declared himself.

Many—railroad workers, taxi drivers, barmen, waitresses, salesmen, a few farmers and some ranchers with whom we talked—said they did not know whether Eisenhower was a Republican or a Democrat and didn't care. They would vote for him anyhow, they said. The general's political affiliation was in doubt for some time but it has been fairly well established. He is, from all reports, a Republican. If the horse runs he will carry the appropriate colors.

To increase his chances of success at the convention and improve his outlook for election in November, in the opinion of G.O.P. tacticians, Eisenhower must make known his views on major issues of national and foreign policy. The party is eager to come to power. Its politicians want to get their long-empty mitts on the postmasterships, judgeships and other plums and crumbs of patronage. But they won't buy a political pig in a poke, a candidate who might turn out to be as much a maverick, for example, as Willkie did.

Party workers know where Taft stands. As he flushed delegates from the political underbrush of the Middle West and West with one hand, on his recent tours, Taft



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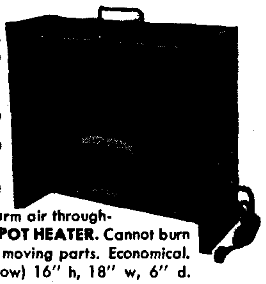

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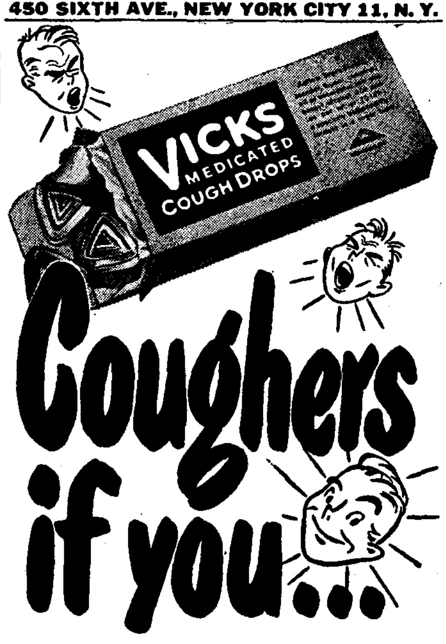

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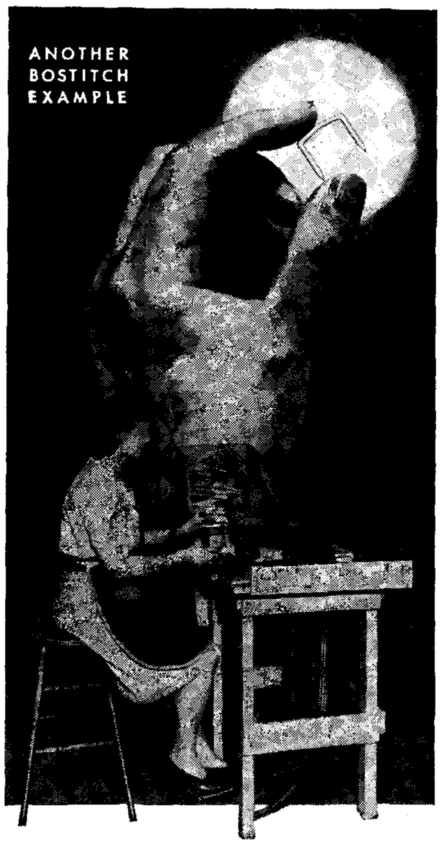

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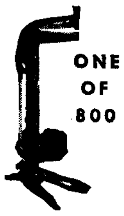

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sawed G.O.P. platform planks with the other. He blueprinted policies and nailed issues. Ostensibly he exonerated, or at least tried to exonerate, the Republican Congress for failure to keep down prices, reduce taxes and do something about the housing shortage, among other things. He laid all the blame on the White House and the Administration. *Actually, Taft practically wrote what* might become the G.O.P. platform in '48.

Taft made clear (1) his opposition to domination of unions by labor leaders, (2) his advocacy of income-tax reduction and (3) federal housing, (4) his condemnation of federal encroachment on States' rights, (5) his insistence that help to Europe be in the form of tools and materials for reconstruction rather than huge and probably uncollectible loans, (6) elimination of Communists from the life of the country, (7) firmness toward Russia and (8) retention of the atom-bomb secret.

Audiences Not Enthusiastic

On his Western trip Taft's usually hand-picked audiences of prosperous business and professional men liked what he had to say although they might have wished more warmth and humor from their professorial, cerebral and aloof speaker. The applause was seldom more than merely adequate.

Nevertheless Taft's chances of carrying California and the other states he visited were perceptibly better after his tour than before. Remarks such as "It's good to know we have a statesman in the Republican party" and "He's dull but he's certainly honest" were frequent enough in even the most lukewarm audiences, as they filed out of Taft meetings, to warrant a guess that the Ohioan has at least as large a following in the areas west of the Ohio and the Mississippi as does Dewey, titular head of the party.

New York's tidy little governor is no longer the top-heavy favorite that he once was in the Middle West and West. His decline in popularity, party observers say, is partly due to a disinclination on the part of G.O.P. workers to go out and ring doorbells for a candidate who was beaten in 1944.

The downtrend in Dewey sentiment was also attributed to Dewey's almost Olympian and widely resented silence on all major issues throughout the last session of the first Republican Congress in years. When the party needed his support most during the debates on the incendiary Taft-Hartley Bill, Dewey didn't open his discreet mouth.

Not only Taft but Stassen was miffed by Dewey's obvious reticence to come out and slug. When Dewey spoke in favor of universal military training at the American Legion convention in August, Stassen is known to have remarked, "It's nice to see Mr. Dewey taking a stand on something."

Stassen does not seem to have a similar allergy to Taft. Perhaps because Stassen and Taft recognize in Dewey a formidable opponent able to walk into the Philadelphia convention with no less than 300 and possibly as many as 400 of the delegates' 1,057 votes pledged to him, they are drawn to each other.

There is no tangible evidence, as yet, of an outright Taft-Stassen deal, alliance or partnership of any kind involving transfer of one's delegates to the other if the going gets rough at Philadelphia. But Taft and Stassen have been doing a lot of talking and have spoken publicly together. An obvious cordiality exists between them and it is not unreasonable to suppose, at least according to Taft lieutenants, that Stassen, aware of Taft's growing strength as a candidate and willing to take second place on the Republican ticket, which would practically guarantee him a shot at the Presidency in 1952, has hitched his wagon to the Ohioan's star.

Taft was helped immeasurably during his Western tour by the Communists, who picketed every one of his major appearances. The pickets' lurid placards, calling the senator a "stinker" and a "schnook" and comparing him with Hitler, offended less outspoken and less demonstrative people and aroused sympathy for the tall, balding, smiling Ohioan and his energetic wife, Martha.

The demonstrations in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Tacoma and Seattle were intended to show labor's antagonism to the Taft-Hartley Bill, and there were, in all of them, some bona fide representatives of labor unions. But the techniques used were unmistakably Commie and proved not so much organized labor's resentment of the Taft-Hartley law as extreme left-wing opposition to it.

Certainly Taft himself was sufficiently encouraged about his chances for nomination by what party workers told him on his trip to decide him to declare his candidacy. One of his lieutenants described him, after the Western tour, as convinced that his greatest problem is not to convince the party hierarchy of his ability to stop Dewey but of his appeal as a vote getter in the big election.

Taft's inability to ignite his hearers with his well-written but indifferently delivered speeches was one of the principal criticisms made of him by the experts. Taft is willing to take elocution lessons to try to correct his oratorical deficiencies but whether he can alter his personality sufficiently to suit the kingmakers is another matter. Taft is not a showman.

Yet the senator is considerably more engaging in intimate conversation than he is when standing on a platform delivering a speech. Far from being a bluenose, he likes a cocktail or two before dinner and enjoys a well-watered whisky after meals. In small groups he demonstrates a wit and humor.

Coming home from his Western speaking trip, Senator and Mrs. Taft had a last evening together with the more than 30 reporters who had accompanied them. The senator had not yet declared his intention to make a bid for the nomination and the newspapermen tried to draw him out on the subject. One of them, Roscoe Drummond, of the Christian Science Monitor, who is a Scientist and does not drink or smoke, offered to bet Taft 10 to 1 that he would be a candidate. Before Roscoe could blink his eyes twice Taft had replied:

"Roscoe, men who neither drink nor smoke should not gamble."

A "Think Piece" and a Song

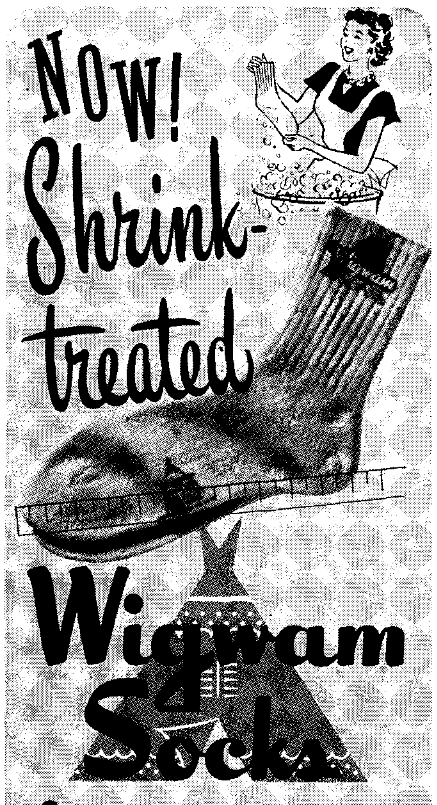
Earlier he had caught Walker Buell, the hearty and universally liked political expert of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, writing a piece about the last Taft speech at Casper, Wyoming.

"I'm writing a think piece," Buell said.

"Really," replied Taft. "And who is doing the thinking?"

Buell composed a song during the trip which probably summarized the relative status of Taft, Dewey and Eisenhower in the 1948 election as of the fall and winter of 1947, when the positions and the whole Presidential picture are as subject to change as the pattern of a child's toy kaleidoscope. The boys sang it for Senator and Mrs. Taft that last night and here's how it went, to the tune of Home on the Range:

"Oh, give me a home,
Where the delegates roam
With Republican leaders at play.
Where seldom a word,
Of Tom Dewey is heard
And Eisenhower's still far away.
(Chorus)
Taft, Taft, on the range,
Where Republican delegates play.
Where seldom a word
Of Tom Dewey is heard
And Eisenhower's still far away."



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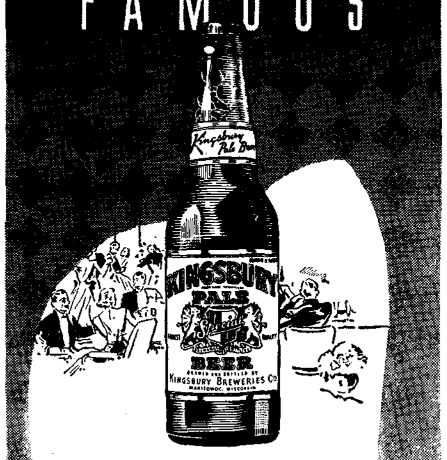

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Taft is not unaware of the widespread Eisenhower sentiment. He has talked with members of his staff and friends of the phenomena that he, as much as the newspapermen with him, encountered out West. He sees 1940 repeating itself, with General Ike in Willkie's role. Like most G.O.P. regulars he regards the general as an outsider, but unlike them he does not underestimate Eisenhower's appeal.

As of October, Taft's aides reckoned that their man will present himself to the convention with at least 350 and possibly as many as 400 delegates. Taft would need 528 for the majority required for nomination. He could not, therefore, be nominated on the first or second ballot. Neither, for that matter, could Dewey if current estimates prove correct.

Everything will depend, after those first ballots, on what floor deals the contestants will be able to make. Toward which of the titans will the favorite sons drift after each, in turn, realizes he does not have a chance of getting the top spot on the ticket, but feels he can make a deal for second place?

What will the indefatigable and ambitious Charles Halleck, of Indiana, do? Whither Martin, a strong contender? What about Warren and his powerful California delegation of 50? Will Michigan's 41 stand by their Vandenberg to the bitter end or shift to Taft or Dewey? And what about Connecticut's Ray Baldwin and Illinois' Dwight Green—what will they, more favorite sons, do when their delegates have dutifully shouted themselves hoarse for their first choices? Wisconsin's big delegation of 24 is almost certain to come in roaring "MacArthur!" Will it start a stampede?

Those are only questions that time, as capricious as a roulette wheel, can answer. At this distance, judging from available firsthand information and with due allowances for the personal prejudices of the sources involved, Taft seems to be in a better bargaining position than Dewey. He enjoys the confidence and support of a large section of the party's leadership, which does not consider him either too conservative or too distasteful to the voters and simultaneously regards Dewey as arrogant and inclined to be dictatorial. Warren, unable to win the nomination for himself, might swing to Dewey. But he could not deliver so large a block of votes as Stassen under similar circumstances.

Conventions being what they are, both Taft and Dewey might find themselves confronted with an Eisenhower threat more difficult to overcome than the problems involved in beating each other. Eisenhower was "still far away" when Taft was bushwhacking the West but he might not be by June, 1948.

If the country's relations with Russia worsen, for instance, there might well be by then an unstoppable upsurge for the general.

Eisenhower cannot hope, between January and convention time, to harvest as many delegates as Taft and Dewey. The best he can do, according to such party solons as want to see him carry the G.O.P.'s colors in '48, is to stir up enough organized enthusiasm in as many states as possible to make himself at least the second choice of those states' delegations in the event their favorite sons are counted out or the convention is hopelessly stalemated.

Must Take a Definite Stand

His well-wishers say Eisenhower can accomplish this by (1) removing all doubts as to where he stands politically, (2) entering the primary elections in every possible state this winter and spring and (3) setting up an organization for publicity and fund raising. If he meets the first prerequisite the other two will follow almost automatically.

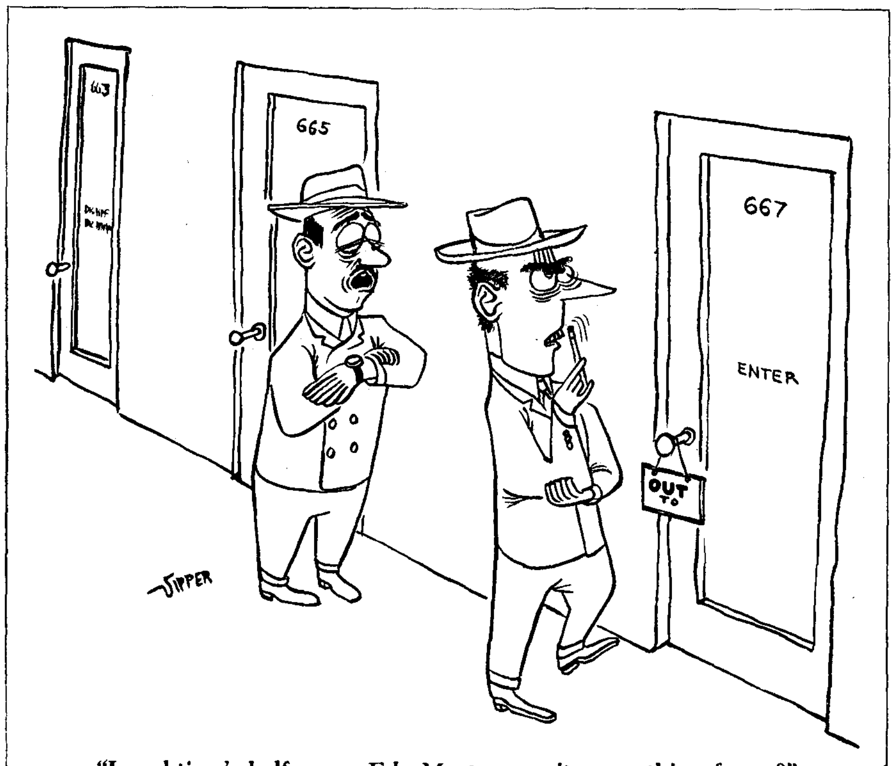
There is little or no doubt in anyone's mind about Eisenhower's charm, ability, integrity, popularity and all-round desirability if he can be cleared politically. Those who have made it their business to find out where Eisenhower stands by asking some blunt questions of, among others, the general's brother, Milton, describe him as a "middle-of-the roader," slightly to the left of Taft and somewhat to the right, on foreign policy at least, of Stassen.

Otherwise General Eisenhower is, to the bulk of the Republican party's professionals, a great political unknown.

Unless he answers the questions lurking in the minds of men like Landon, Roberts and others satisfactorily, the Eisenhower boom may turn out to be only a measly little cap-pistol bang.

Of all the dark horses of the 1948 Presidential race, Eisenhower has the greatest advantage in age. He is only fifty-seven years old now and would be fifty-eight by the time he entered the White House. Vandenberg would be sixty-four and MacArthur, now sixty-seven, would be sixty-eight.

THE END



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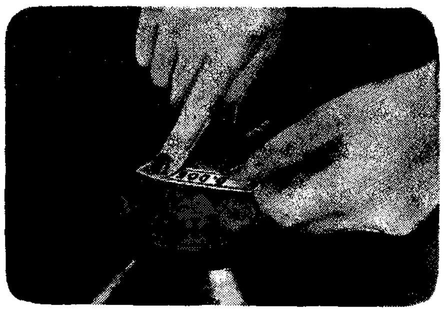

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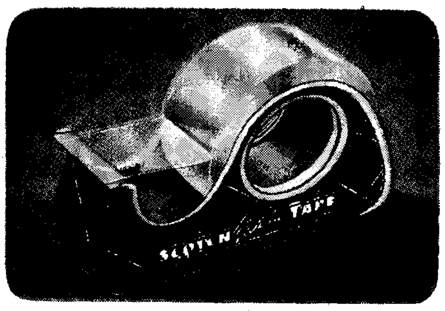

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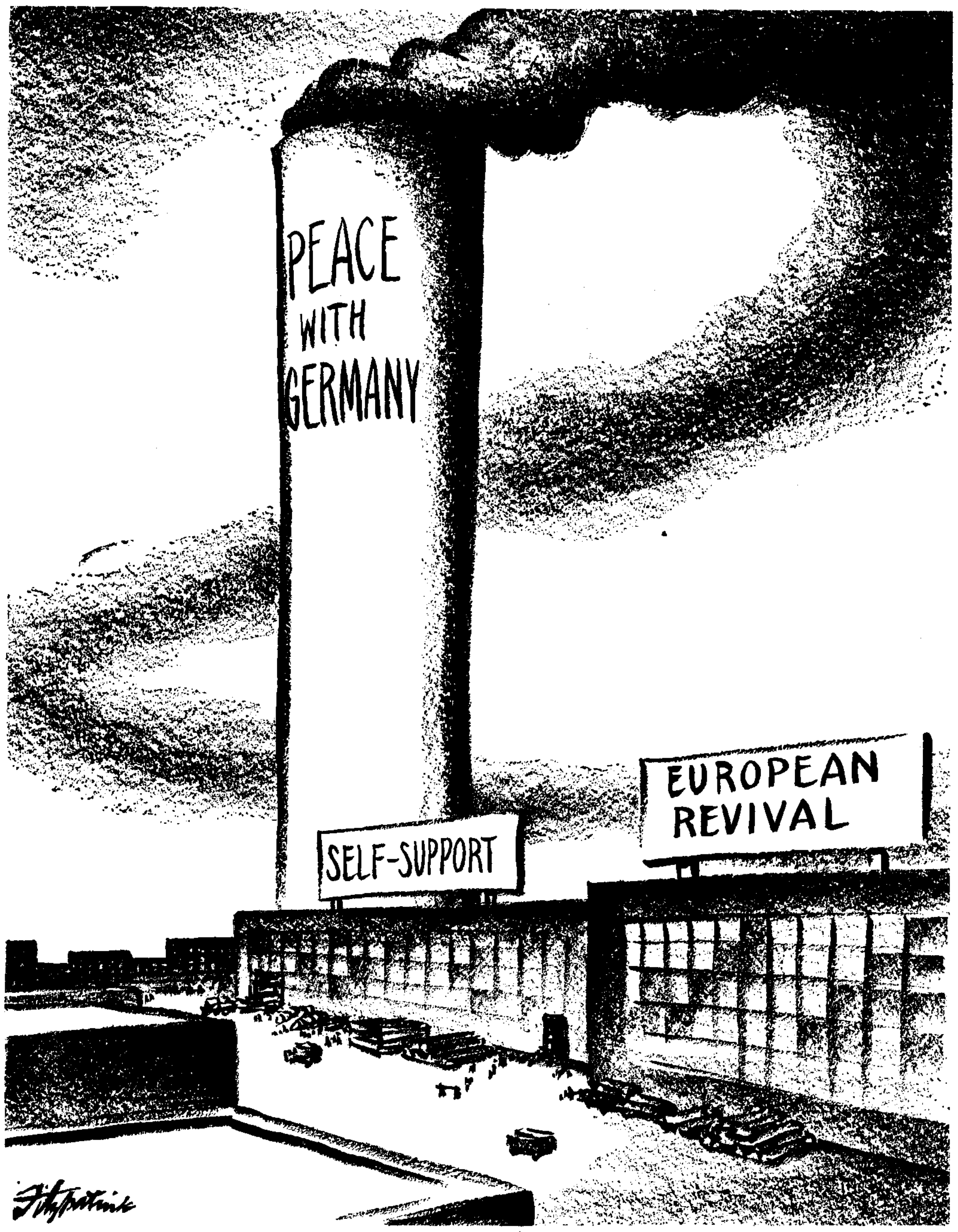

NEEDED: PEACE WITH GERMANY

THE second Big Four Foreign Ministers conference on German and Austrian peace treaties is scheduled to convene in London November 25th. Advance dope is that the Russians will deadlock this one as they did the first conference last spring in Moscow.

We hope the Russians will be reasonable. But if they aren't, how about an early and abrupt end to the parley? Then, how about an early conclusion of a stern but fair peace with Austria and Germany—particularly Germany?

As things have been going since the war, American and British taxpayers have been largely supporting western Germany, while Russia has been looting its occupation zone and trying to freeze the western Allies out of the rest of the Reich.

If Europe ever is to get over the ravages of the war and become a going concern again, western German industries must be permitted to revive, because those industries constitute a key cog in Europe's productive mechanism. Until Europe does revive, it looks as if we shall be in for a succession of Marshall Plans, with the U.S. taxpayer footing the bills until he either revolts or goes broke.

As Lewis H. Brown remarked in his recent striking Collier's article, Let's Get Germany Off Our Back!, the western Allies can either abandon Germany to Communism or reorganize their occupation zones into a country where people have some incentive to work and enough food to keep them going.

The first prerequisite to such a reorganization is a peace treaty under which all concerned will know where they stand. With or without Russia, let's conclude a German peace as fast as we possibly can—with all feasible precautions, of course, against a revival of German military power.

HEALTH INVESTMENTS PAY

IN 1946, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company paid a total of $227,959,177 in death claims. Three afflictions accounted for 53.2 per cent of the deaths—chronic heart diseases 19 per cent, diseases of the coronary arteries and angina pectoris 18.5 per cent, cancer 15.7 per cent. Tuberculosis was sixth on the list, with a small 3.3 per cent; typhoid was at the bottom, with less than .05 per cent; diphtheria wasn't there at all.

Yet a few decades ago, tuberculosis was the champion U.S. killer disease, year after year. Diphtheria and typhoid were among the top ten. In 1936, before the advent of sulfa drugs and penicillin, the Metropolitan paid 8 per cent of its total death claims to the estates of pneumonia and influenza victims. In 1946, the figure was 2.8 per cent.

Obviously, these changes in the cause-of-death picture in the United States have been brought about by two things, chiefly—tremendous improvements in treatment and cure of various diseases as a result of intensive research; and public education in sanitation and other means of disease prevention.

It is obvious, too, that we can hardly spend too much money on research and health education, and that all such investments can be expected to return heavy dividends in the form of ever higher American health standards and lengthening life expectancies.

Let's persist in these expenditures, whatever happens; and we're curious to see where heart troubles and cancer will rank as killers ten years from now. The betting seems fair, at least, that these diseases will take a nose dive in that time.

HOPE FOR PALESTINE

THERE seems to be some hope at last that the long tragedy of Palestine may be wound up fairly soon. The United Nations Special Committee's recent report, recommending partition of the Holy Land into independent Jewish and Arab states, met with general approval, save for some Russian reservations about the two states' boundaries.

The U.S. suggestion that the transition period be presided over by a voluntary international police force removed, at least temporarily, the long-standing American fear that we might be asked to send troops of our own. The UNSCOP recommendation that Jerusalem and environs be put under a U.N. trusteeship will, if carried out, satisfy people of various religions everywhere with regard to the continued sanctity of holy places in Palestine.

As for the Arab League Council's loud talk about a holy war, we think that can be pretty heavily discounted; and the same as to Arab hints about cutting Middle East oil pipe lines. The Jews have excellent fighting organizations in Palestine now, if it comes to that; and the Arabs are hardly likely to break off with their American and British oil customers, from whom the Arab potentates get their biggest revenues.

Let's give the partition plan a fair trial, and let's not waste time starting.

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